JUNIOR SONGS

HOLLIS DANN

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JUNIOR SONGS

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DANN'S JUNIOR SONGS

E. P. 24

PREFACE

This book is designed to furnish attractive and appropriate song material for use in all schools where changing voices introduce peculiar problems. To meet this situation a large amount of the material has been specially composed or arranged, with optional parts for changed voices.

The special treatment thus demanded has resulted in the division of the book into five parts, each of which, with the exception of Part Five, contributes to the solution of the problem of voice distribution.

PART ONE—All of the songs in Part One are for unchanged voices, in unison, two, or three parts, some with and some without piano accompaniment. In many cases the accompaniment is optional. In order to provide music the pitch and range of which are precisely suited to fulfill the conditions of this section, most of the material has been composed or arranged specially for this book. A high musical quality together with technical (vocal) fitness has thus been successfully attained.

PART TWO—This section comprises four-part songs for unchanged voices and bass. The boys' part, however, is optional, and all of the songs may be sung in three parts, the effect when so sung being complete and thoroughly musical. Thus the first section of the book is supplemented by more than fifty pages of material available in classes where the boys' voices have not yet changed. The bass part utilizes only the limited register that may with safety be employed at this period of the youth's singing experience. In this section are included also a few special unison songs which may be sung by all voices. About two-thirds of the songs have piano accompaniments; the rest are unaccompanied part-songs.

PART THREE—This section consists essentially of four-part songs, but it differs from Part Two in that the bass voice is essential to the completion of the harmony. As in the other sections, a considerable number of piano accompaniments are included. In addition to the four-part material, there are a few carefully selected bass songs to be sung by a solo voice or by all the boys in unison, but in no case has the safe and easy baritone register been overstepped either above or below. These boys' songs usually have four-part Refrains which not only lend variety but also serve to hold the interest of the class as a whole.

PART FOUR—The songs in this section, whether with or without piano accompaniment, are written or arranged generally for three parts — two unchanged voices and bass. There are also some selections in which the bass is optional. As in Part Three, many songs comprise melodies to be sung *ad libitum* by a solo voice, the three-part Refrain to be taken by the full class. Here again, all the selections, whether composed for this book or specially arranged, lie within the most favorable registers of the various voices, so that development may proceed normally and without the possibility of vocal strain.

PART FIVE—This section is devoted to Community Songs and Hymns and has been included because of the widespread demand for songs which express popular community spirit. The selections used have been chosen because they have contributed to an unusual degree to the development of national feeling.

No uniform type of arrangement has been adopted, but where new arrangements have been made, each song is presented in that form to which it seems musically best adapted. With regard to Community Songs it may be said that, with few exceptions, no authentic accompaniments are in existence, none having been written by the composers of the melodies. Such accompaniments as have been supplied from time to time and have passed current in different song collections are so palpably inferior to the melodies that rewriting rather than revision seemed inevitable. The accompaniments herein provided are simple, straightforward, and musicianly. All curious or unusual harmonies as well as every other suggestion of artificiality have been avoided as contrary to the genius of Folk Music.

The injudicious use of the changing voice often results in irreparable injury to the mature voice. The boy soprano gradually loses his upper tones so that he sings easily only in the second soprano or first alto. Nor should he be encouraged to sing low tones until his speaking voice as well as his singing voice shows the deeper and heavier quality of maturity. In other words, the singing voice should follow, not anticipate, nature's lead. Likewise, one of the least understood features of the adolescent problem is the changing voice of the girl. As in the case of the boy, a disinclination to sing the upper tones is the first evidence of the approaching change. Here also the utmost care must be exercised to protect the changing voice.

The large problem then at this period is the relation of voice conditions to the charac ter and compass of the music used; and it is this problem that has been given first consideration in the preparation of Junior Songs.

Acknowledgments are due to The Youth's Companion for the privilege of using "Ho, Heave Ho!" "The Night Song," "A Summer Garden," and "A Merry Race"; to the Century Company for "The Land Without a Name"; to Oliver Ditson Company for "To Thee, O Country!"; and to Arthur Edward Johnstone for "Salute to the Flag," "Flag of Flags," and "Alma Mater."

PART ONE

UNCHANGED VOICES

SOPRANO, SECOND SOPRANO, AND ALTO

SUNRISE

HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS — ARTHUR EDWARD JOHNSTONE

With dignity, but not dragging ♩= 100

mp

1. Wid - er and still more wide The gates of the morn - ing swing;
2. Mar-shalled from east and west, The hosts of the dawn sweep by,
3. O'er the ho - ri - zon's rim, Be - yond the ea - gle's flight,

mp *legato*

poco a poco cresc. *f*

Clear - er and e'er more clear The notes of the for - est birds ring; The
Garbed in the light of day— A pa - geant ad - vanc - ing on high— In
Lanc - es of gold ap - pear, To van - quish the sin - is - ter night. The

poco a poco cresc. *sempre legato* *f*

poco allargando

earth, the sea, the clouds, the sky, Have cho - sen the sun for their king.
daz - zling white, they throng the blue, To wel - come the lord of the sky.
day is born! The sun is here! He floods all the world with his light.

poco allargando

PIPPA'S SONG

ROBERT BROWNING

JOHN E. WEST

THE LINDEN TREE

FRANZ SCHUBERT
Three-part arr.

Tranquillo ♩= 80
mp
1. A - bove the vil - lage foun - tain A lin - den spreads a shade; How
2. To - night I breathe its per - fume And think of long a - go, And
3. And once, when win - try north - winds Swept down from out the sky To
mp
oft be - neath its branch - es My fan - cies fond have played! It
close my eyes, re - mem - b'ring The days I used to know. Be -
bar my toil - ing foot - steps And twist my cloak a - wry, In
mf mp
bears the carved in - i - tials Of man - y a girl and boy; It seemed a trust - y
neath the lin - den's ver - dure A warmth of wel - come glows; Its leaves are soft - ly
dreams of home-sick yearn - ing I saw my lin - den tree And seemed to hear it
mf mp
f pp
com-rade To share . my pain or joy, To share . my pain or joy.
whis-p'ring, "Come close . and find re - pose, Come close . and find re - pose!"
call me, "Come home, I'll shel - ter thee, Come home, . I'll shel - ter thee!"
f pp

BENDEMEER'S STREAM

THOMAS MOORE

Old Tune

Andante con moto ♩ = 120

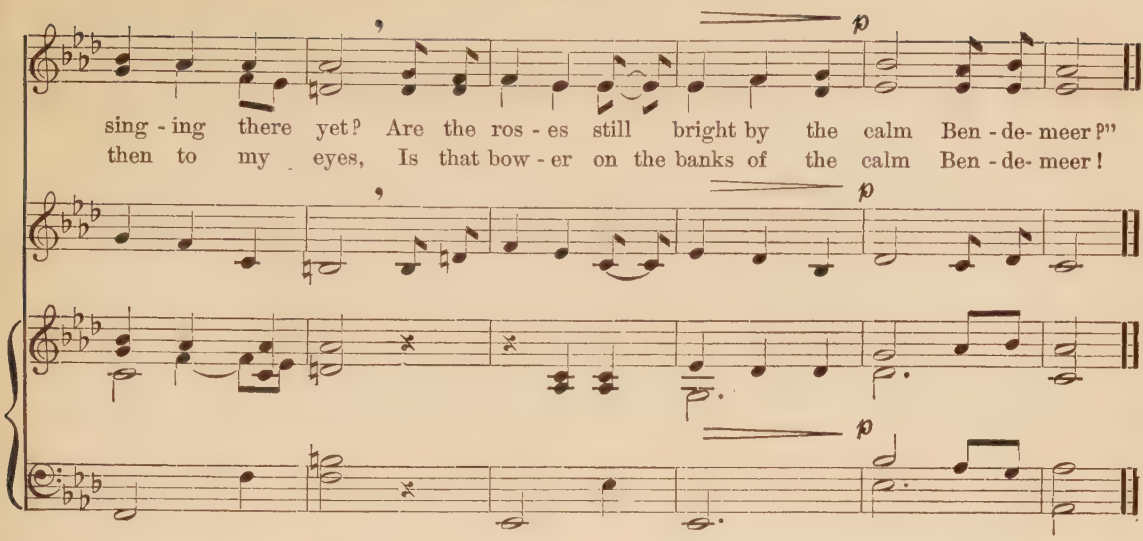
mp

1. There's a bow - er of ros - es by Ben - de-meer's stream, And the night - in - gale
   In the time of my child - hood 'twas like a sweet dream, To . . sit in the
2. No, the ros - es soon with - er'd that hung o'er the wave, But some blos - soms were
   And the dew was dis - tilled from their flow - ers, that gave All the fra - grance of

mp

sings round it all the day long;
ros - es and hear the birds' song.
That bow'r and its mu - sic I ne'er shall for - get,
gath - er'd while fresh - ly they shone,
sum - mer when sum - mer is gone!
Thus mem - o - ry draws from de - light e'er it dies,

But oft when a - lone in the bloom of the year, I think "Is the night - in - gale
An es - sence that breathes of it man - y a year; Thus bright to my soul, as 'twas


sing - ing there yet? Are the ros - es still bright by the calm Ben - de- meer?"
then to my eyes, Is that bow - er on the banks of the calm Ben - de- meer!

THOSE EVENING BELLS

THOMAS MOORE

HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

Andantino
♩ = 132
1. Those eve - ning bells! those eve - ning bells! How man - y a tale their
2. Those joy - ous hours have passed a - way; And man - y a heart, that
3, And so 'twill be when I am gone; That tune - ful peal will
mu - sic tells, Of youth, and home, and that sweet time When
then was gay, With - in the tomb now dark - ly dwells, And
still ring on, While oth - er bards shall walk these dells, And
rall.
a tempo
(Sweet eve - ning bells.)
last . I heard their sooth - - ing chime. . . . . .
hears no more those eve - - ning bells. . . . . .
sing your praise, sweet eve - - ning bells! . . . . . .
(Sweet eve - ning bells.)
rall.
a tempo

SUMMER CLOUDS

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

JOHN E. WEST

Andante con moto ♩ = 72

mp

1. High a - bove us slow - ly sail - ing, Lit - tle clouds so soft and
2. When the sum - mer sun is shin - ing, And the sky is blue a -

mp

1. High a - bove us slow - ly sail - ing, Lit - the clouds so soft and
2. When the sum - mer sun is shin - ing, And the sky is blue a -

(For rehearsal only)

mp

mp *cresc.*

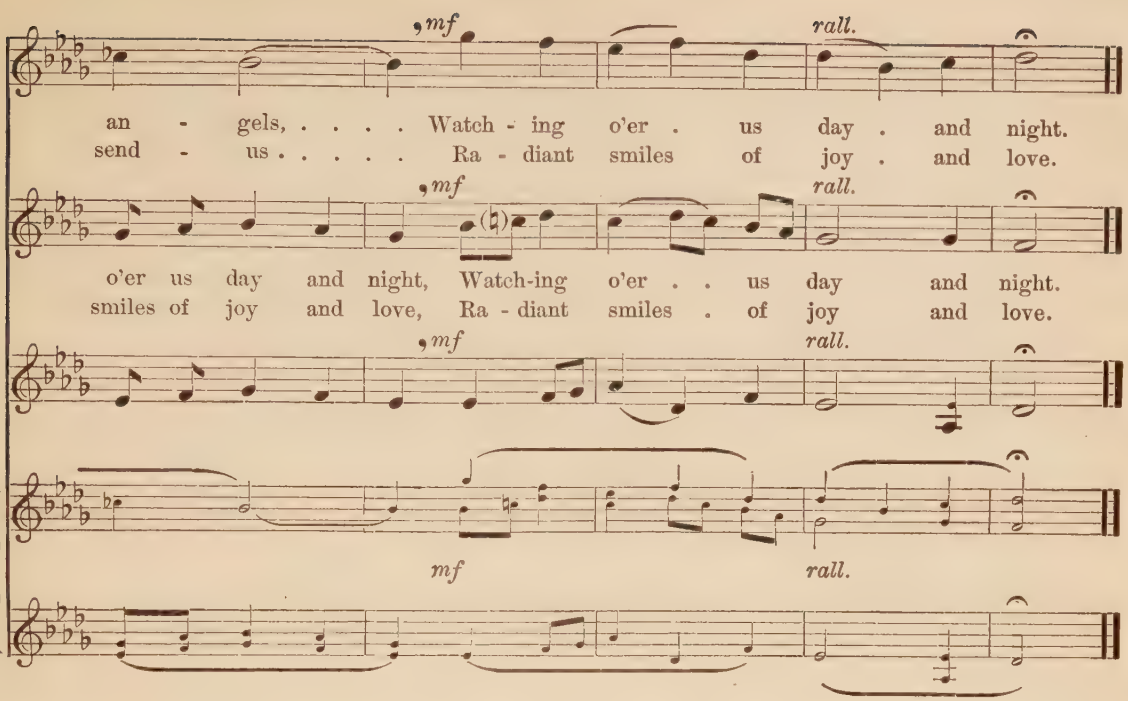
white, You are like . . the wings of
bove, Then you look . . at us and

mp *cresc.*

white, You are like . . the wings of an - gels, ... Watch - ing
bove, Then you look . . at us and send us . . . . . Ra - diant

mp *cresc.*

mp *cresc.*


mf
rall.
an - gels, ... Watch - ing o'er . us day . and night.
send - us . . . . . Ra - diant smiles of joy . and love.
mf
rall.
o'er us day and night, Watch-ing o'er . . us day and night.
smiles of joy and love, Ra - diant smiles . of joy and love.
mf
rall.
mf
rall.

GOOD NIGHT

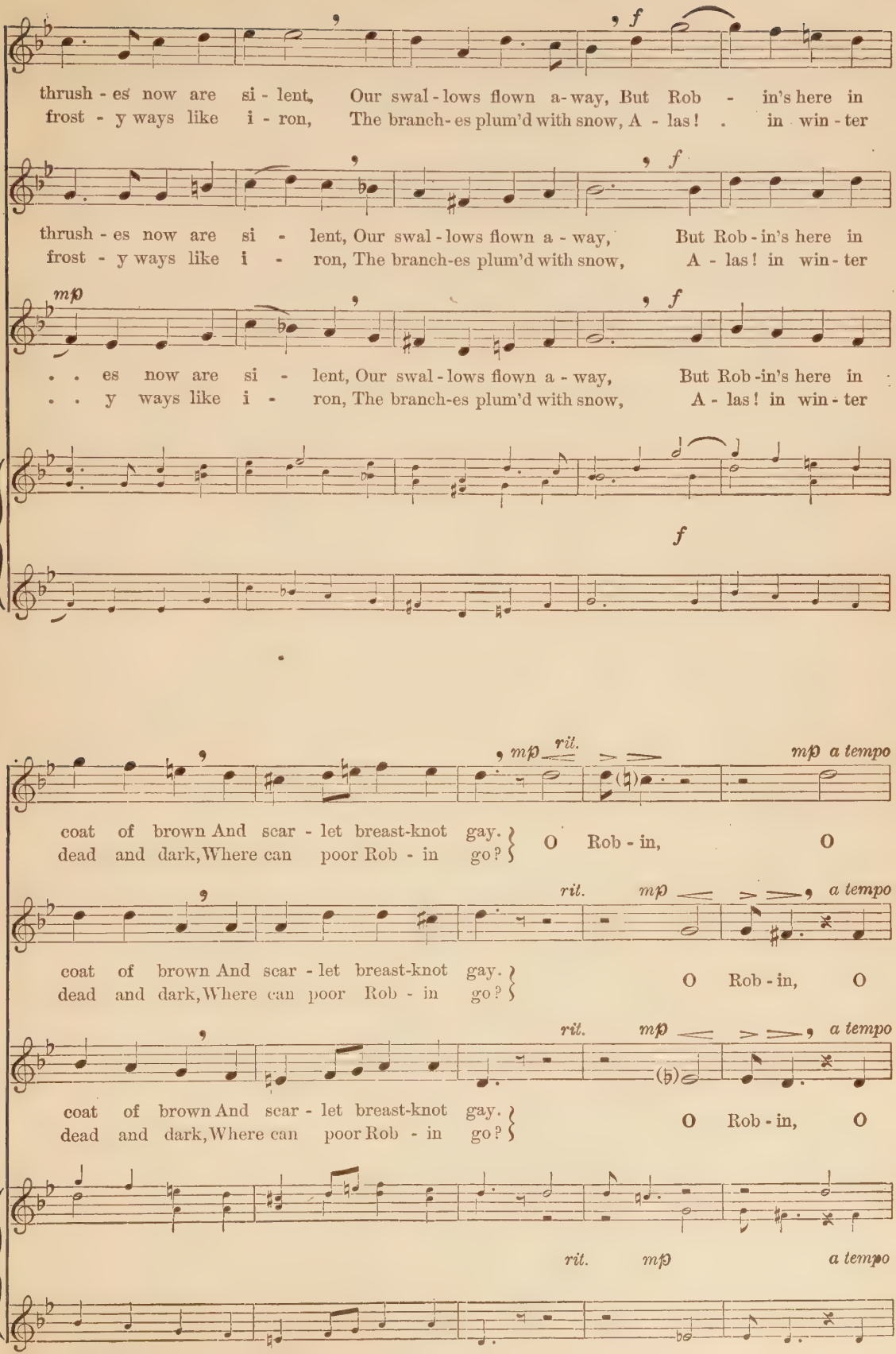
FOSTER B. MERRIAM

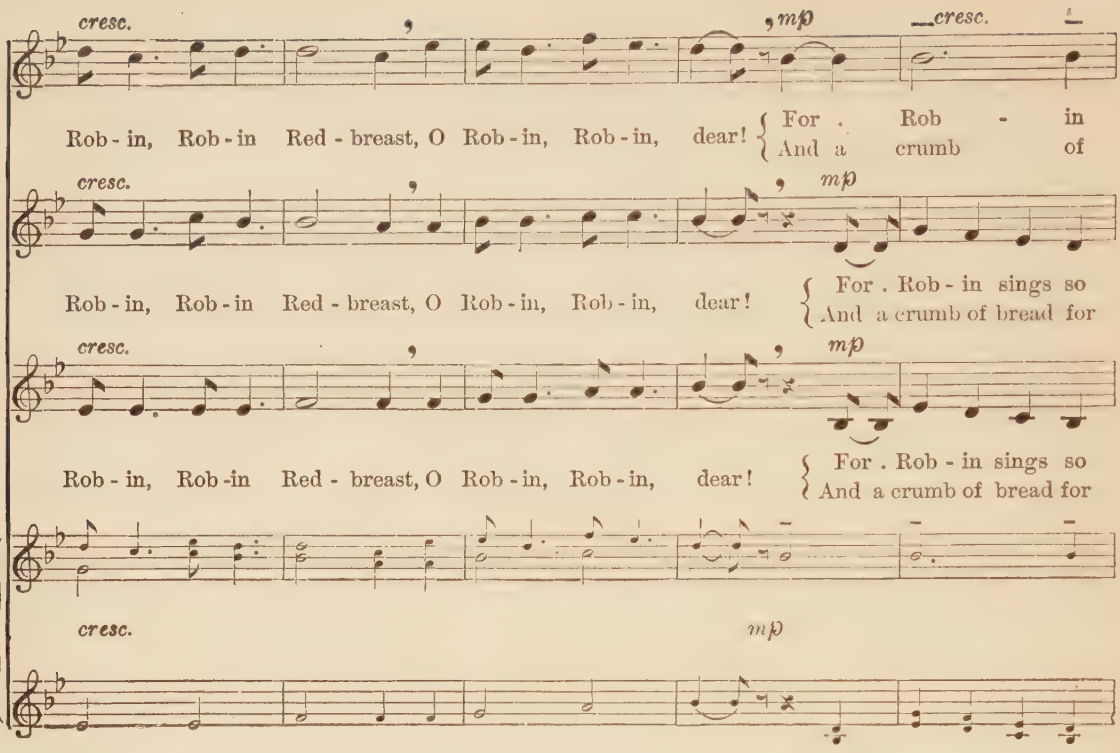
ARTHUR EDWARD JOHNSTONE

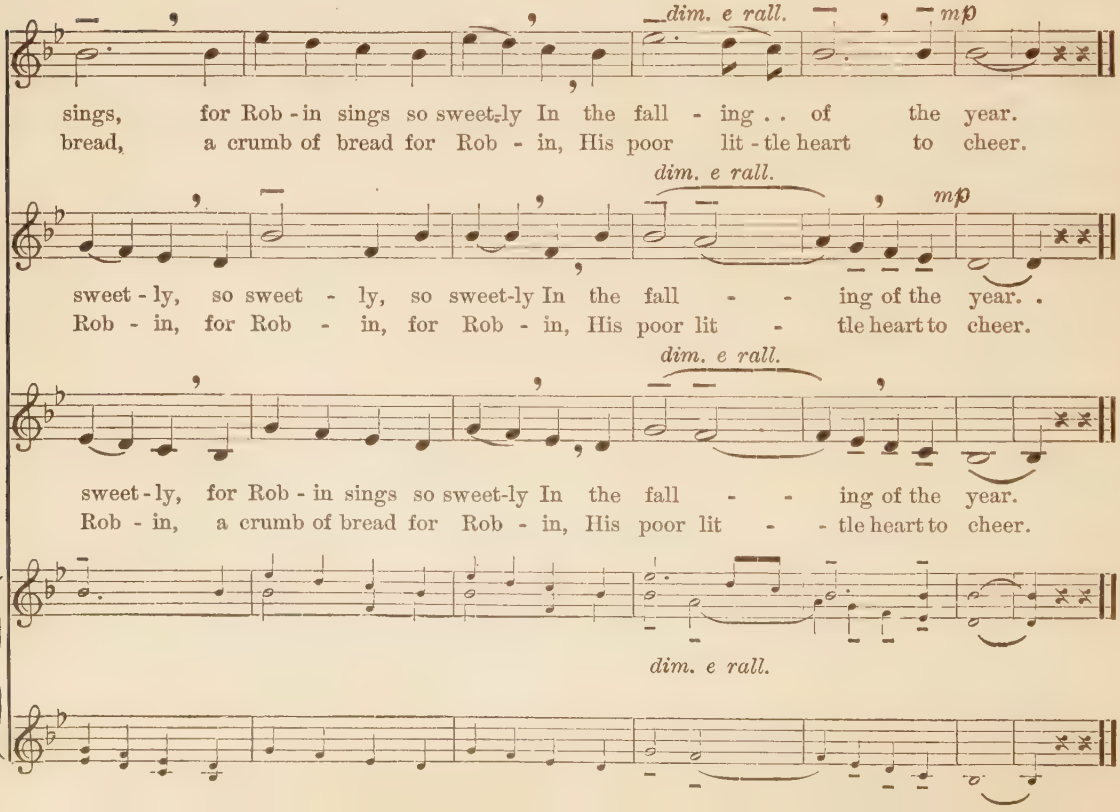
Tranquillo ♩. = 56
mp
pp
p
(Melody)
mp
1. Good night, . Good night! . The joys and cares of day are o'er—Good night, .
2. Good night, . Good night! . The sil - ver star of eve is lit— Good night, .
mp
pp
(Melody)
mp
p
1. Good night, . Good night! The joys and cares of day have tak - en flight, .
2. Good night, . Good night! The sil - ver star of eve hangs out her light, .
p
mf
p
cresc.
rit.
p
Good night! . The sun has bid the wea - ry earth good night. .
Good night! . The sky bends down to wish the world good night. .
mf
p
cresc.
rit.
p
Good night! . The sun has bid the wea - ry earth good night. .
Good night! . The sky bends down to wish the world good night. .
mf
p
cresc.
rit.
p

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM E. W. JOHNS

mp Allegro moderato ♩ = 112
1. Good-bye, good-bye to Sum-mer! For Sum-mer's near-ly done; The gar-den smil-ing
2. The fire-side for the crick-et, The wheat-stack for the mouse, When trembling night winds
mp
1. Good-bye, good-bye to Sum-mer! For Sum-mer's near-ly done; The gar-den smil-ing
2. The fire-side for the crick-et, The wheat-stack for the mouse, When trembling night winds
mp
(For rehearsal only)
mp
cresc.
mp
faint-ly, Cool breez-es in the sun, Cool breez-es in the sun; . . Our
whis-tle And moan all round the house, And moan all round the house. . The
cresc.
mp
faint-ly, Cool breez-es in the sun, Cool breez-es in the sun; . . Our
whis-tle And moan all round the house, And moan all round the house. . The
cresc.
faint-ly, Cool breez-es in the sun, in the sun; Our thrush . .
whis-tle And moan . . . . . all round the house, round the house, The frost . .
cresc.
mp


thrush - es now are si - lent, Our swal - lows flown a - way, But Rob - in's here in
frost - y ways like i - ron, The branch - es plum'd with snow, A - las! . in win - ter
thrush - es now are si - lent, Our swal - lows flown a - way, But Rob - in's here in
frost - y ways like i - ron, The branch - es plum'd with snow, A - las! in win - ter
. . es now are si - lent, Our swal - lows flown a - way, But Rob - in's here in
. . y ways like i - ron, The branch - es plum'd with snow, A - las! in win - ter
coat of brown And scar - let breast - knot gay.
dead and dark, Where can poor Rob - in go?
O Rob - in, O
coat of brown And scar - let breast - knot gay.
dead and dark, Where can poor Rob - in go?
O Rob - in, O
coat of brown And scar - let breast - knot gay.
dead and dark, Where can poor Rob - in go?
O Rob - in, O


cresc.
mp
cresc.
Rob - in, Rob - in Red - breast, O Rob - in, Rob - in, dear!
For . Rob - in
And a crumb of
cresc.
mp
Rob - in, Rob - in Red - breast, O Rob - in, Rob - in, dear!
For . Rob - in sings so
And a crumb of bread for
cresc.
mp
Rob - in, Rob - in Red - breast, O Rob - in, Rob - in, dear!
For . Rob - in sings so
And a crumb of bread for
cresc.
mp


dim. e rall.
mp
sings, for Rob - in sings so sweet-ly In the fall - ing . . of the year.
bread, a crumb of bread for Rob - in, His poor lit - tle heart to cheer.
dim. e rall.
mp
sweet - ly, so sweet - ly, so sweet-ly In the fall - - ing of the year. .
Rob - in, for Rob - in, for Rob - in, His poor lit - tle heart to cheer.
dim. e rall.
sweet - ly, for Rob - in sings so sweet-ly In the fall - - ing of the year.
Rob - in, a crumb of bread for Rob - in, His poor lit - - tle heart to cheer.
dim. e rall.

JOHN B. TABB FRANZ ABT

Moderato ♩ = 104
p
1. 'Tis Christ-mas night, the pure snow a flock un - num-bered lies: The old Ju - de - an
2. A mys - t'ry deep- er still folds the won-d'ring hosts of light, Till, lo, with ho - ly
1. 'Tis Christ-mas night, the pure snow a flock un - num-bered lies: The old Ju - de - an
2. A mys - t'ry deep- er still folds the won-d'ring hosts of light, Till, lo, with ho - ly
mp
flocks a - glow keep watch with - in the skies An i - cy still - ness
rev - 'rence pale, that dims each di - a - dem, The lord - liest earth - ward
flocks a - glow keep watch with - in the skies. . . An i - - - cy
rev - 'rence pale, that dims each di - a - dem, . . The lord - - liest
flocks a - glow keep watch with - in the skies. An i - cy still - ness holds The
rev - 'rence pale, that dims each di - a - dem, The lord - liest hail the light, The
f
clos - er holds The puls - es of the breathless night, And all the Christmas night, The
bend- ing, hail The liv - ing light of Beth - le - hem, Glad Bethlehem's liv - ing light, The
still - ness holds the night And all the Christmas night, The
hail the liv - - ing light, Glad Bethlehem's liv - ing light, The
puls - es of the breathless night, And all the Christ-mas night, the Christmas night
liv - ing light of Beth - le - hem, Glad Bethlehem's liv - ing light, the liv - ing light,
pp
p
pp
an - gel stars shine bright For Beth - lehem's light, For Beth - lehem's light.
ho - ly Christ - mas light, Glad Beth - lehem's light, The liv - ing light.
pp
p
pp

HO, HEAVE HO!

B. M. Waters
From "The Youth's Companion"

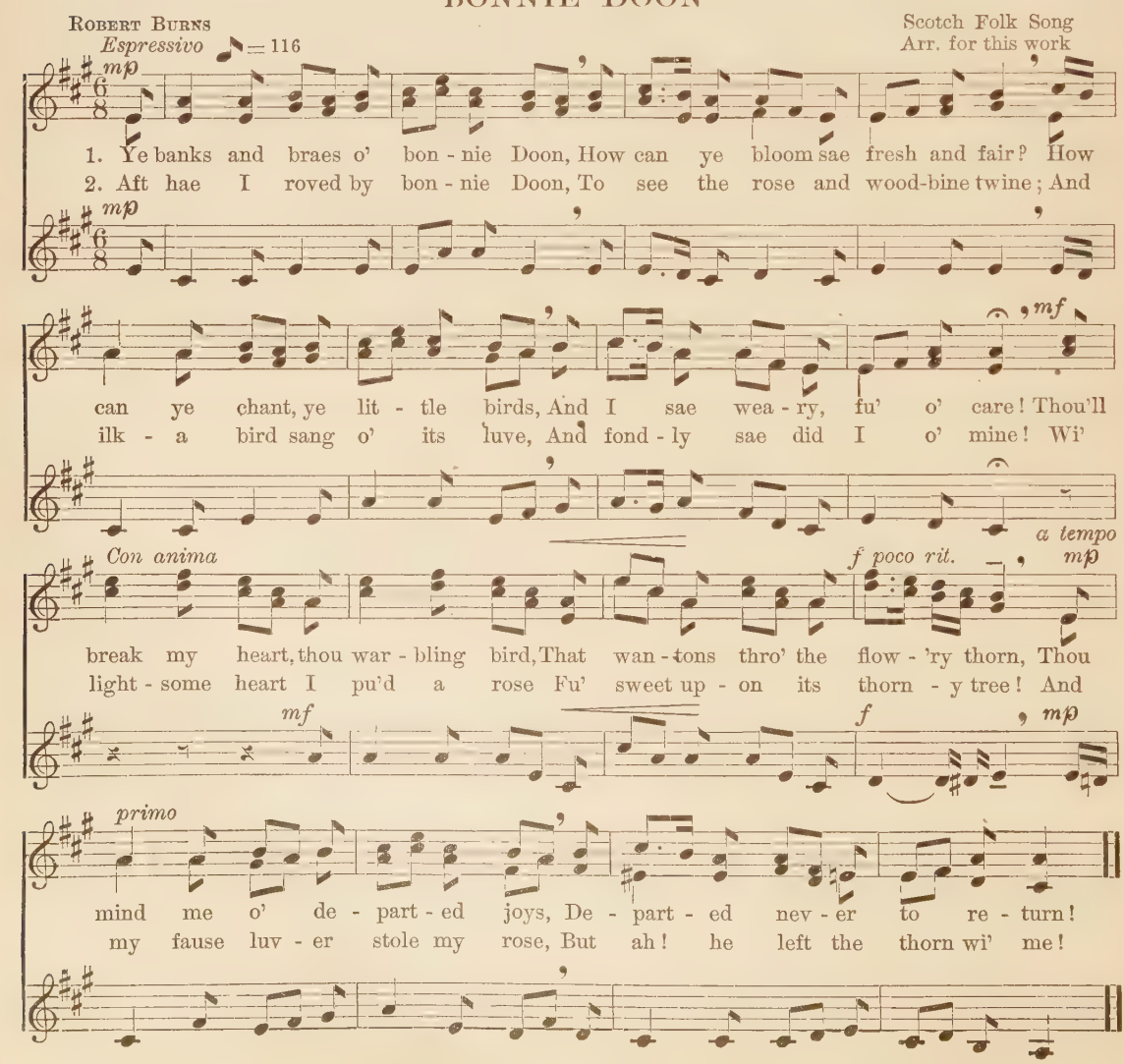
E. W. Johns

f
mf
fear - less we ride . . the wave. . . . . .
gal-lant ship . speeds . a - long . . . . . .
Ho, heave,
mf
ho! . . the winds may blow,
Jol - ly sail - ors all are
And we dear - ly love to
ho! . . the winds may blow,
Jol - ly sail - - - ors all are
And we dear - - - ly love to
mf
cresc.
we. . . . .
roam. . . . .
On we go, ... the winds may blow, ...
For we
But .
cresc.
we. . . . . .
roam. . . . . .
On we go, ... the winds may blow,
For we
But .
mf
cresc.

BONNIE DOON

Robert Burns

Scotch Folk Song
Arr. for this work


Espressivo ♩ = 116
mp
1. Ye banks and braes o' bon - nie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair? How
2. Aft hae I roved by bon - nie Doon, To see the rose and wood-bine twine; And
mp
mf
can ye chant, ye lit - tle birds, And I sae wea - ry, fu' o' care! Thou'll
ilk - a bird sang o' its luve, And fond - ly sae did I o' mine! Wi'
Con anima
f poco rit.
a tempo
mp
break my heart, thou war - bling bird, That wan - tons thro' the flow - 'ry thorn, Thou
light - some heart I pu'd a rose Fu' sweet up - on its thorn - y tree! And
mf
f
mp
primo
mind me o' de - part - ed joys, De - part - ed nev - er to re - turn!
my fause luv - er stole my rose, But ah! he left the thorn wi' me!

THE NIGHT SONG

James Buckham
From "The Youth's Companion"

John E. West

Andante grazioso ♩ = 80

mp

A

mp

p

lit- tle bird sang in the dead of the night, When the moon . . peeped out through a

cresc.

f

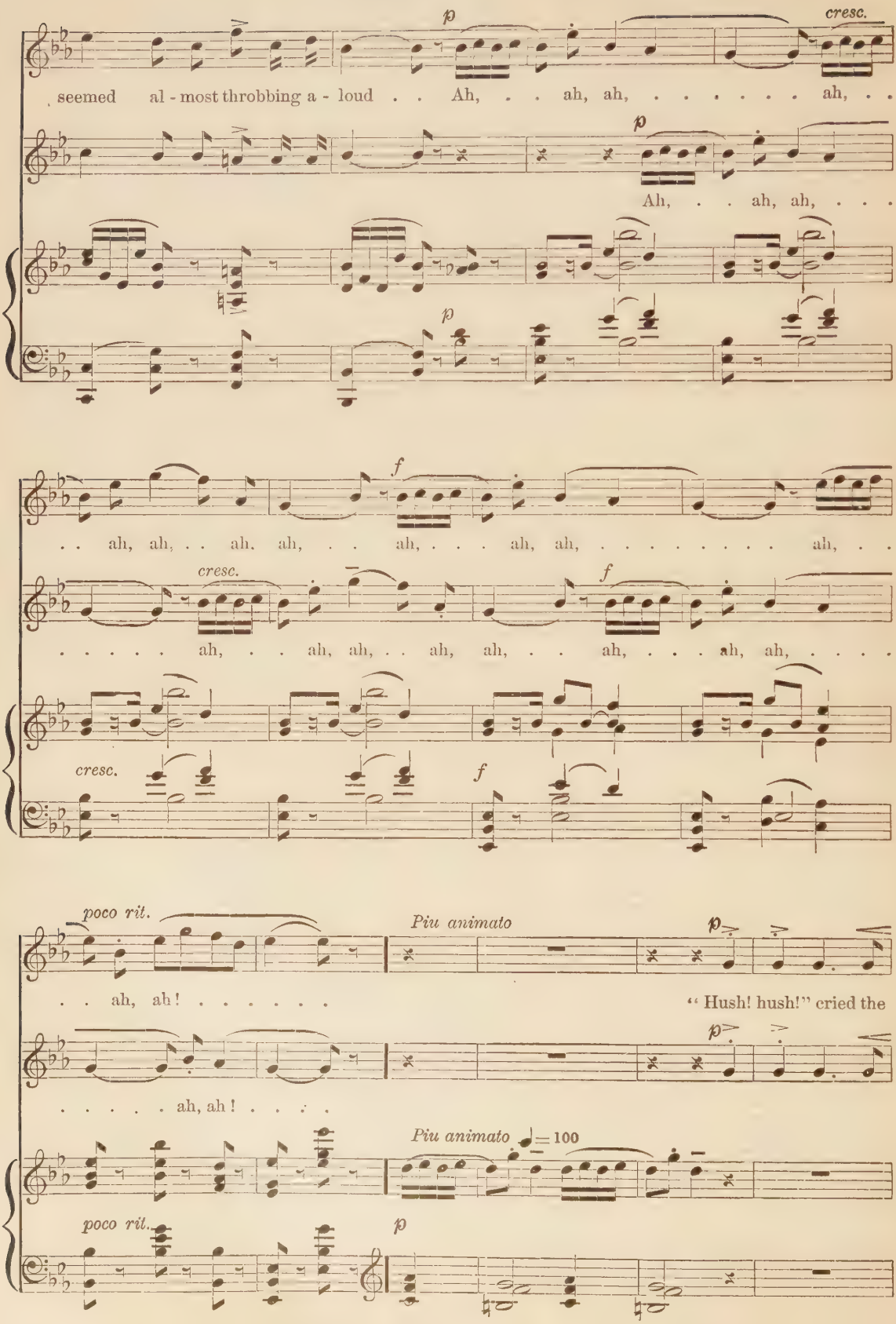
cloud; . He sang, . . for his heart was so full of de - light, . It

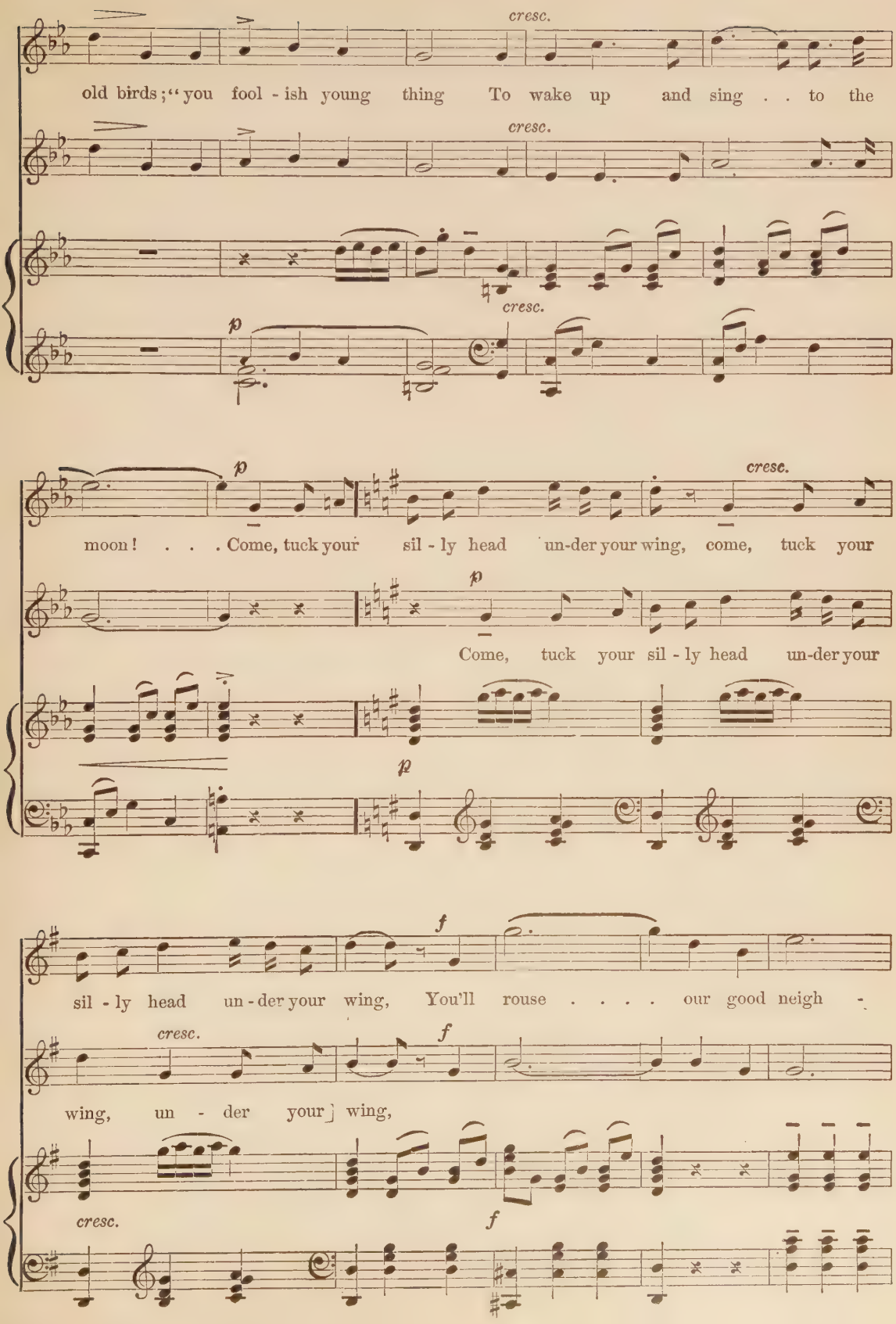
cresc.

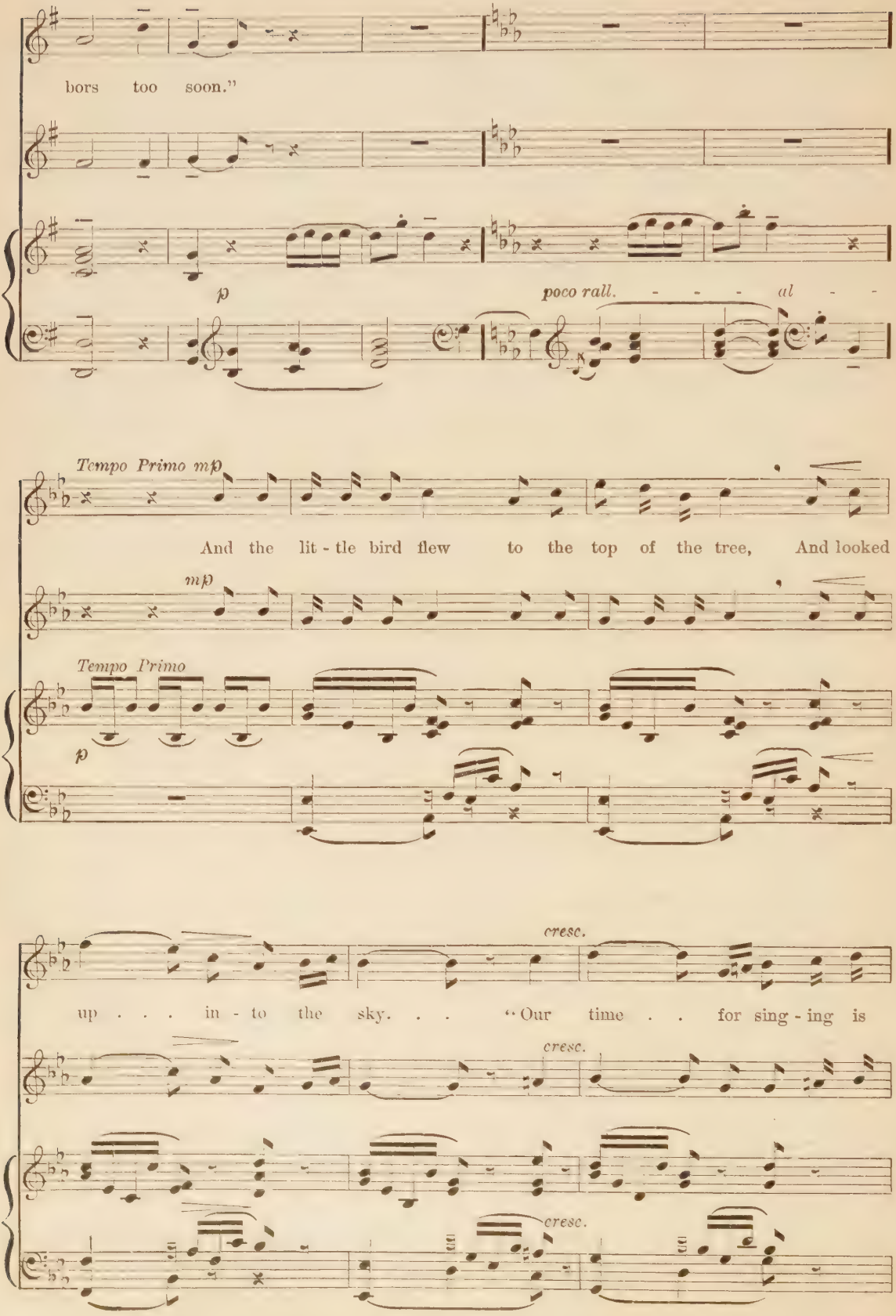
f

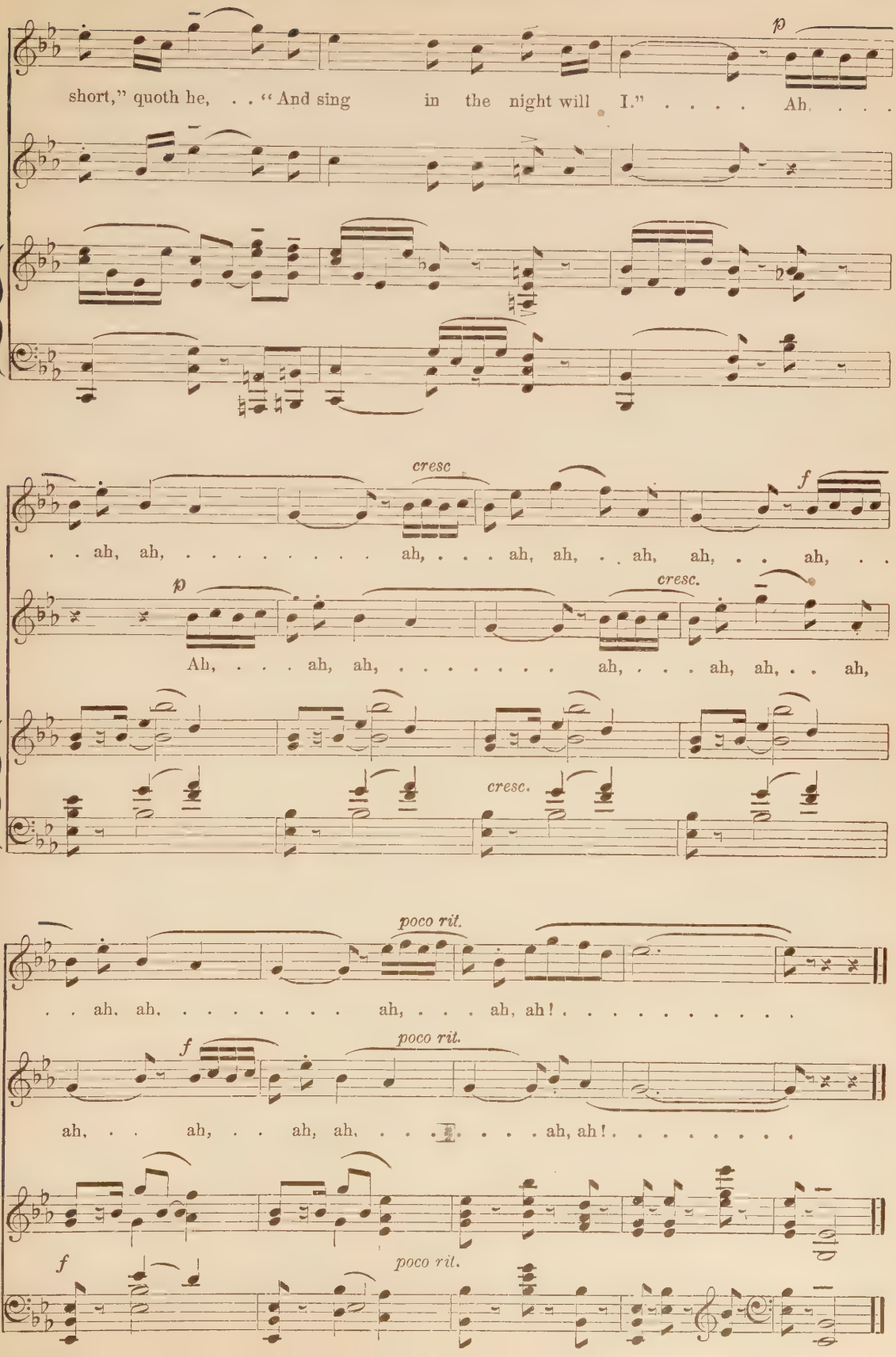
cresc.

f


p
cresc.
seemed al - most throbbing a - loud . . Ah, . . ah, ah, ... ah, . .
p
Ah, . . ah, ah, . . .
p
f
. . ah, ah, . . ah, ah, . . ah, . . . ah, ah, ... ah, . .
cresc.
f
. . . . . ah, . . ah, ah, . . ah, ah, . . ah, . . . ah, ah, ...
cresc.
f
poco rit.
Piu animato
p
. . ah, ah! . . . . . "Hush! hush!" cried the
. . . . . ah, ah! . . . .
Piu animato ♩= 100
poco rit.
p


cresc.
old birds; "you fool - ish young thing To wake up and sing . . to the
cresc.
cresc.
p
p
cresc.
moon! . . . Come, tuck your sil - ly head un-der your wing, come, tuck your
p
Come, tuck your sil - ly head un-der your
p
f
sil - ly head un - der your wing, You'll rouse . . . . our good neigh -
cresc.
f
wing, un - der your wing,
cresc.
f


bors too soon."
p
poco rall. - - - al - -
Tempo Primo mp
And the lit - tle bird flew to the top of the tree, And looked
mp
Tempo Primo
p
cresc.
up . . . in - to the sky. . . "Our time . . for sing - ing is
cresc.
cresc.


p
short," quoth he, . . "And sing in the night will I." . . . . Ah. . . .
cresc
f
. . ah, ah, ... ah, . . . ah, ah, . . ah, ah, . . ah, . .
p
cresc.
Ah, . . . ah, ah, ... ah, . . . ah, ah, . . ah,
cresc.
poco rit.
. . ah, ah, ... ah, . . . ah, ah! . . . . . .
f
poco rit.
ah, . . ah, . . ah, ah, ... ah, ah! . . . . . .
f
poco rit.

LIFT THINE EYES

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY
From the oratorio, "Elijah"

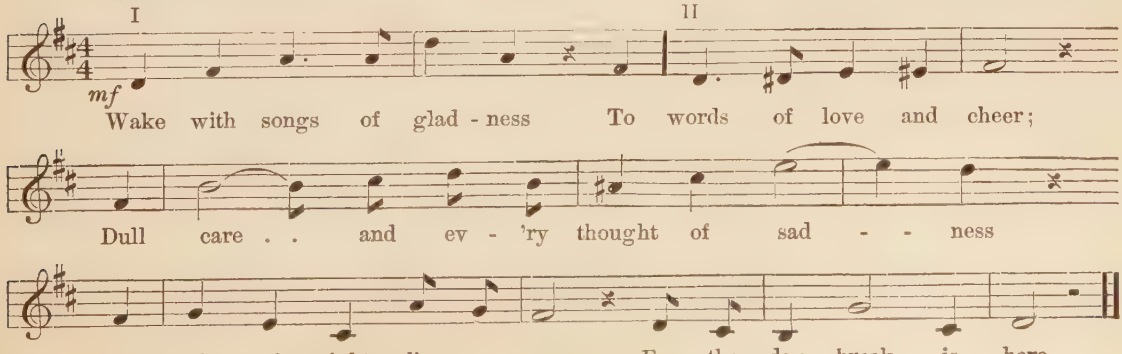
Andante con moto ♩ = 108

sf p sf p
Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes to the moun - tains, whence com - eth, whence
Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes to the moun - tains, whence com - eth, whence
Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes to the moun - tains, whence com - eth, whence
com - eth, whence com - eth help. Thy help com - eth
com - eth, whence com - eth help. Thy help com - eth, com - eth from the
com - eth, whence com - eth help. Thy help com - eth from the
cresc. dim. p cresc.
from the Lord, the Mak - er of heav - en and earth. He hath said thy foot . .
Lord, from the Lord, the Mak - er of heav - en and earth. He hath said thy
Lord, the . Mak - - er of heav - en and earth. He hath said thy
pp
. . shall not be mov - ed. Thy Keep - er will nev - er slum - ber,
foot shall not be mov - ed. Thy Keep - er will nev - er
foot shall not be mov - ed. Thy Keep - er will nev - er

cresc.
f
poco rall.
dim.
nev - er, will nev - er slum - ber, nev - er slum - - - - - ber,
slum - ber, nev - er, will nev - er slum - - - - - - - ber,
slum - ber, nev - er, will nev - er slum - ber, will nev - er slum - ber,
p
a tempo
sf
Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes to the moun-tains, whence com-eth, whence com-eth, whence
Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes . to the moun-tains, whence com-eth, whence com-eth, whence
Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes to the moun - tains, whence . . com - eth, whence
com - eth help, whence com - eth, whence com - eth, whence com - eth help.
com - eth help, whence com - eth, whence com - eth, whence com - eth help.

AT DAYBREAK

Allegro moderato ♩ = 120 TWO-PART CANON ARTHUR EDWARD JOHNSTONE


I
II
mf
Wake with songs of glad - ness To words of love and cheer;
Dull care . . and ev - 'ry thought of sad - - ness
With shades of night dis - ap - pear, For the day - break is here.

THE BLOSSOM

WILLIAM BLAKE
From "Songs of Innocence"

JOHN E. WEST

Allegretto ♩= 88
f
p
cresc.
1. Mer - ry, mer - ry spar - - - row! Un - der leaves so green A hap - py
2. Pret - ty, pret - ty rob - - - in! Un - der leaves so green A hap - py
f
p
cresc.
Mer - ry, mer - ry spar - row! Un - der leaves so green A hap - py
Pret - ty, pret - ty rob - in! Un - der leaves so green A hap - py
mf
mf
dim.
Lento
pp
blos - som Sees you, swift as ar - row, Seek your cradle nar - row, Near my bos - om.
blos - som Hears you, sob - bing, sob - bing, Pret - ty, pret - ty rob - in, Near my bos - om.
mf
mf
dim.
Lento
pp

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

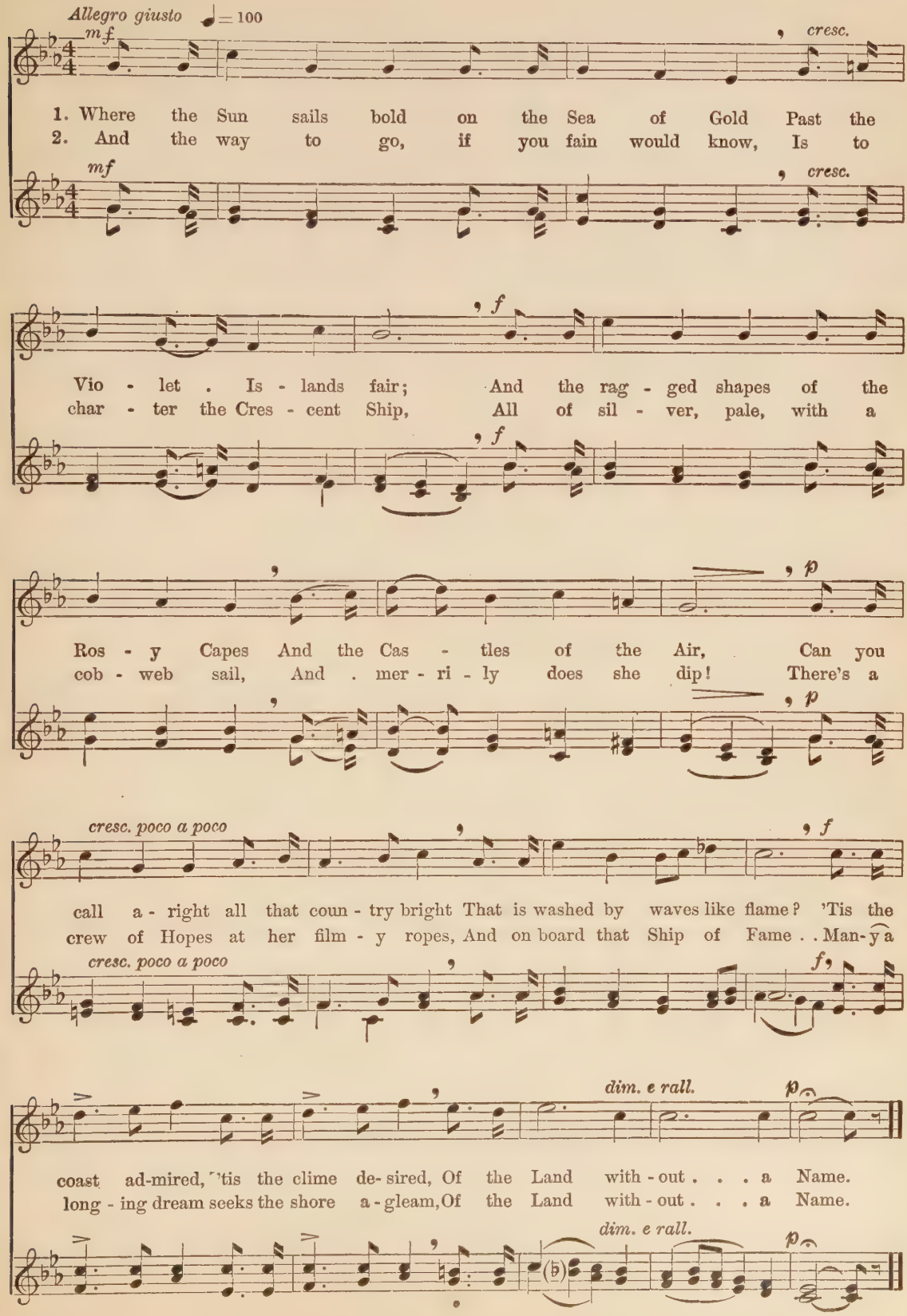
JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

JOHN B. DYKES
Three-part arr.

Moderato ♩= 66
mp
1. Lead, kind - ly Light! a-mid th'en- cir- cling gloom, . Lead thou me on; . The night is
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that thou . Shouldst lead me on; . I lov'd to
3. So long thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still . . Will lead me on . O'er moor and
mp
dark, and I am far from home, . . Lead thou me on; . . Keep thou my feet; I
choose and see my path; but now . . . Lead thou me on; . . I lov'd the gar - ish
fen, o'er crag and tor-rent till . . . The night is gone; . And with the morn those
do not ask to see . . The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
day; and, spite of fears, . Pride ruled my will: re-mem-ber not . past years.
an - gel fac - es smile . Which I have lov'd long since, and lost . a - while.

HELEN GRAY CONE
From "St. Nicholas"

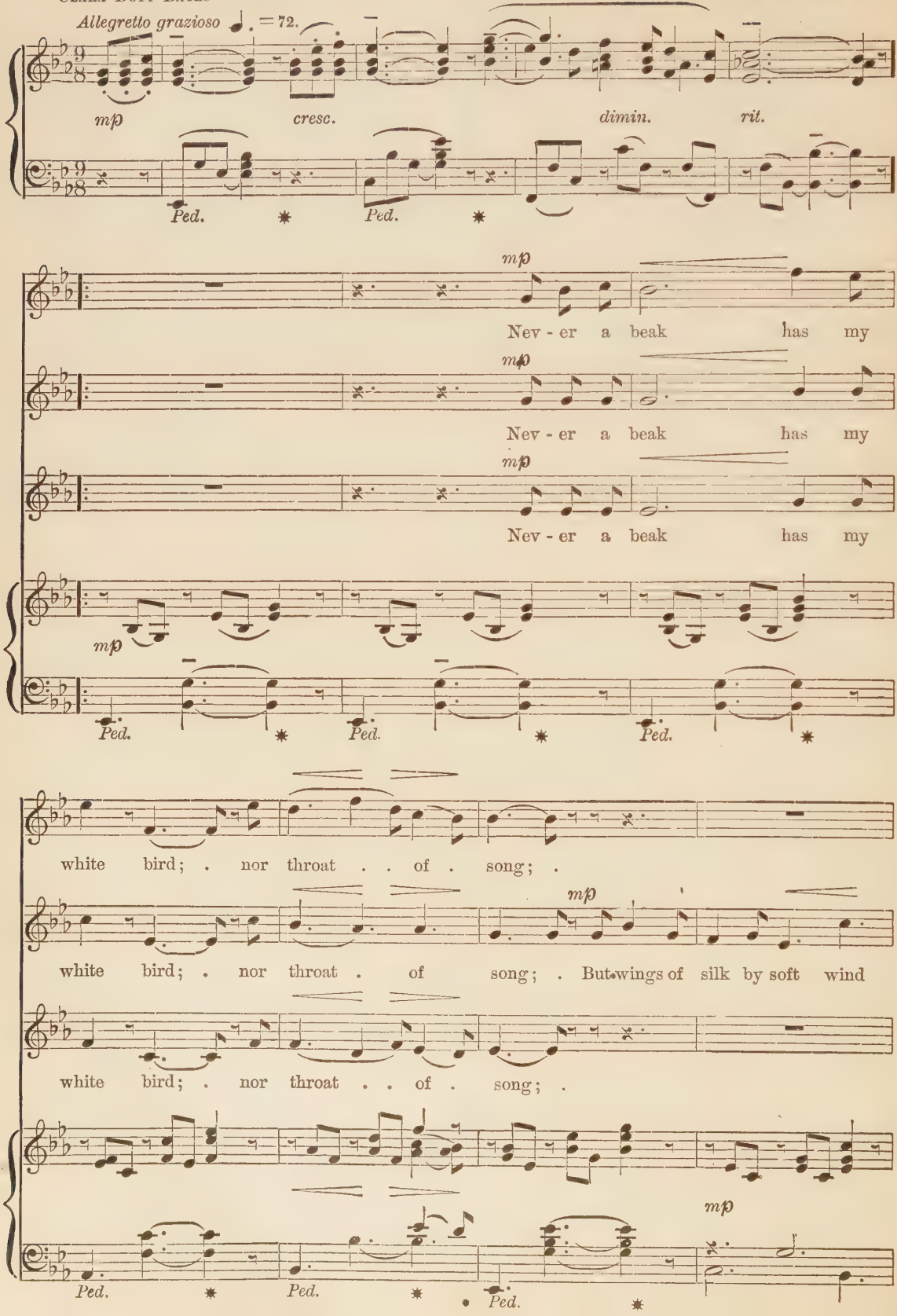
E. W. JOHNS

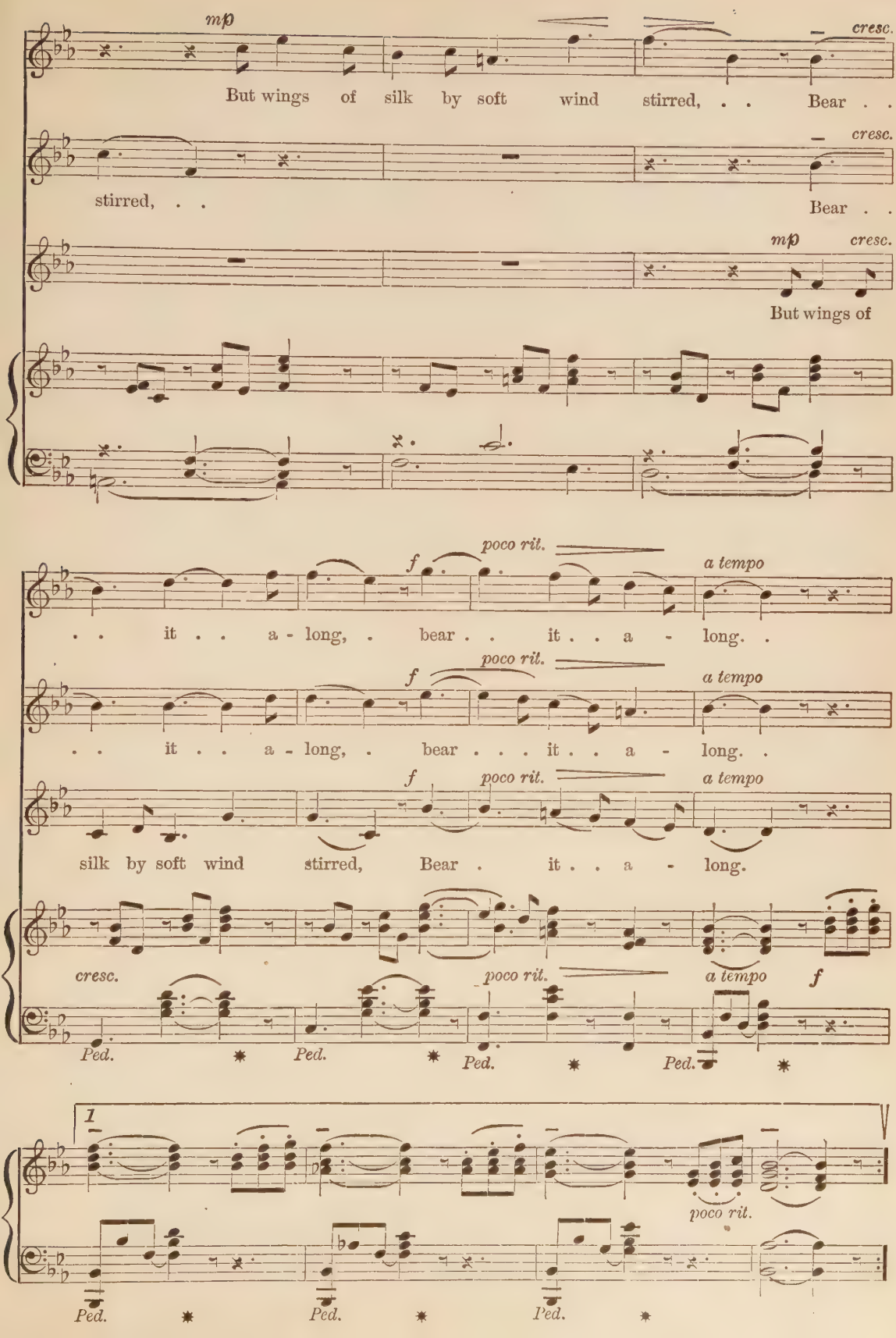

Allegro giusto ♩ = 100
mf
cresc.
1. Where the Sun sails bold on the Sea of Gold Past the
2. And the way to go, if you fain would know, Is to
mf
cresc.
f
Vio - let . Is - lands fair; And the rag - ged shapes of the
char - ter the Cres - cent Ship, All of sil - ver, pale, with a
f
p
Ros - y Capes And the Cas - tles of the Air, Can you
cob - web sail, And . mer - ri - ly does she dip! There's a
p
cresc. poco a poco
f
call a - right all that coun - try bright That is washed by waves like flame? 'Tis the
crew of Hopes at her film - y ropes, And on board that Ship of Fame . . Man-y a
cresc. poco a poco
f
dim. e rall.
p
coast ad-mired, 'tis the clime de- sired, Of the Land with - out . . . a Name.
long - ing dream seeks the shore a - gleam, Of the Land with - out . . . a Name.
dim. e rall.
p

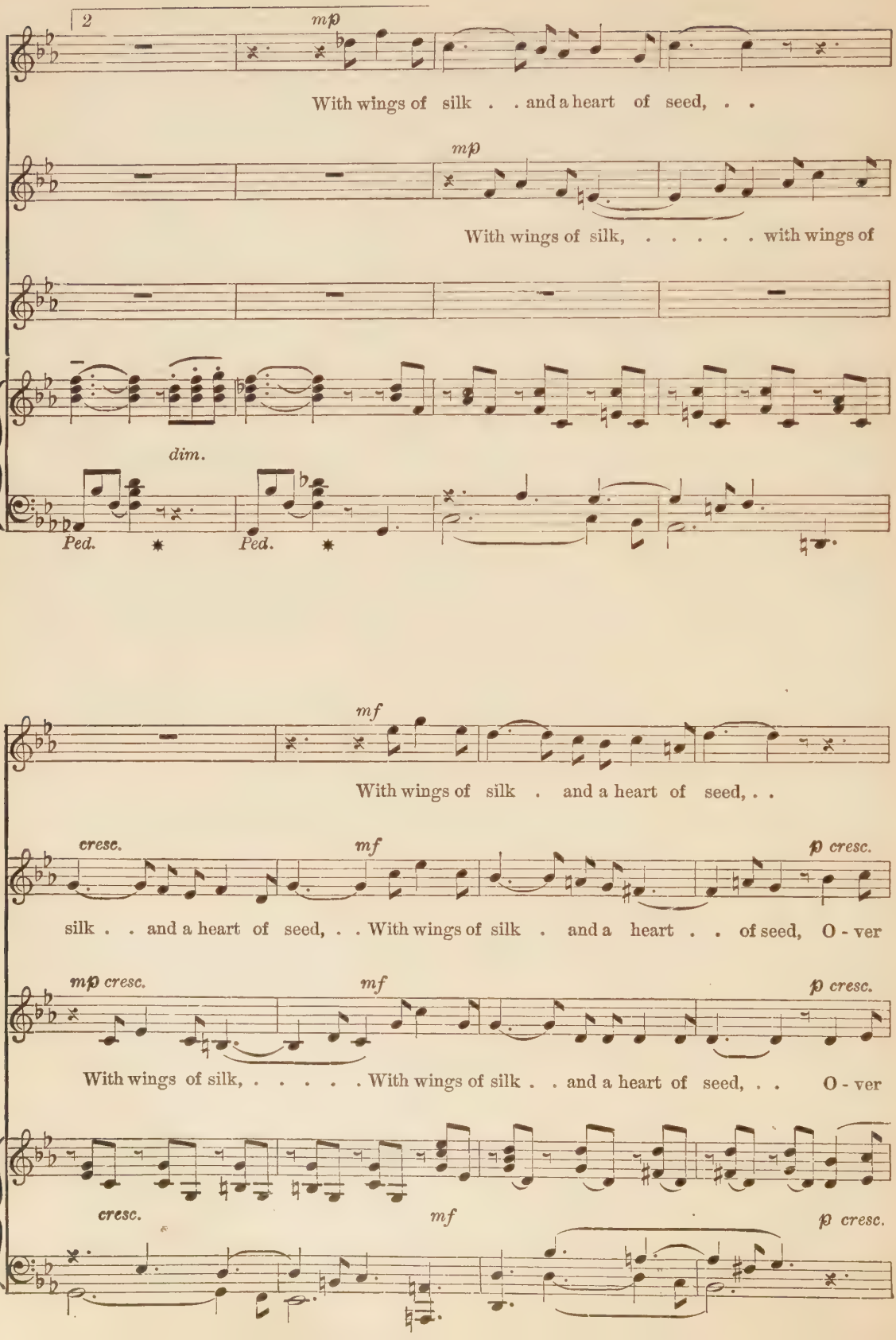
THISTLE-DOWN

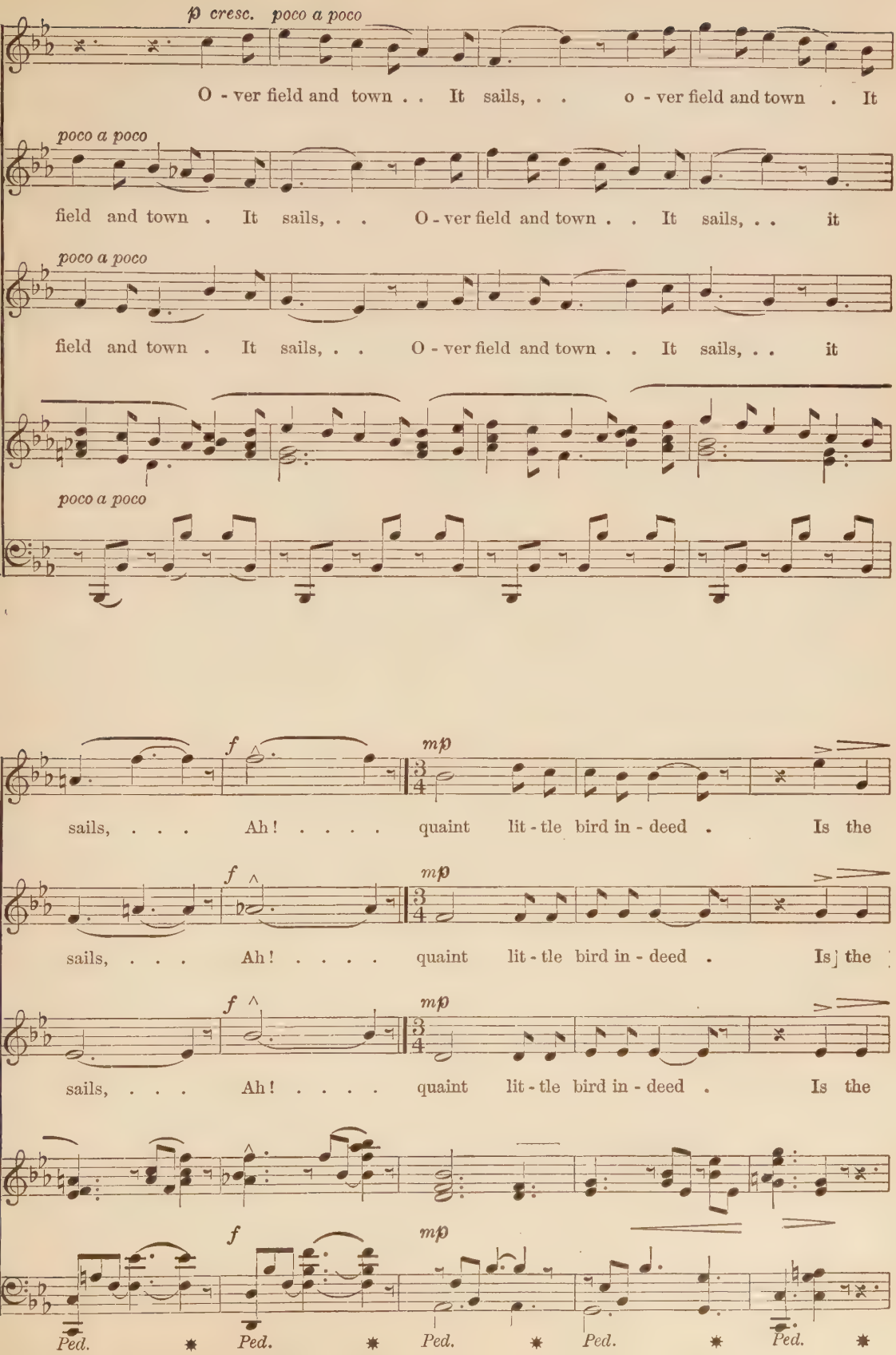
CLARA DOTY BATES

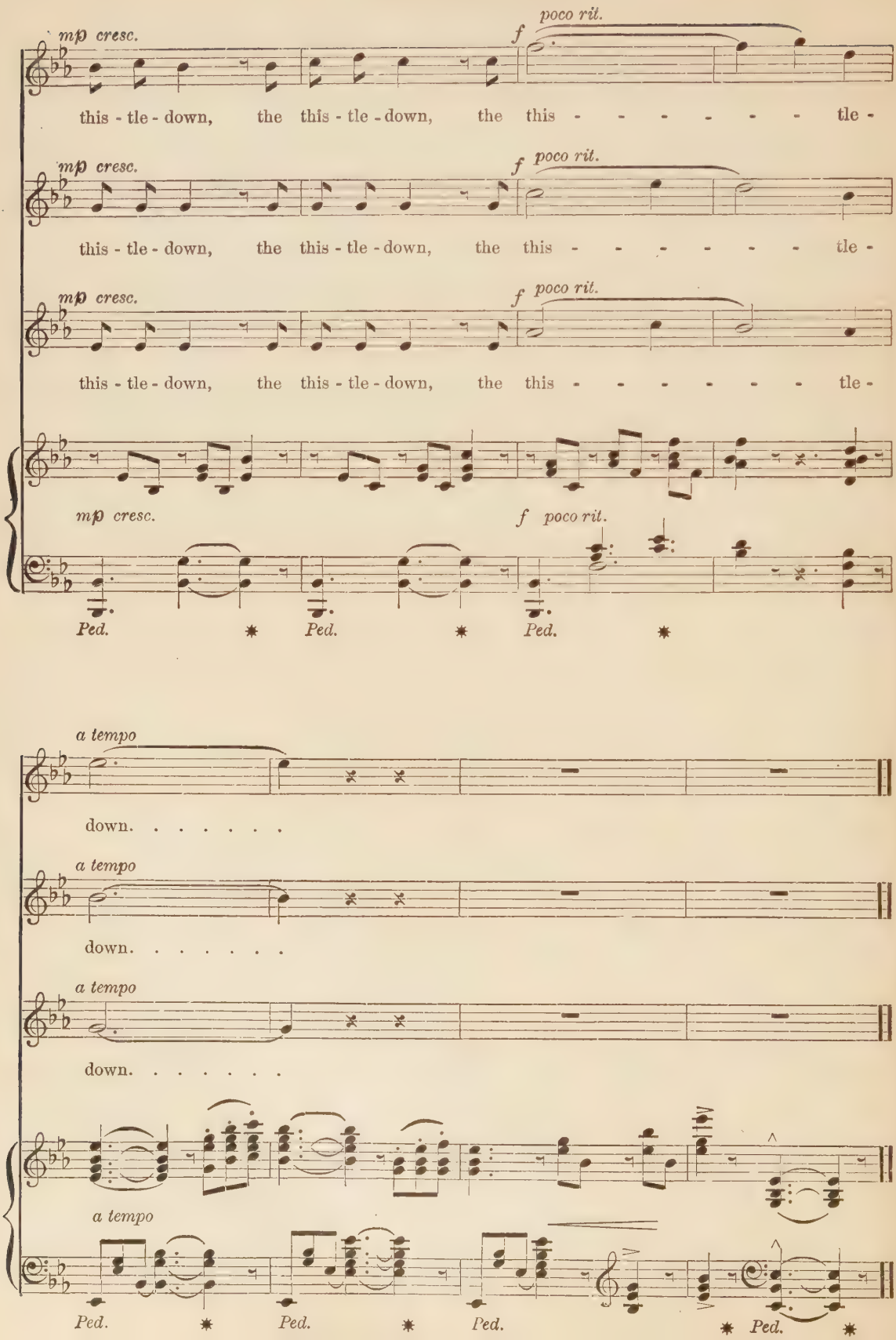
JOHN E. WEST




mp
cresc.
But wings of silk by soft wind stirred, . . Bear . .
cresc.
stirred, . .
Bear . .
mp
cresc.
But wings of
f
poco rit.
a tempo
. . it . . a - long, . bear . . it . . a - long. .
f
poco rit.
a tempo
. . it . . a - long, . bear . . . it . . a - long. .
f
poco rit.
a tempo
silk by soft wind stirred, Bear . it . . a - long.
cresc.
poco rit.
a tempo
f
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
1
poco rit.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.


2
mp
With wings of silk . . and a heart of seed, . .
mp
With wings of silk, ... with wings of
dim.
Ped.
Ped.
mf
With wings of silk . and a heart of seed, . .
cresc.
mf
p cresc.
silk . . and a heart of seed, . . With wings of silk . and a heart . . of seed, O - ver
mp cresc.
mf
p cresc.
With wings of silk, ... With wings of silk . . and a heart of seed, . . O - ver
cresc.
mf
p cresc.


p cresc. poco a poco
O - ver field and town . . It sails, . . o - ver field and town . It
poco a poco
field and town . It sails, . . O - ver field and town . . It sails, . . it
poco a poco
field and town . It sails, . . O - ver field and town . . It sails, . . it
poco a poco
f mp
sails, . . . Ah! . . . . quaint lit - tle bird in - deed . Is the
f mp
sails, . . . Ah! . . . . quaint lit - tle bird in - deed . Is the
f mp
sails, . . . Ah! . . . . quaint lit - tle bird in - deed . Is the
f mp
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.


mp cresc.
f poco rit.
this - tle - down, the this - tle - down, the this - - - - - - - tle -
mp cresc.
f poco rit.
this - tle - down, the this - tle - down, the this - - - - - - - tle -
mp cresc.
f poco rit.
this - tle - down, the this - tle - down, the this - - - - - - - tle -
mp cresc.
f poco rit.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
a tempo
down. . . . . .
a tempo
down. . . . . .
a tempo
down. . . . . .
a tempo
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES

FRANCIS W. BOURDILLON

E. W. JOHNS

1. The night has a thou - sand
2. The mind has a thou - sand
Andante con moto ♩= 80
mp
1. The night has a thou - - -
2. The mind has a thou - - -
mp
1. The night has a thou - sand
2. The mind has a thou - sand
(Optional accomp.)
p
p legato
eyes, The day but one, Yet the light of a bright world
eyes, The heart but one, Yet the light of a whole life
f
- - - sand eyes, The day . . but one, Yet the light of a bright . . .
- - - sand eyes, The heart . but one, Yet the light of a whole . . .
f
eyes, The day but one, Yet the light . . . . of a bright world
eyes, The heart but one, Yet the light . . . . of a whole life
2 1
Ped.
dies With the dy - - - ing sun. . . . .
dies When love is done. . . . .
p
rit.
. . . world dies . . . . . With the dy - ing sun. . . . . .
. . . life dies . . . . . When . love is done. . . . . .
p
rit.
dies . . . . . With the dy - - - - - ing sun. . . . . .
dies . . . . . When love . . . . . is done. . . . . .
p
rit.

A SUMMER GARDEN

From "The Youth's Companion" — JOHN E. WEST

Andante e marcato — *Allegro moderato*

f

Three lit - tle girls, seat - ed in a row, Their moth-er had told them that they must sew;

f

Three lit - tle girls, seat - ed in a row, Their moth-er had told them that they must sew;

f

Andante e marcato — *Allegro moderato*

f (For rehearsal only)

mf

And poor lit - tle Pol - ly had

mp *mf*

And Mar - gy was glum, And poor lit - tle Pol - ly had

mp *mf*

Peg - gy was la - zy, And poor lit - tle Pol - ly had

mp *mf*

f *poco lento* *mp* *Allegro moderato*

prick'd her thumb. A lame-wing'd duck, a

f *mp*

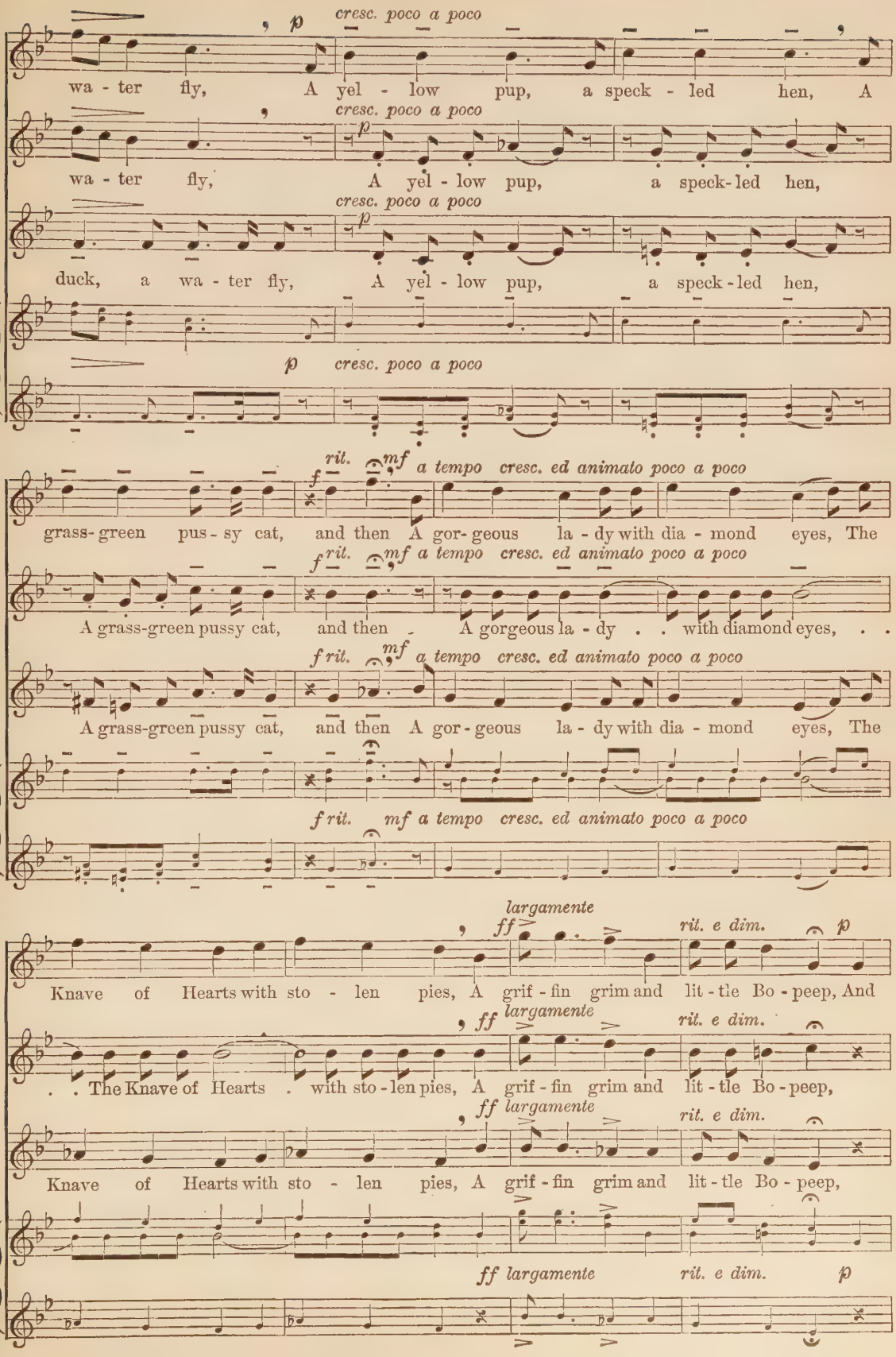
prick'd her thumb. A lame-wing'd duck, a

f *pesante* *f* *mp*

prick'd her thumb. A huge black bee - tle went lum - b'ring by; . . . A lame-wing'd

poco lento *Allegro moderato*

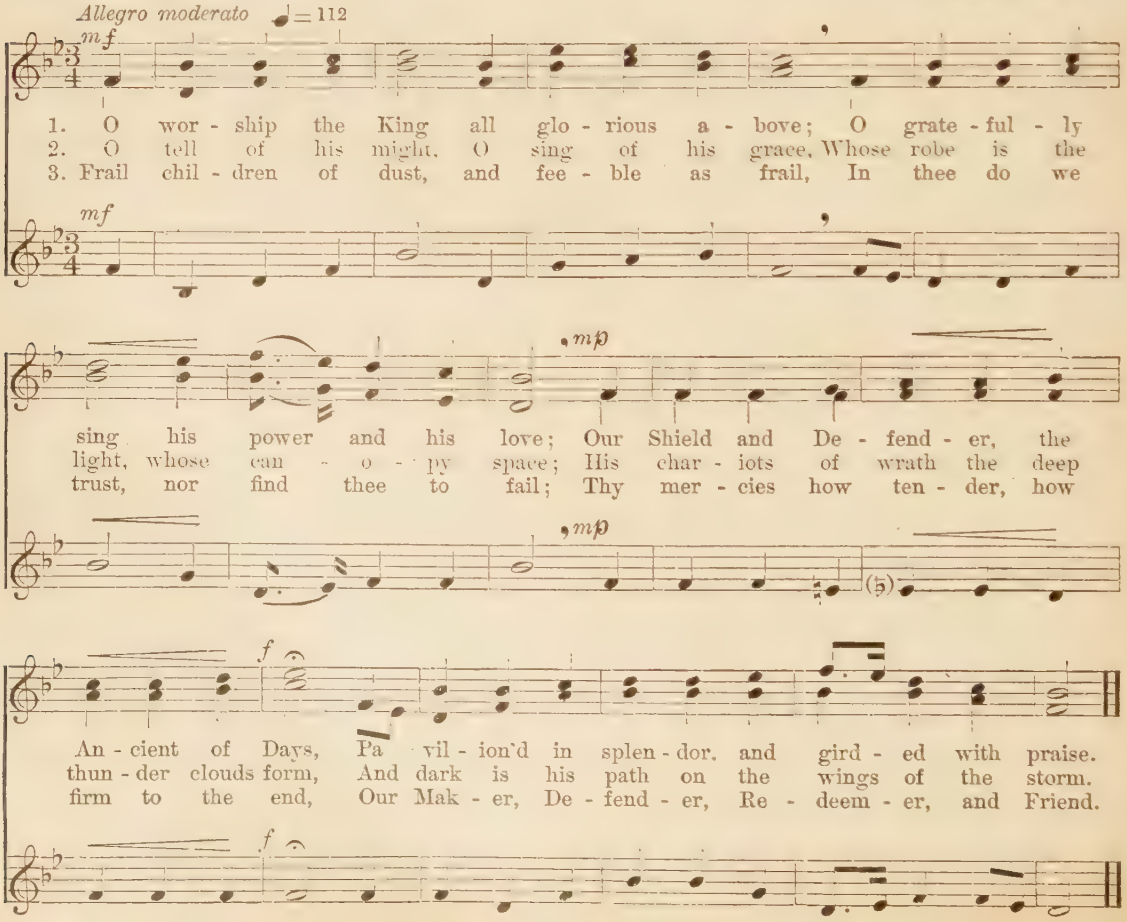
f pesante *p*


p cresc. poco a poco
wa - ter fly, A yel - low pup, a speck - led hen, A
wa - ter fly, A yel - low pup, a speck-led hen,
duck, a wa - ter fly, A yel - low pup, a speck-led hen,
p cresc. poco a poco
rit. mf a tempo cresc. ed animato poco a poco
grass-green pus - sy cat, and then A gor- geous la - dy with dia - mond eyes, The
A grass-green pussy cat, and then A gorgeous la - dy . . with diamond eyes, . .
A grass-green pussy cat, and then A gor - geous la - dy with dia - mond eyes, The
largamente ff rit. e dim. p
Knave of Hearts with sto - len pies, A grif - fin grim and lit - tle Bo - peep, And
. . The Knave of Hearts . with sto - len pies, A grif - fin grim and lit - tle Bo - peep,
Knave of Hearts with sto - len pies, A grif - fin grim and lit - tle Bo - peep,

Andante tranquillo
dim. e rit.
pp
three lit - tle girls . . . . were fast a - sleep. . . . . .
p
rit.
pp
And three lit - tle girls . . . . . were fast a - sleep. .
p
rit.
pp
And three lit - tle girls . . . . . were fast a - sleep. .
Andante tranquillo
p
rit.
pp

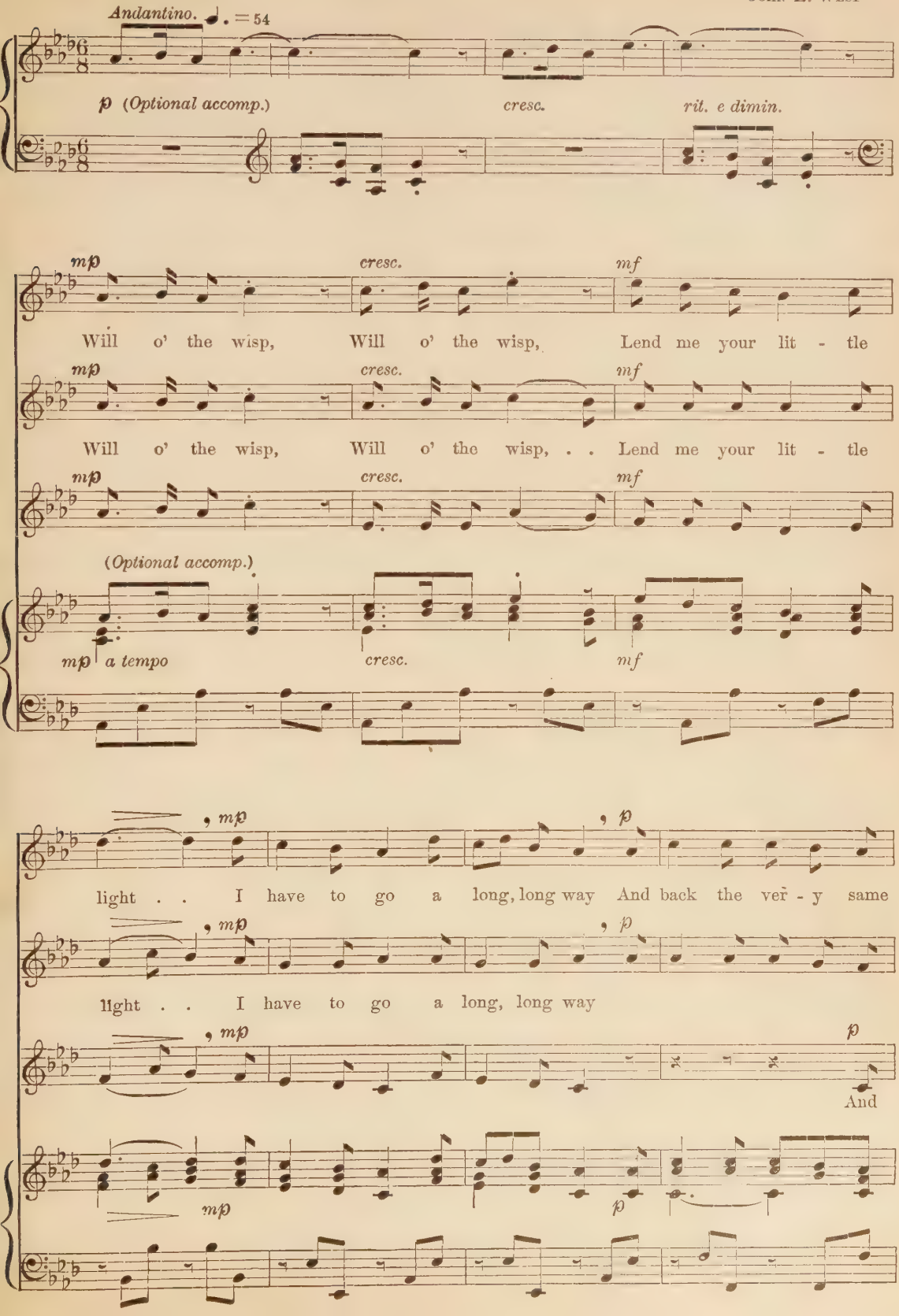
O WORSHIP THE KING

Sir Robert Grant — Josef Haydn


Allegro moderato ♩= 112
mf
1. O wor - ship the King all glo - rious a - bove; O grate - ful - ly
2. O tell of his might, O sing of his grace, Whose robe is the
3. Frail chil - dren of dust, and fee - ble as frail, In thee do we
mf
mp
sing his power and his love; Our Shield and De - fend - er, the
light, whose can - o - py space; His char - iots of wrath the deep
trust, nor find thee to fail; Thy mer - cies how ten - der, how
mp
f
An - cient of Days, Pa - vil - ion'd in splen - dor, and gird - ed with praise.
thun - der clouds form, And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.
firm to the end, Our Mak - er, De - fend - er, Re - deem - er, and Friend.
f

MARY FELICIA BUTTS
From "Wide Awake"

JOHN E. WEST


Andantino. ♩. = 54
p (Optional accomp.)
cresc.
rit. e dimin.
mp
cresc.
mf
Will o' the wisp, Will o' the wisp, Lend me your lit - tle
Will o' the wisp, Will o' the wisp, . . Lend me your lit - tle
(Optional accomp.)
mp a tempo
cresc.
mf
, mp
, p
light . . I have to go a long, long way And back the ver - y same
light . . I have to go a long, long way
And

mf
night, . . . And back the ver - y same night. . .
mf
mf
back the ver - y same night, the ver - y same night. . .
mp
mf
p
Ped.
mp
Not ver - y . wide it seems, .
mp
mp
mf
have to go o - ver a stream, .
In - to a
mf cresc. rit. f pp a tempo
In - to a coun - try strange and vast, 'Tis called the land of
mf cresc. rit. f a tempo pp
'Tis
mf cresc. rit. f a tempo pp
coun - try strange . . . and vast,
a tempo (accomp. ad lib.)
mf cresc. rit. f pp
Ped.

rit.
Allegro scherzando ♩= 132
mp
dreams, ... the land of dreams. There ev - 'ry - thing is
called the land of dreams. . . . . There ev - 'ry - thing is
pp
Ped. * Ped. *
cresc.
turned a - bout, And most - ly up - side down, A beg - gar boy may
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
f p a tempo
be a prince, And wear . . a dream - land crown. . . . . .
be a prince, And wear a dream - land crown. . . . . .
Ped. * Ped. *

THE SHEPHERD

WILLIAM BLAKE
From "Songs of Innocence"

JOHN E. WEST

Andantino quasi allegretto ♩. = 56

mp

How sweet is the shep - herd's sweet lot! . . . . . From the

mp

How sweet is the shep - - - - herd's sweet lot! From the

mp

How sweet is the shep - herd's sweet lot! . . . . . From the

(*For rehearsal only*)

mp

morn to the eve - ning he strays; . . . . He shall fol - low his sheep, his

morn to the eve - - - ning he strays; He shall fol - - low his

morn to the eve - ning he strays; . . . . He shall fol - - - low his

sheep all the day,
And his
f
cresc.
sheep all the day, And his tongue shall be fill - ed with praise, ... with
cresc.
sheep all the day,
And his tongue . . . shall be fill - ed with
cresc.
f
rit.
mp a tempo
tongue shall be fill - ed with praise. . . . For he hears the lambs' in - no - cent
rit.
a tempo
praise, fill - - - - ed with praise.
f
rit.
a tempo
praise, fill - - - - ed with praise.
rit.
mp a tempo
mp
call. . .
He is
mp
mp
And he hears the ewes' ten - der re - ply; . . He is
mp
mp
And he hears the ewes' ten - der re - ply; . . He is
mp
mp

dim.
mp
watch - - ful while they are in peace, . . . For they
dim.
mp
watch-ful while they . . . . are in peace, in peace, . . . For they
dim.
mp
watch - - ful while they . . . . are in peace, . . For they
dim.
mp
know that their shep - herd is nigh, ... they
know that their shep - herd, they know that their shep - herd is
rall.
pp
know that their shep - herd is nigh. . . . . .
rall.
pp
nigh, ... they know that their shep - herd is nigh.
rall.
pp
rall.
pp

THE LAMB

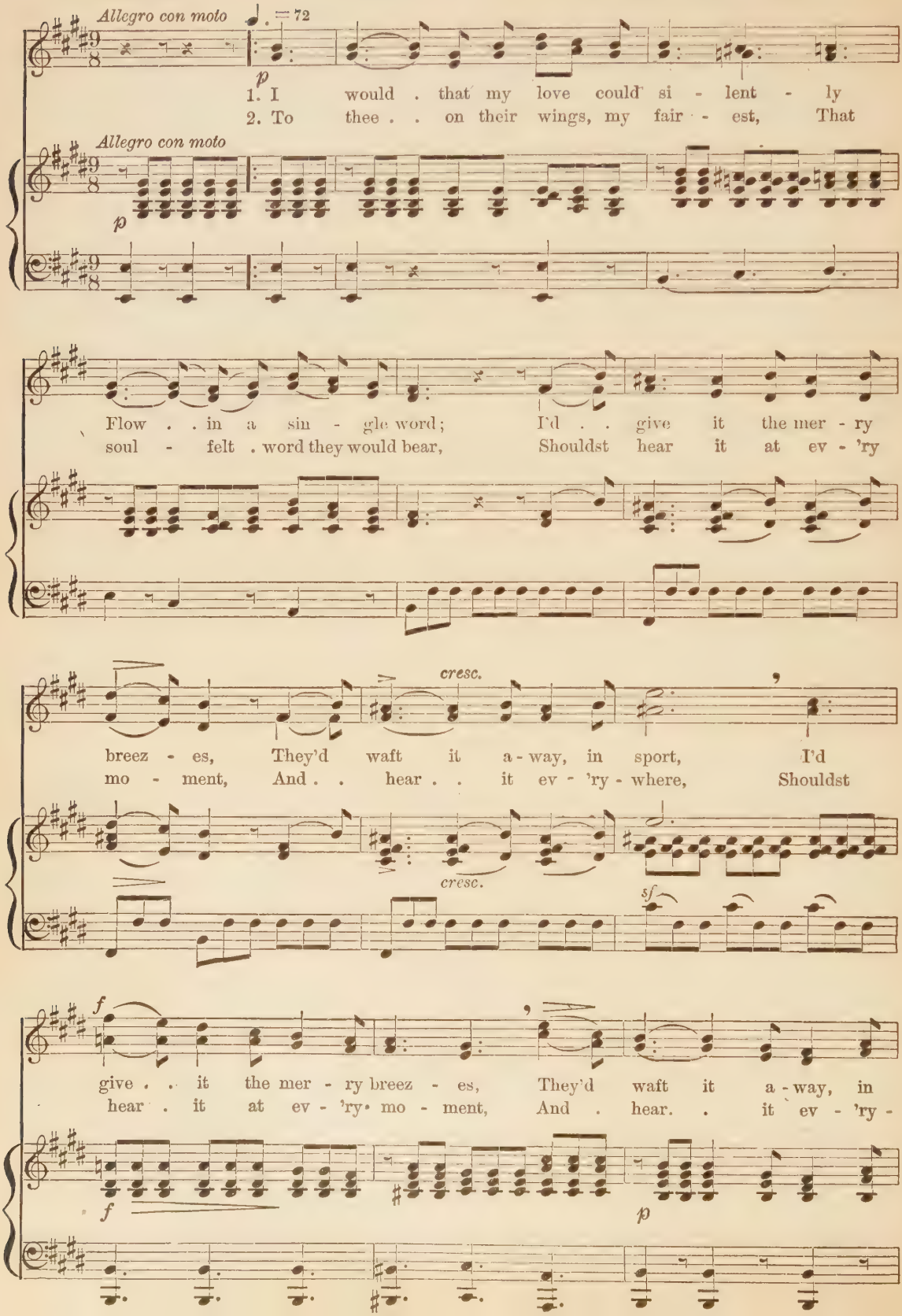
William Blake
From "Songs of Innocence"

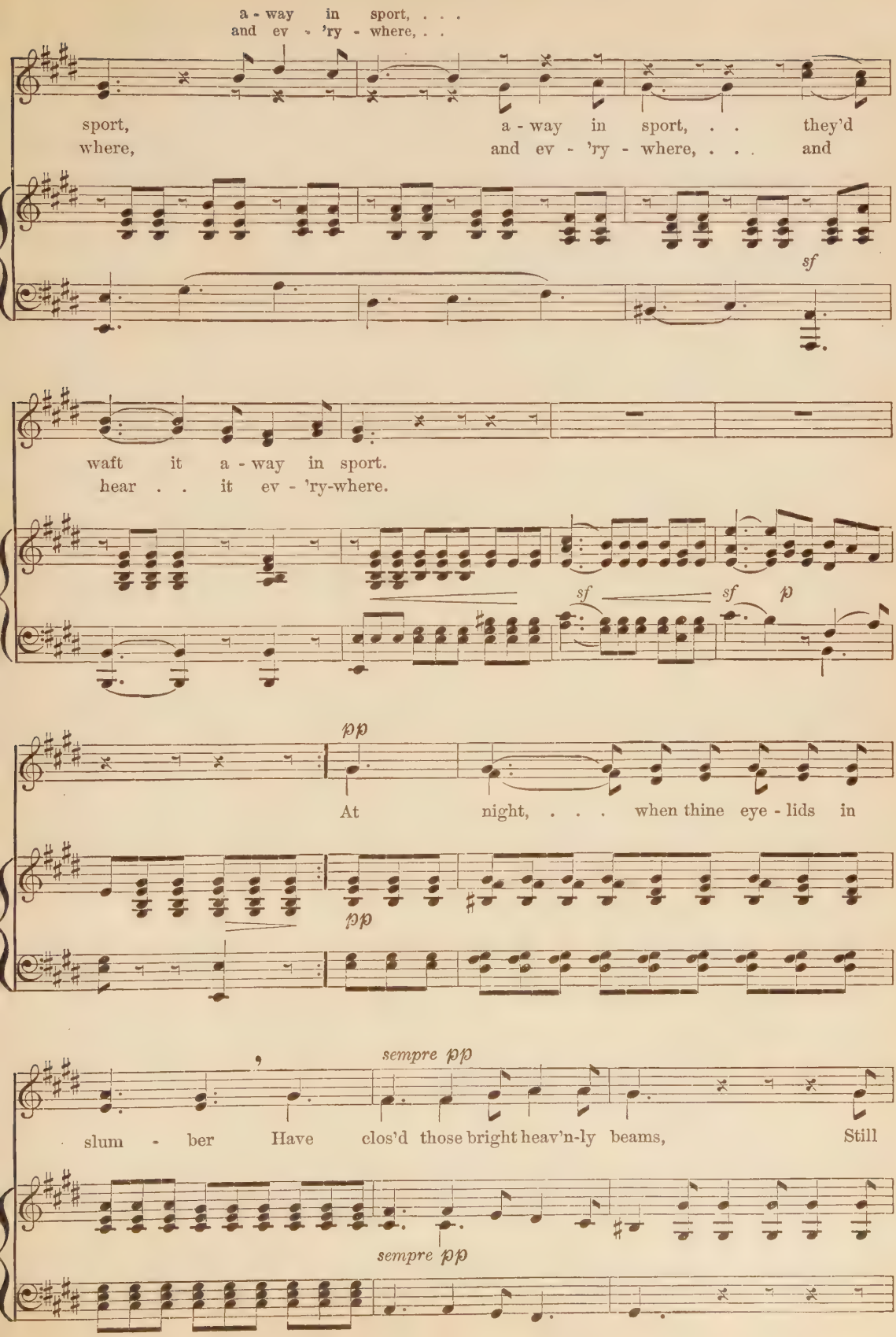
John E. West.

p Andantino
mf
1. Lit - tle lamb, who made thee? Dost thou know who made thee, Gave thee life and
2. Lit - tle lamb, I'll tell thee; Lit - tle lamb, I'll tell thee; He is call - ed
p
mf
Gave thee
He is
mp
p cresc. poco a poco
bid thee feed . By the stream and fer - tile mead, Gave thee cloth-ing of de -
by thy name . For he calls him - self a Lamb; He is meek and he is
p
p
life and bid thee feed . . . . . .
call' - - ed by thy name . . . . . .
light, ... Soft - est cloth - ing, wool - ly, bright; . . .
mild; . . . . . He be - came a lit - tle child; . . . .
p cresc. poco a poco
Gave thee cloth - ing of de - light, of de - light; . . .
He is meek and he is mild, he is mild; . . .
mf
f
Gave thee such a ten - der voice, . . . Mak - ing all . the vales re - joice?
I a child and thou a lamb, . . . We are call - ed by . his name.
mf
f
Gave . . thee such . a ten-der voice,
I . . . a child . and thou a lamb,
p
pp
p
rall.
pp
Lit - tle lamb, who made thee? Dost thou know · who made thee? . .
Lit - tle lamb, God bless thee! Lit - tle lamb, God bless thee! . .
p
pp
p
rall.
pp
Dost thou know . who made . . . thee?
Lit - tle lamb, . God bless . . . thee!

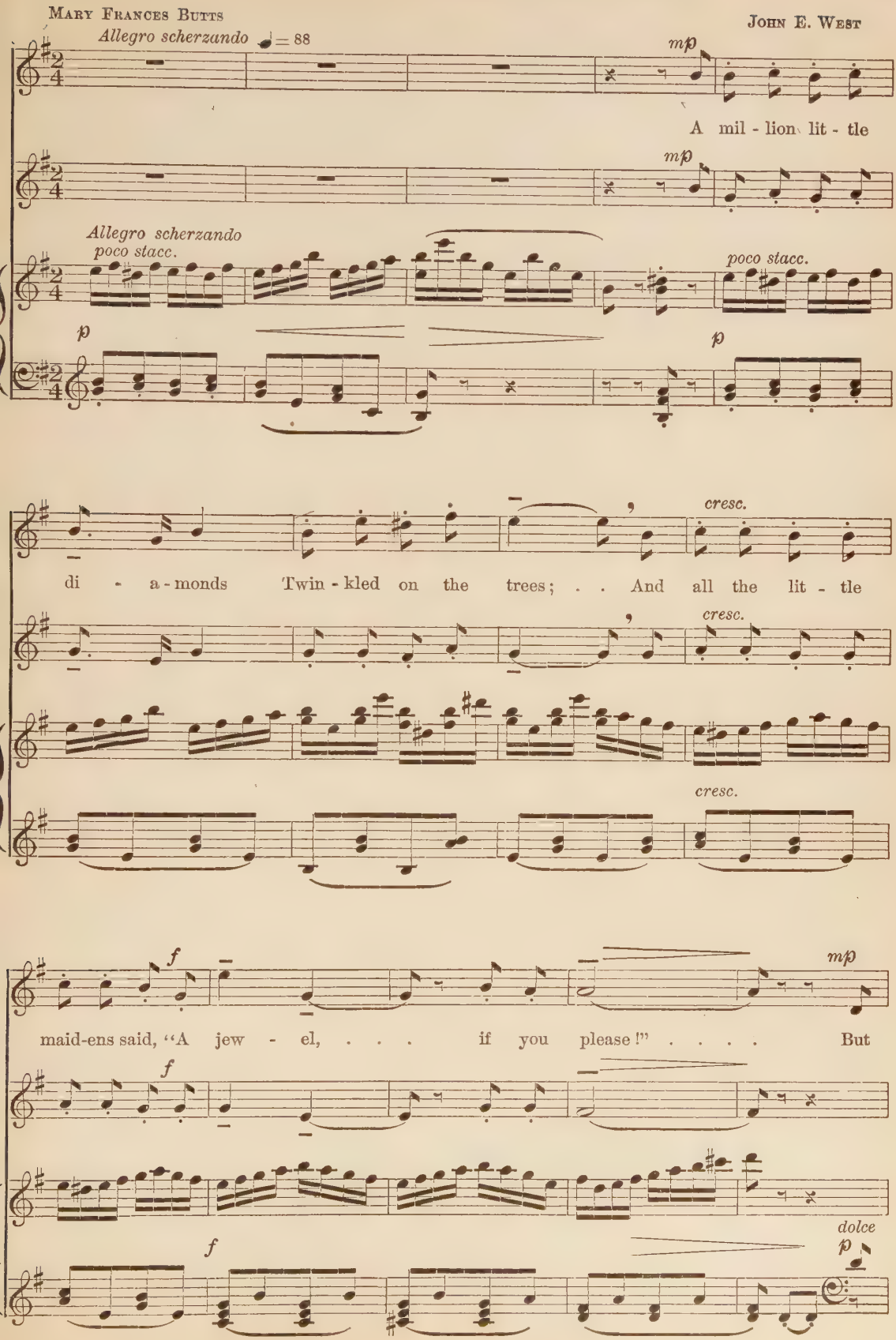
I WOULD THAT MY LOVE

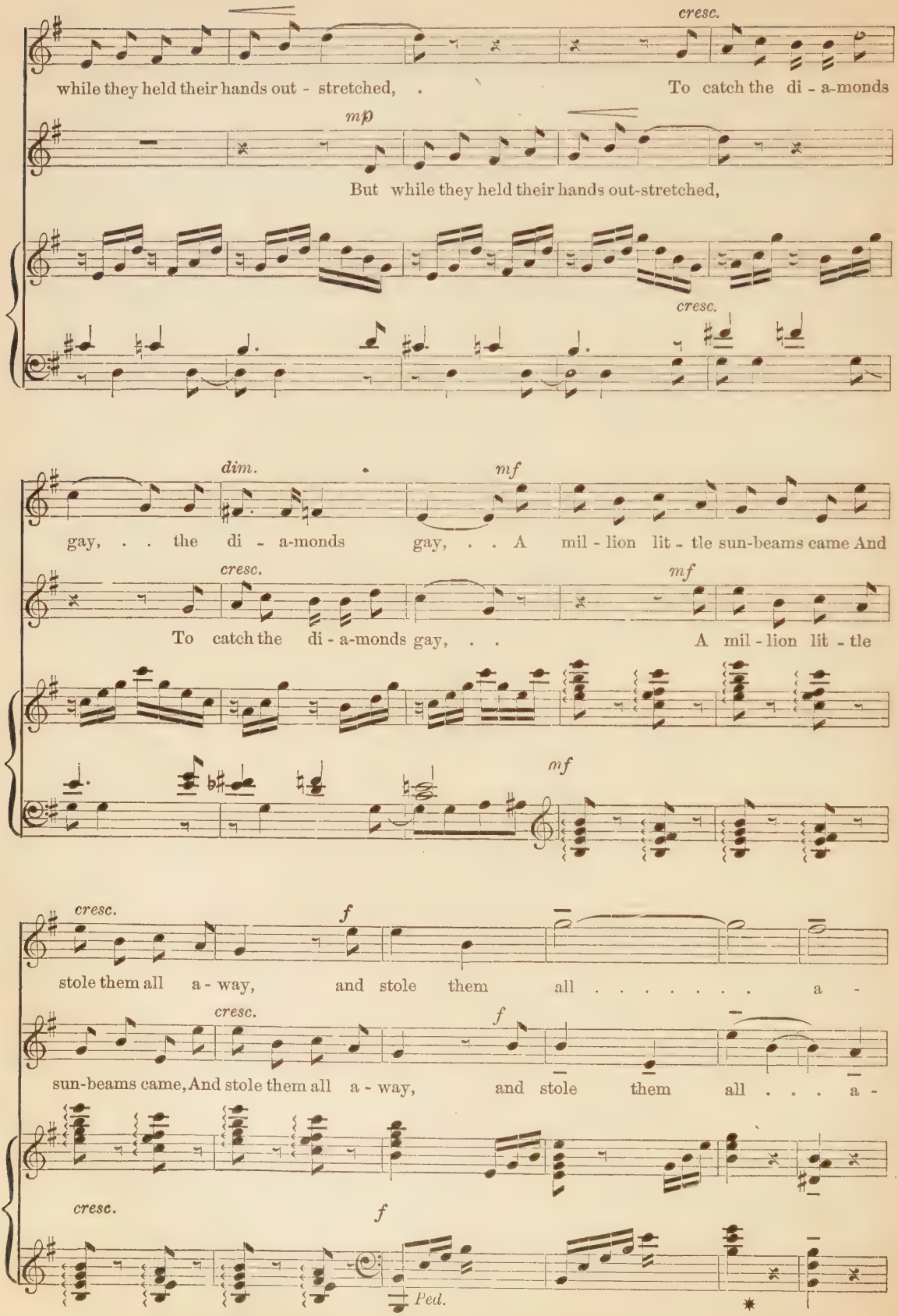
HEINRICH HEINE — FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY


Allegro con moto
♩. = 72
p
1. I would . that my love could si - lent - ly
2. To thee . . on their wings, my fair - est, That
Allegro con moto
p
Flow . . in a sin - gle word; I'd . . give it the mer - ry
soul - felt . word they would bear, Shouldst hear it at ev - 'ry
cresc.
breez - es, They'd waft it a - way, in sport, I'd
mo - ment, And . . hear . . it ev - 'ry - where, Shouldst
cresc.
sf
f
give . . it the mer - ry breez - es, They'd waft it a - way, in
hear . it at ev - 'ry mo - ment, And . hear. . it ev - 'ry -
f
p


a - way in sport, . . .
and ev - 'ry - where, . .
sport, a - way in sport, . . they'd
where, and ev - 'ry - where, . . . and
sf
waft it a - way in sport.
hear . . it ev - 'ry-where.
sf sf p
pp
At night, . . . when thine eye - lids in
pp
sempre pp
slum - ber Have clos'd those bright heav'n-ly beams, Still
sempre pp

cresc.
there, my love, . it will haunt . thee,
cresc.
E'en in thy deep - est
cresc.
cresc.
dreams, Still there, my love, . it will haunt thee, E'en .
f
f
dimin.
dimin.
thy deep - est dreams, .
p
in . . thy deep-est dreams,
sf
thy deep-est dreams, e'en .
p
sf
in . . . thy deep - est, deep - est dreams.
p
Ped.
Ped.


Mary Frances Butts
John E. West
Allegro scherzando ♩= 88
mp
A mil - lion lit - tle
Allegro scherzando
poco stacc.
poco stacc.
p
p
cresc.
di - a - monds Twin - kled on the trees; . . And all the lit - tle
cresc.
cresc.
f
mp
maid-ens said, "A jew - el, . . . if you please!" . . . . But
f
f
dolce
p

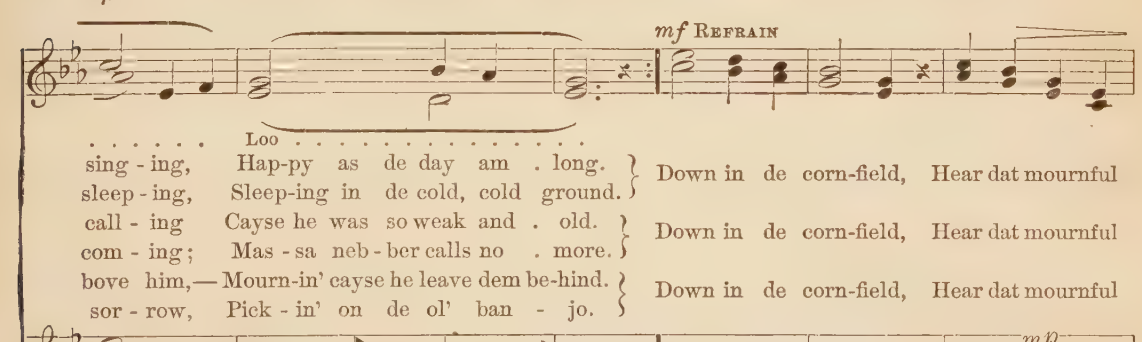

cresc.
while they held their hands out - stretched, To catch the di - a-monds
mp
But while they held their hands out-stretched,
cresc.
dim.
mf
gay, . . the di - a-monds gay, . . A mil - lion lit - tle sun-beams came And
cresc.
mf
To catch the di - a-monds gay, . . A mil - lion lit - tle
mf
cresc.
f
stole them all a - way, and stole them all . . . . . a -
cresc.
f
sun-beams came, And stole them all a - way, and stole them all . . . a -
cresc.
f
Ped.

MASSA'S IN DE COLD, COLD GROUND

STEPHEN C. FOSTER STEPHEN C. FOSTER

With sentiment ♩ = 80

pp
Loo . . . . . Loo . . . . . Loo . . . . . .
1. 'Round de mead-ows am a - ring - ing De dark - ies' mourn-ful song; While de mock-ing bird am
Where de i - vy am a - creep- ing O'er de grass - y mound, Dare ol' mas - sa am a -
2. When de au-tumn leaves were fall - ing, When de days were cold, 'Twas hard to hear ol' mas-sa
Now de or - ange tree am bloom-ing On de sand - y shore; Now de sum-mer days am
3. Mas - sa make de dark-ies love him Cayse he was so kind; Now dey sad - ly weep a-
Can - not work be - fore to - mor - row Cayse de tear-drops flow; I try to drive a way my
mp


mf REFRAIN
. . . . . Loo . . . . . .
sing - ing, Hap-py as de day am . long. Down in de corn-field, Hear dat mournful
sleep - ing, Sleep-ing in de cold, cold ground.
call - ing Cayse he was so weak and . old. Down in de corn-field, Hear dat mournful
com - ing; Mas - sa neb - ber calls no . more.
bove him,— Mourn-in' cayse he leave dem be-hind. Down in de corn-field, Hear dat mournful
sor - row, Pick - in' on de ol' ban - jo.
mp
Ah,
Mas-sa's in de cold, cold ground.

A MAY FROST

HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY
Three-part arr.

Un poco Allegro ♩ = 116

p

1. A frost once fell on a night in May; Its white ghost - ly veil It
2. It laid chill hand on the haw-thorn spray; Thro' groves new in leaf It
3. When dawn came forth by the wood - land way, Ah me! Was it dew She

cresc. *f* *p (rall. 3d stanza)*

(2D SOPR.) flow - - - - - ers

flung o'er the dale And wrought sad blight there On the flow'rs of the spring - time.
crept like a thief, And joy took flight there 'Mid the flow'rs of the spring - time.
shed from the blue, Or tear - drops bright there, For the flow'rs of the spring - time?

cresc. *f* *p (rall. 3d stanza)*

THE DOVE

(LA PALOMA)

Traditional

Tempo di Habañera ♩ = 80

SEBASTIAN YRADIER
Accomp. written for this work

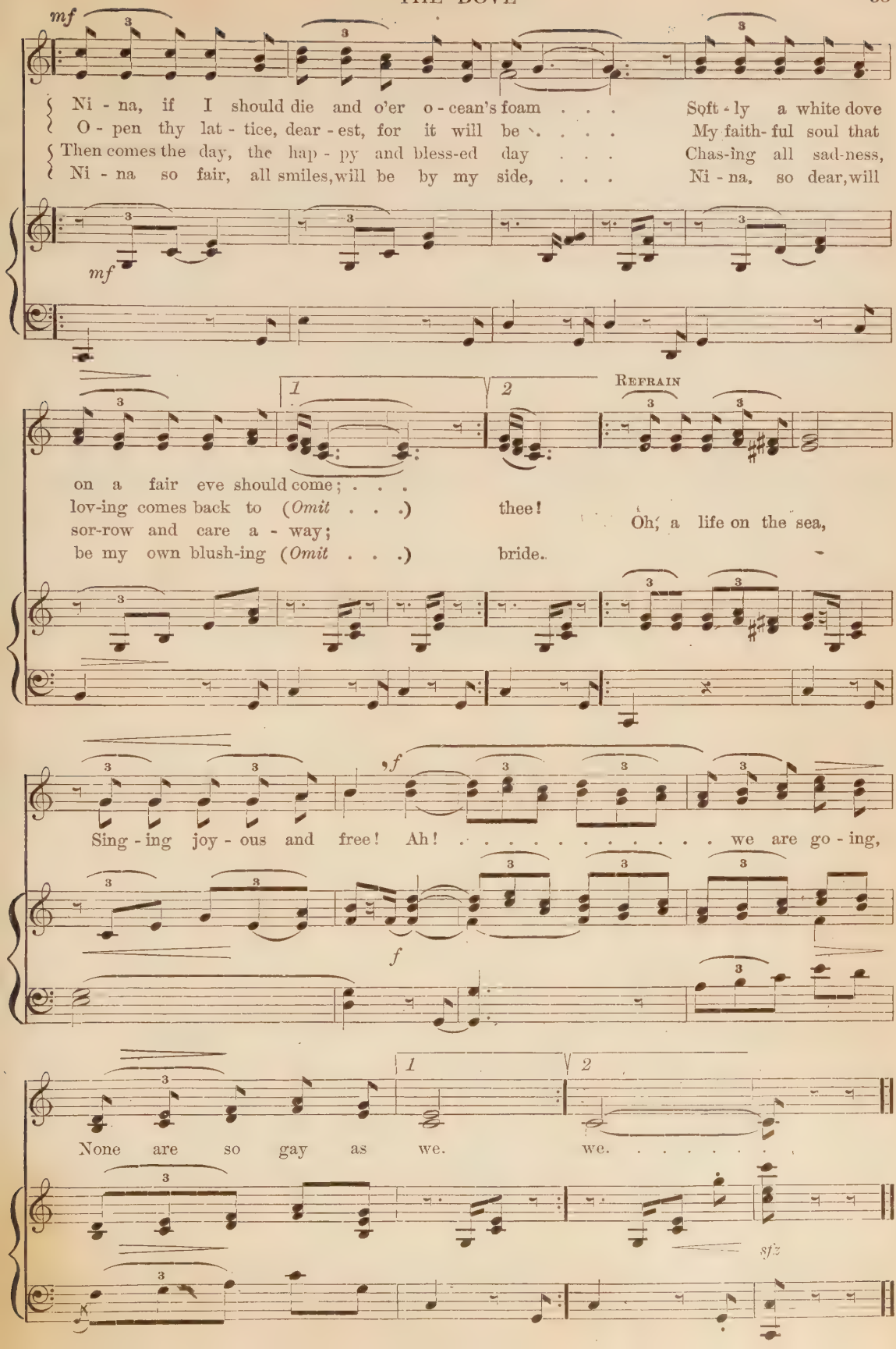
mp

1. The day . . . . . that I left my home for the roll - ing sea, I
   At eve . . . . . ere we sailed, I went a fond leave to take Of
2. And when . . . . . I come home from Ni - na to part no more, To
   A - dieu . . . . . to the ship where oft - en with chang-ing mind, I've

mp

1 2

said, . . . "Moth-er dear, oh, pray to thy God for me." . . .
Ni - - - na who wept as if her poor heart would (*Omit.* . . .) break.
rest . . . with my moth - er dear on my na - tive shore, . . .
laughed . . and I've wept as veered the light, chang-ing (*Omit.* . . .) wind.


mf
Ni - na, if I should die and o'er o - cean's foam . . . Soft - ly a white dove
O - pen thy lat - tice, dear - est, for it will be . . . . My faith- ful soul that
Then comes the day, the hap - py and bless-ed day . . . Chas-ing all sad-ness,
Ni - na so fair, all smiles, will be by my side, . . . Ni - na, so dear, will
mf
1
2
Refrain
on a fair eve should come; . . .
lov-ing comes back to (Omit . . .) thee!
sor-row and care a - way;
be my own blush-ing (Omit . . .) bride.
Oh, a life on the sea,
f
Sing - ing joy - ous and free! Ah! . . . . . we are go - ing,
f
1
2
None are so gay as we. we. . . . . .
sfz

A MERRY RACE

RACHEL GEDDES SMITH
From "The Youth's Companion"

JOHN E. WEST

Allegretto scherzando ♪ = 126

mf

1. A laugh - ing band of
2. For six long years they

mf

1. A laugh - ing band of
2. For six long years they

mf

1. A laugh - ing band of
2. For six long years they

Allegretto scherzando ♪ = 126

mf *poco dim.* *mp*

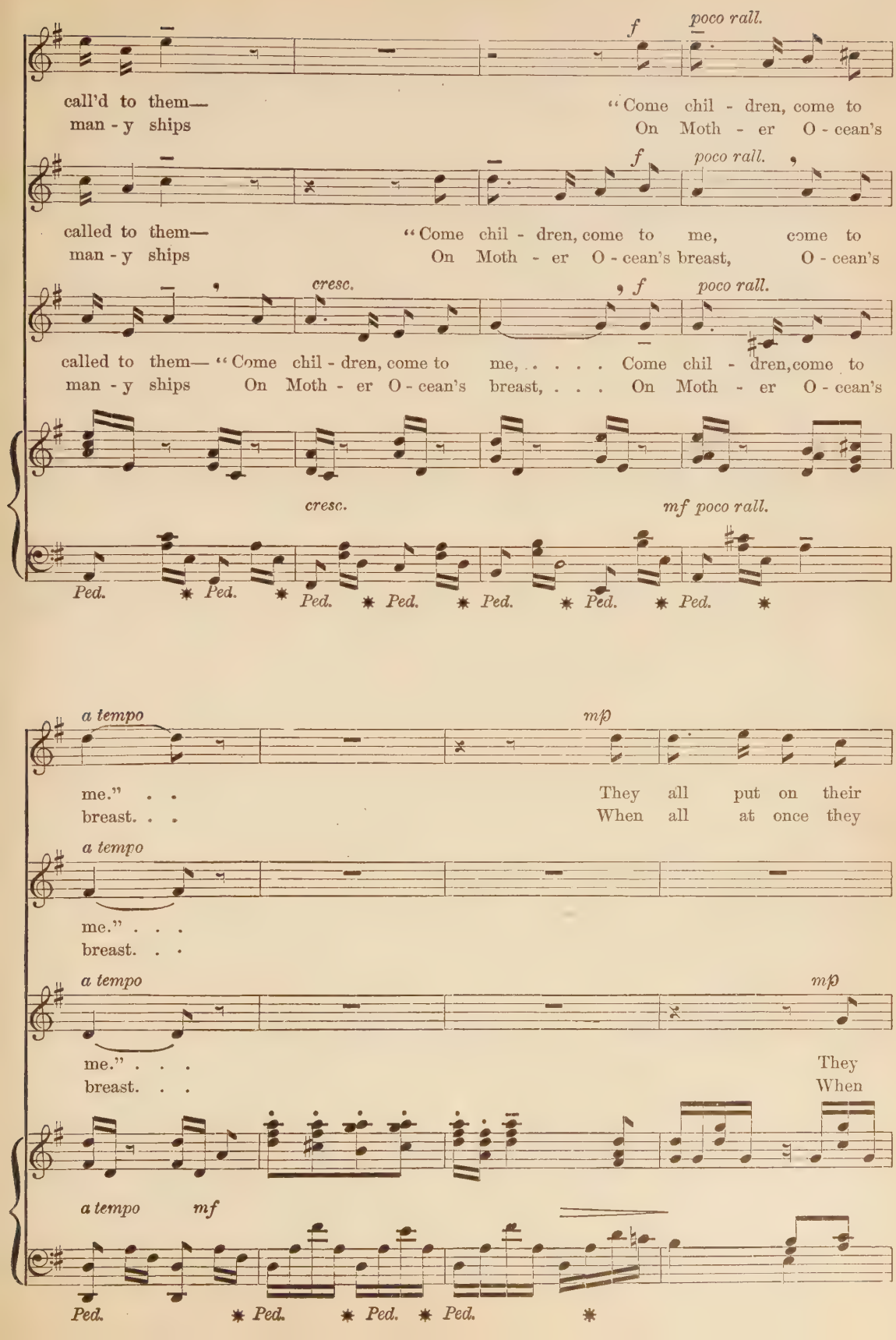
Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

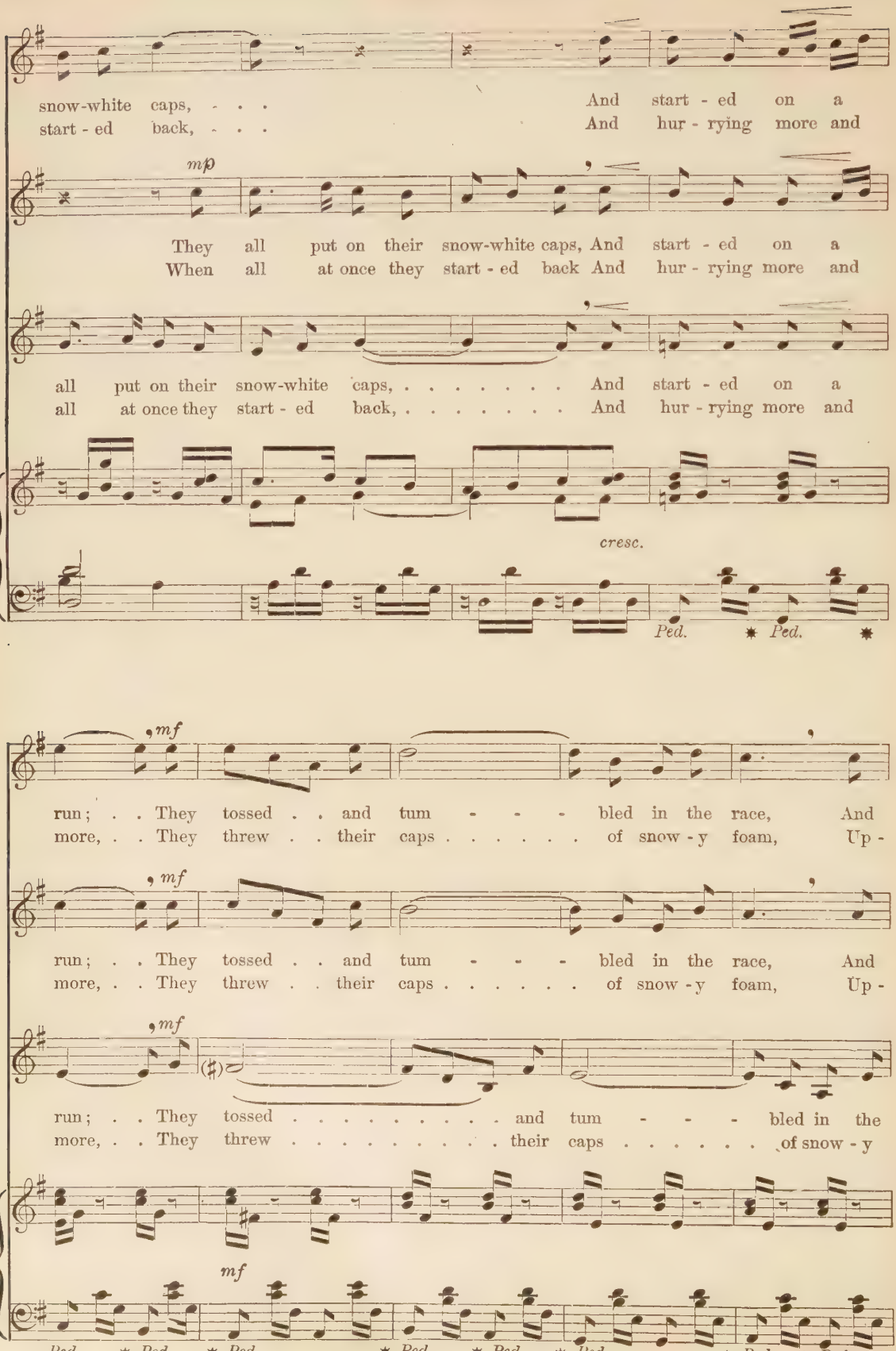
lit - tle waves Went gai - ly out to sea, . . . For Moth - er O - cean
rip - pled on, And nev - er stopp'd to rest. . . . They gen - tly rock'd the

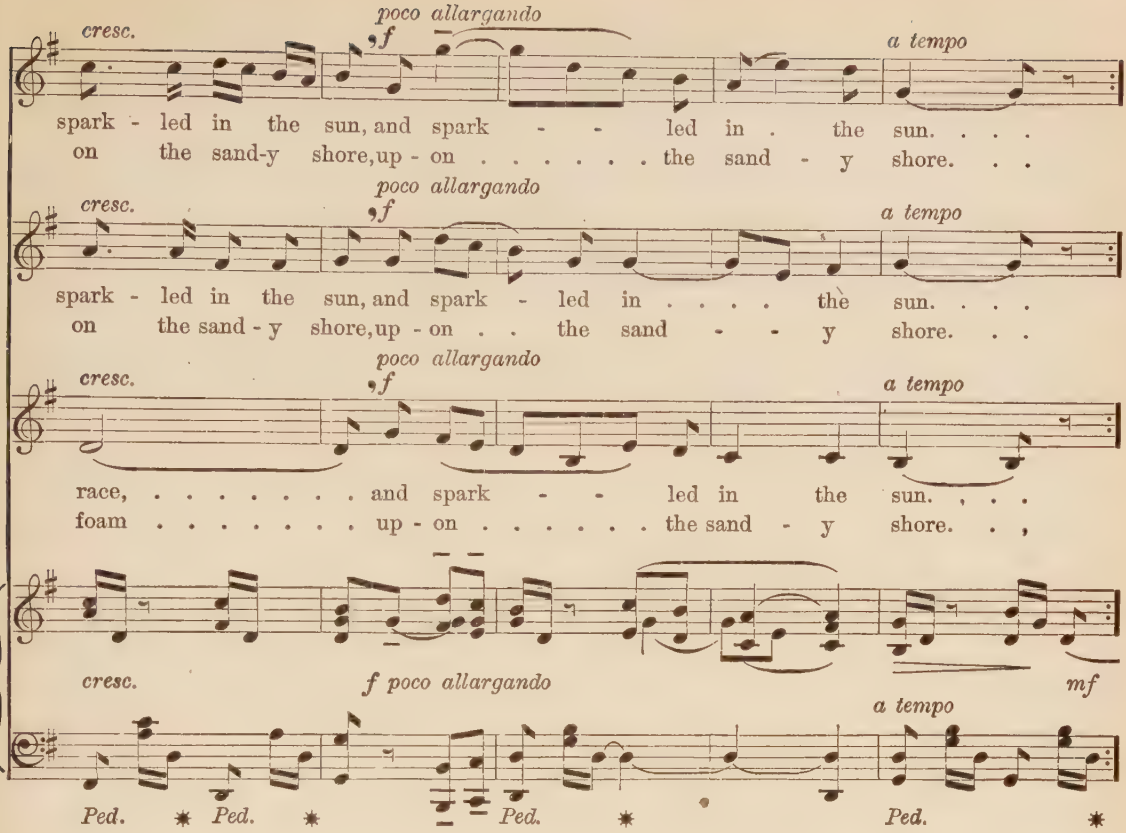
lit - tle waves Went gai - ly out to sea, . . . For Moth - er O - cean
rip - pled on, And nev - er stopp'd to rest. . . . They gen - tly rock'd the

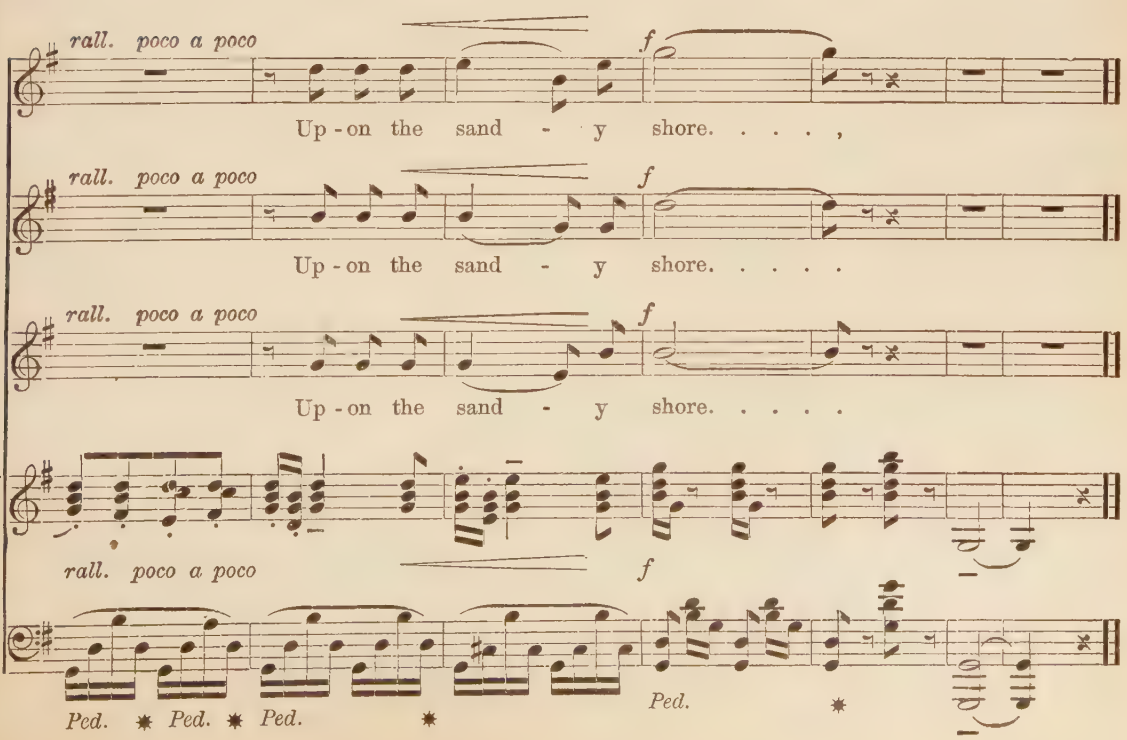
lit - tle waves Went gai - ly out to sea, . . . For Moth - er O - cean
rip - pled on, And nev - er stopp'd to rest. . . . They gen - tly rock'd the

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *


f
poco rall.
call'd to them— "Come chil - dren, come to
man - y ships On Moth - er O - cean's
f
poco rall.
called to them— "Come chil - dren, come to me, come to
man - y ships On Moth - er O - cean's breast, O - cean's
cresc.
f
poco rall.
called to them— "Come chil - dren, come to me, ... Come chil - dren, come to
man - y ships On Moth - er O - cean's breast, . . . On Moth - er O - cean's
cresc.
mf poco rall.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
a tempo
mp
me." . . They all put on their
breast. . . When all at once they
a tempo
me." . . .
breast. . .
a tempo
mp
me." . . . They
breast. . . When
a tempo
mf
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *


snow-white caps, . . . And start - ed on a
start - ed back, . . . And hur - rying more and
mp
They all put on their snow-white caps, And start - ed on a
When all at once they start - ed back And hur - rying more and
all put on their snow-white caps, ... And start - ed on a
all at once they start - ed back, ... And hur - rying more and
cresc.
Ped. * Ped. *
mf
run; . . They tossed . . and tum - - - bled in the race, And
more, . . They threw . . their caps . . . . . of snow - y foam, Up -
mf
run; . . They tossed . . and tum - - - bled in the race, And
more, . . They threw . . their caps . . . . . of snow - y foam, Up -
mf
run; . . They tossed . . . . . and tum - - - bled in the
more, . . They threw . . . . . their caps . . . . . of snow - y
mf
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *


cresc.
poco allargando
f
a tempo
spark - led in the sun, and spark - - led in . the sun. . . .
on the sand-y shore, up - on . . . . . the sand - y shore. . .
cresc.
poco allargando
f
a tempo
spark - led in the sun, and spark - led in . . . . the sun. . . .
on the sand - y shore, up - on . . the sand - - y shore. . .
cresc.
poco allargando
f
a tempo
race, ... and spark - - led in the sun. . . .
foam . . . . . up - on . . . . . the sand - y shore. . ,
cresc.
f poco allargando
mf
a tempo
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *


rall. poco a poco
f
Up - on the sand - y shore. . . . ,
rall. poco a poco
f
Up - on the sand - y shore. . . . .
rall. poco a poco
f
Up - on the sand - y shore. . . . .
rall. poco a poco
f
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS (COMPLETE WITHOUT BASS) ARTHUR EDWARD JOHNSTONE

In march tempo ♩. = 100

mf

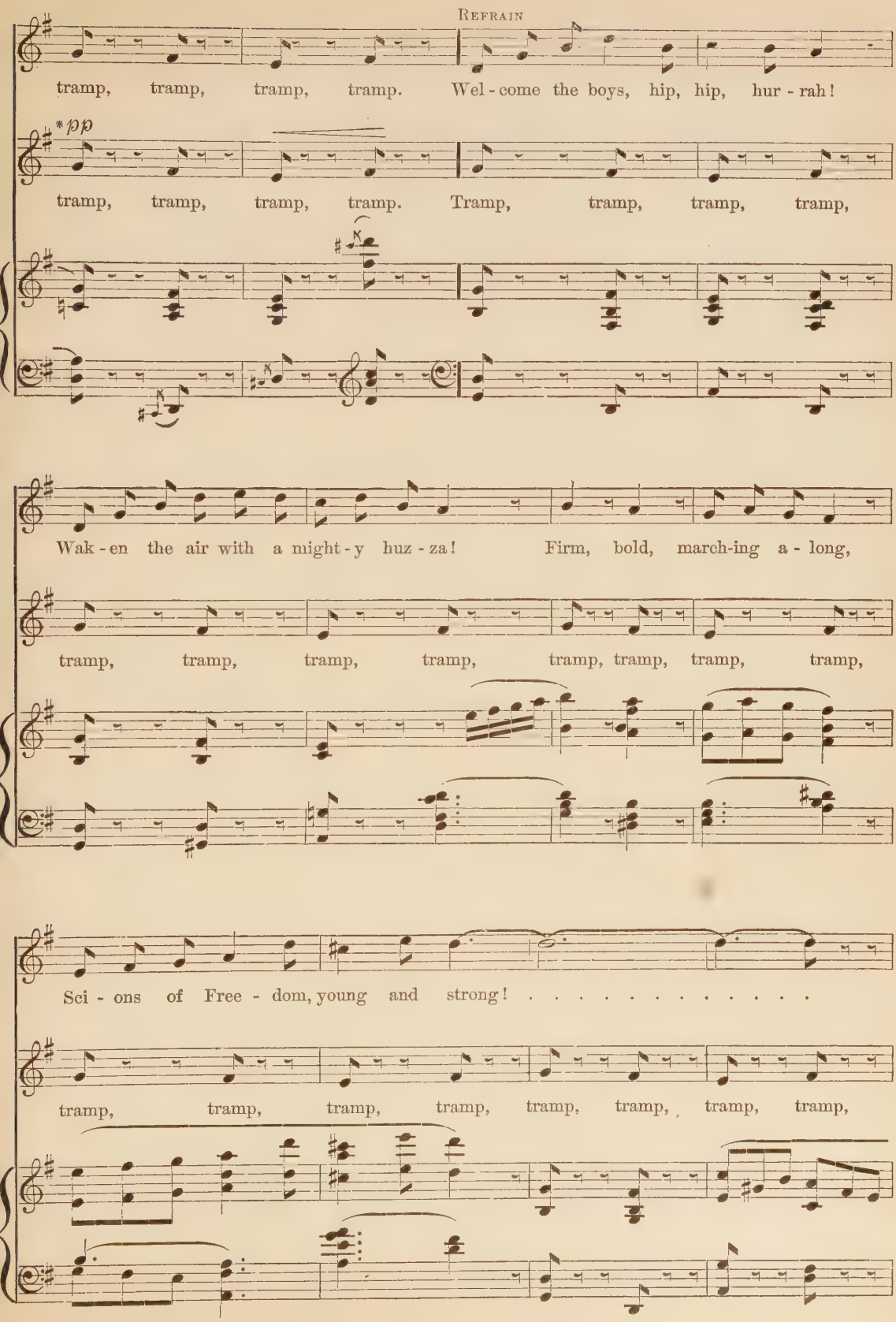
1. Thou-sands are has - ten - ing toward the square To view the great pa - rade; .
2. Pass - ing the gaud - y re - view - ing stand, And thro' the flo - ral arch, .

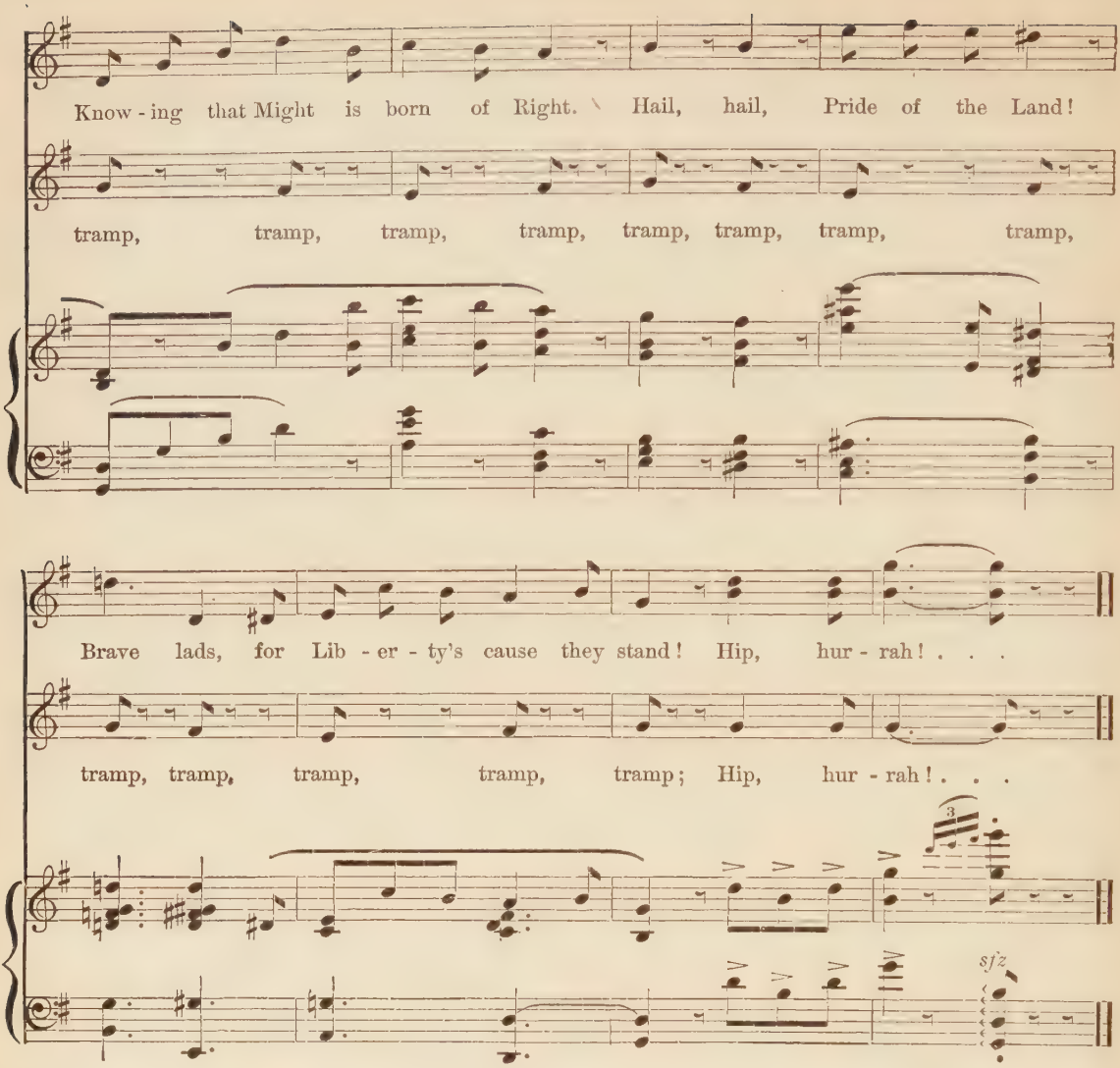
mf

All of the hol - i- day throng are there, In gay ap-par- el ar - rayed; . The flags are proud-ly
Gal-lant pro-tec-tors of sea and land, Ten thousand soldiers a - march, Where flute and fife are

fly - ing, The crowds "Hurrah!" are cry - ing; With martial tread the reg - i-ments come, To
play - ing, And trum-pet loud - ly bray - ing Be-neath the Red, the Blue and the White, In

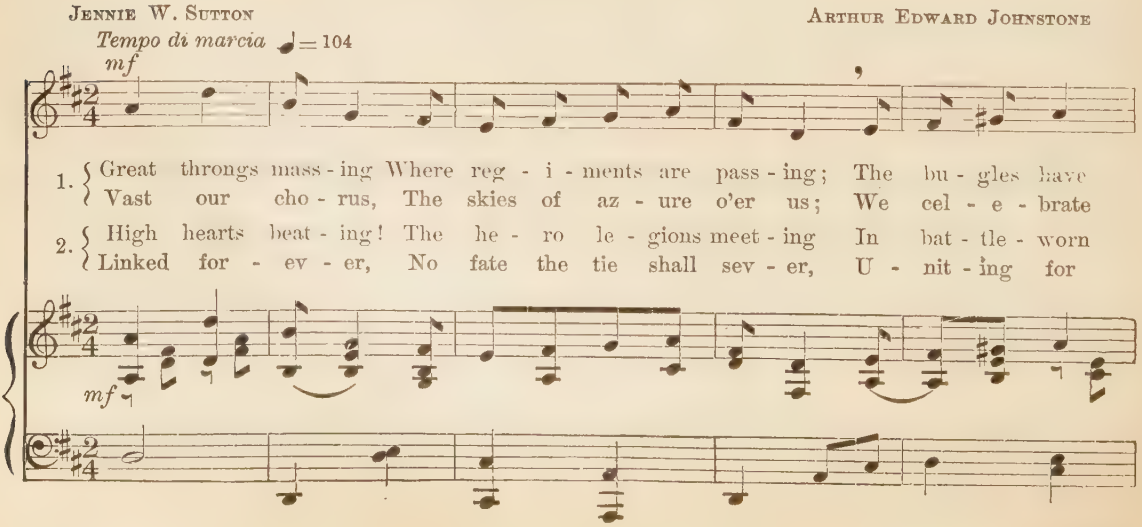
beat of the drum—No heart is glum, But puls - es bound At thrill - ing sound Of the
u - ni - form bright, A splen - did sight! While hearts keep time To meas - ured rime Of the


Refrain
tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp. Wel - come the boys, hip, hip, hur - rah!
*pp
tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp. Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,
Wak - en the air with a might - y huz - za! Firm, bold, march-ing a - long,
tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,
Sci - ons of Free - dom, young and strong! . . . . . .
tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,
* May be sung by basses


Know - ing that Might is born of Right. Hail, hail, Pride of the Land!
tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp,
Brave lads, for Lib - er - ty's cause they stand! Hip, hur - rah! . . .
tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp; Hip, hur - rah! . . .
3
sfz

A PAGEANT

JENNIE W. SUTTON ARTHUR EDWARD JOHNSTONE


Tempo di marcia ♩= 104
mf
1. Great throngs mass - ing Where reg - i - ments are pass - ing; The bu - gles have
Vast our cho - rus, The skies of az - ure o'er us; We cel - e - brate
2. High hearts beat - ing! The he - ro le - gions meet - ing In bat - tle - worn
Linked for - ev - er, No fate the tie shall sev - er, U - nit - ing for
mf

waked ere the morn; Ral - lied from the high-way, Ral - lied from the
glo - ry and fame; Now a might - y na - tion, Thrilled with ju - bi -
kha - ki ar - rayed! Cheer our no - ble free-men, Sol - dier - lads and
Truth, heart and hand; Gold - en chimes are ring - ing, Mul - ti - tudes are
Ped.
by - way, An ar - my, no foe dare scorn!
la - tion Is voic - ing its grand ac - claim.
sea - men; The fame of them ne'er shall fade!
sing - ing, To hon - or our own dear land.
Refrain
mp
Home of In - de - pen - dence, Land of Free-dom's birth, The light of your re -
mp
splen - dence . . Il - lumes the earth. Wav - ing flags ap - pear . . In all their

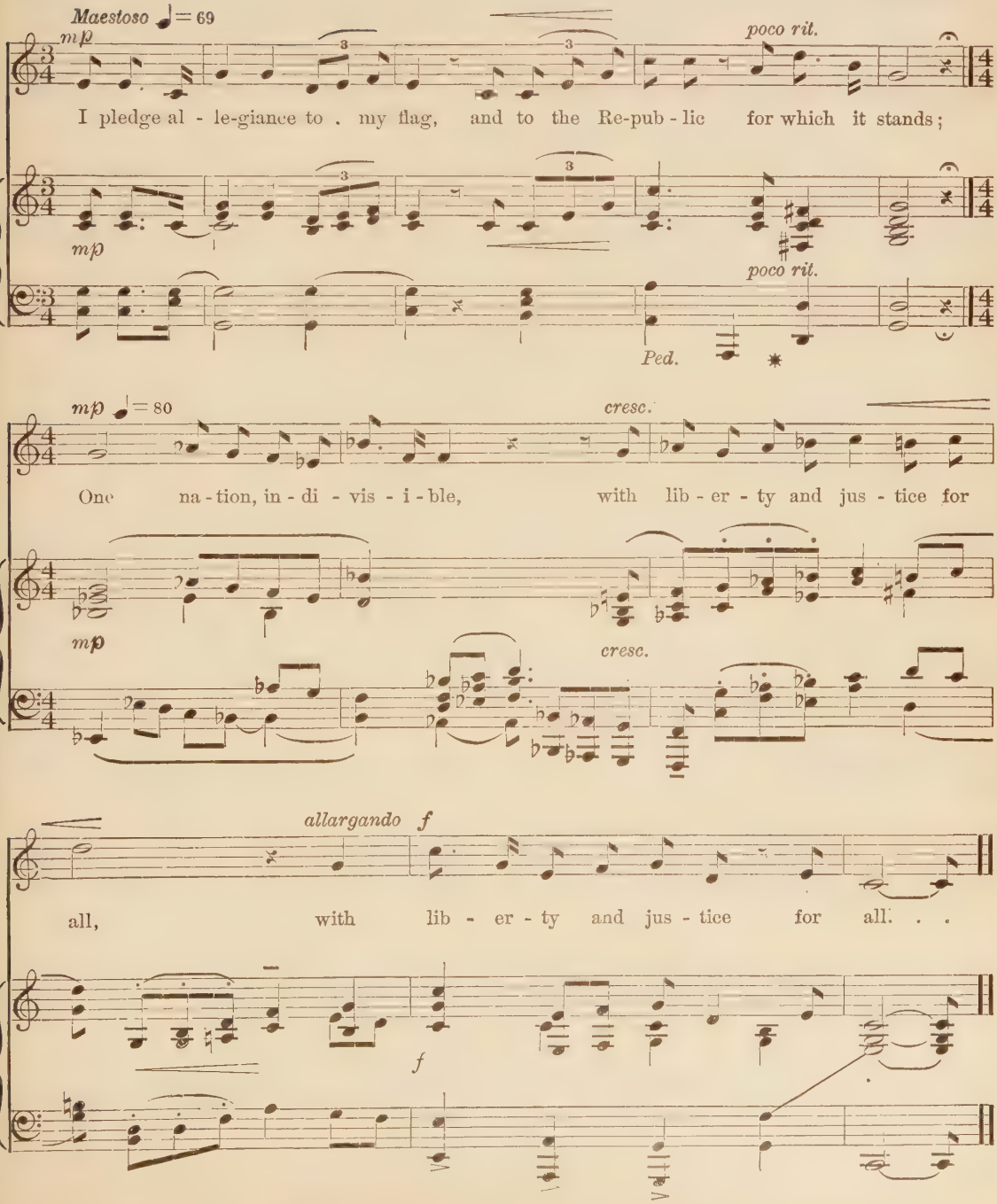
f mf
proud dis - play, As mil-lions, far and near, Hold car - ni - val to - day.
f mf
f
Hail e'er . . . the flag of Lin - coln's Land; 'Twill pre - vail e'er . .
f
Oh, the scene of splen - dor! Oh, the fes - tal throng As - sem - bled here to
f
Ped. Ped. Ped.
. . . From smil - ing strand to strand. Come, swell the breeze with
ren - der, . . . By joy - ful song, All their hom-age true, . . . And voice a
Ped. Ped.
glad hur - rah, hur - rah! . . Free - dom's joy- ful song! Huz-za!
glad hur - rah, Till ech - o wakes a - new Proud Free-dom's loud huz - za.
trem.
Ped. Ped. Ped.

PART TWO

UNCHANGED VOICES
WITH OPTIONAL BASS

SALUTE TO THE FLAG

ARTHUR EDWARD JOHNSTONE


Maestoso ♩= 69
mp
poco rit.
I pledge al - le-giance to . my flag, and to the Re-pub - lic for which it stands;
mp
poco rit.
Ped.
mp ♩= 80
cresc.
One na - tion, in - di - vis - i - ble, with lib - er - ty and jus - tice for
mp
cresc.
allargando f
all, with lib - er - ty and jus - tice for all. . .
f

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FLAG OF FLAGS

HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS — ARTHUR EDWARD JOHNSTONE

Tempo di marcia ♩ = 120

mf

1. Hail to thee! Hail to thee! Stand - ard a - bove, Flag that we love:
   Hail to thee! Hail to thee! Flow'r of the sky, Bloom-ing on high,
2. Hail to thee! Hail to thee! High in the blue, Flag of the true,
   Hail to thee! Hail to thee! Staunch as a star Shin - ing a - far,

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

mp *cresc.* *f*

All the glo - ry Of Free-dom's sto - ry, From out thy folds un - furl - ing.
Dawn-light ten - der And sun - set splen - dor Thy ra - diant hues em - pearl - ing.
Faith un - bound - ed On thee is found - ed, As loy - al hearts ac - claim thee.
Trib - ute glow - ing On thee be - stow - ing, The Flag of Flags we name thee.

mp *cresc.* *f*

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

f REFRAIN *mf*

Flash the watch-word, "Might with Right!" O-ver hill and dale and moun-tain-height, As the

f *mf* *non legato*

cresc. *f*

count - less years shall roll. Truth dwells in thy col - ors three,

cresc. *f* R.H.

Ped. *

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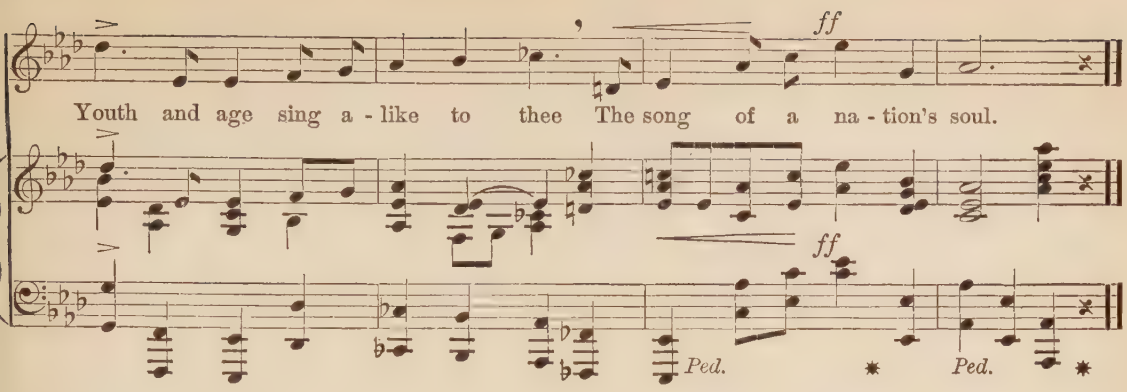


HOMELAND

(Complete without Bass)

Geo. W. Pennington

Old Tune
Harmonized for this work

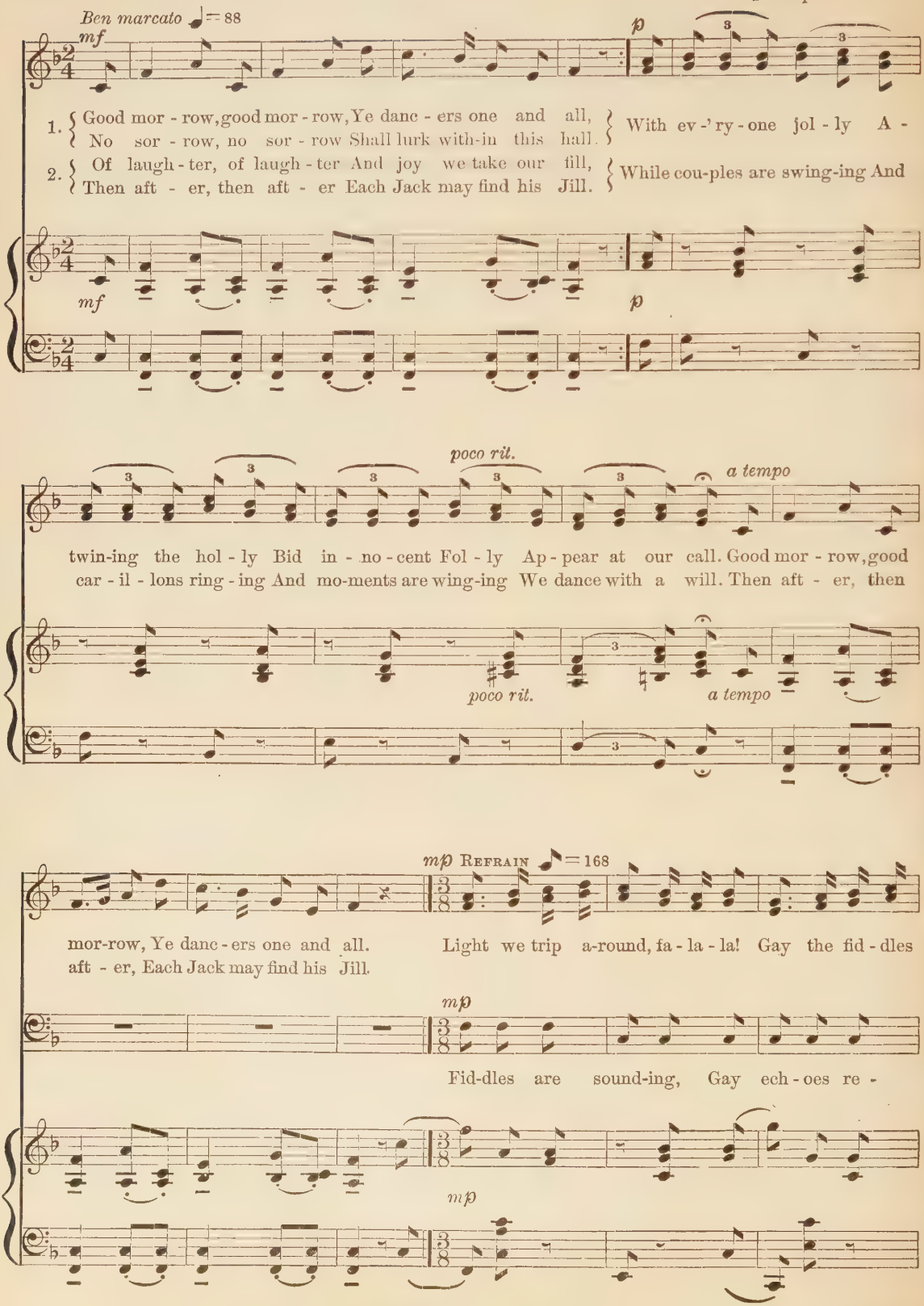
Vigoroso ♩ = 112
mf
1. Out where the prai - rie reach - es Bound - less and free,
2. Out 'mid the snow - clad moun - tains Fain would I be;
3. Out in the Land of Sun - set Edged by the sea,
My home - land, my
f
mf
1. Out where the prai - rie reach - es Bound - less and free,
2. Out 'mid the snow - clad moun - tains Fain would I be;
3. Out in the Land of Sun - set Edged by the sea,
My home - land, my
f
home - land is call - ing e'er to . . me, . My home - land, my
f
home - land is call - ing e'er to me, . My home - land, my
f
1, 2
3
home - land is call - ing e'er to me. call - ing e'er to me.
f
home - land is call - ing e'er to me. call - ing e'er to me.
f

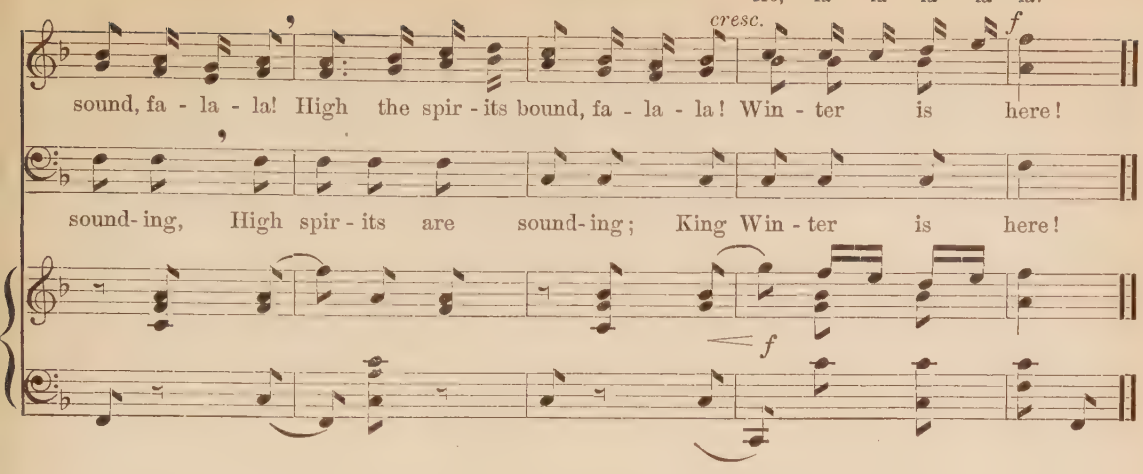
WINTER CARNIVAL

(Complete without Bass)

Katharine Whitmore

Danish Folk Dance
Three-part arr.


Ben marcato ♩= 88
mf
p
1. Good mor - row, good mor - row, Ye danc - ers one and all, With ev - 'ry - one jol - ly A -
No sor - row, no sor - row Shall lurk with-in this hall.
2. Of laugh - ter, of laugh - ter And joy we take our fill, While cou-ples are swing-ing And
Then aft - er, then aft - er Each Jack may find his Jill.
mf
p
poco rit.
a tempo
twin-ing the hol - ly Bid in - no - cent Fol - ly Ap - pear at our call. Good mor - row, good
car - il - lons ring - ing And mo-ments are wing-ing We dance with a will. Then aft - er, then
poco rit.
a tempo
mp Refrain ♩= 168
mor-row, Ye danc - ers one and all. Light we trip a-round, fa - la - la! Gay the fid - dles
aft - er, Each Jack may find his Jill.
mp
Fid-dles are sound-ing, Gay ech - oes re -
mp


Ho, fa - la - la - la la!
cresc.
f
sound, fa - la - la! High the spir - its bound, fa - la - la! Win - ter is here!
sound - ing, High spir - its are sound - ing; King Win - ter is here!
f

BEGONE, DULL CARE!

Traditional (Complete without Bass) Old English
Three-part arr.

Vivace ♩. = 88
mf
1. Be - gone, dull care! . . I prith - ee be - gone from me! . .
2. Oh, too much care . . Will make a young man turn gray; .
mf
(Both stanzas) Be - gone, . . . dull care! Be - gone! .
Be - gone, dull care! You and I . shall nev - er a - gree. .
And too much care . . . Will turn an old man to clay. .
I prith - ee be - gone, dull care! I prith - ee be - gone, be - gone, dull care!
poco rit.
Long time hast thou been tar - rying here And fain . thou wouldst me kill, . .
My wife shall dance, and I will sing, So mer - ri - ly pass the day, . .
poco rit.
a tempo
But i' faith, . dull . . . care, . . . Thou nev - er shalt have thy will. .
For I hold it one of the wis - est things To drive dull care a - way. .
Dull care,
'Tis wise

O NO, JOHN!

Somerset Folk Song
Accomp. by Arthur Edward Johnstone

Allegro giocoso ♩= 72
mp
1. (Boys) On yon-der hill there stands a maid-en; Who she is I do not know;
2. (Girls) My fa-ther was a Span-ish cap-tain— Went to sea a month a-go;
3. (Boys) Dear maid-en, I will give you jew-els, I will make you rich and free;
4. (Boys) Dear maid-en, since you are so cru-el, And that you do scorn me so,
5. (Boys) O hark! I hear the church bells ring-ing; Will you come and be my wife?
mf
mp
I'll go court her for her beau-ty; She must an-swer Yes or No.
First he kissed me, then he left me— Bid me al-ways an-swer No.
I will give you silk-en dress-es! Dear-est, will you mar-ry me?
If I may not be your lov-er— Dear-est, will you let me go?
O dear maid-en, have you set-tled To live sin-gle all your life?
coyly
1, 2, 3, 4
5
(Girls.)
O No, John, No John, No, John, No!
No!
colla voce
mf
Ped.
Ped.

APRIL HOPES

(Complete without Bass)

Geo. W. Pennington — Clarence Butler

Moderato (beat two) ♩. = 60

mp — *cresc.*

1. The hours of snow and frost have tak - en wing, And freed once more, the
2. The cro - cus cups are decked with gems of dew; The vio - let shy - ly

mp — *cresc.*

1. The hours of snow and frost have tak - en wing, And freed once more, the
2. The cro - cus cups are decked with gems of dew; The vio - let shy - ly

mp — *cresc.*

p — *cresc.*

brook - lets laugh and sing; The or - chard still is brown and bare, But
opes her eye of blue; The wak - ing for - est lifts her voice, And

p — *cresc.*

brook - lets laugh and sing; The or - chard still is brown and bare, But
opes her eye of blue; The wak - ing for - est lifts her voice, And

Fair hope,
Re - joice,

p

mf

hope and prom - ise thrill the air, For pip - ing birds have tuned the heart of Spring.
sun and moon and stars re - joice That once a - gain the old - en world is new. .

mf

hope and prom - ise thrill the air, For pip - ing birds have tuned the heart of Spring.
sun and moon and stars re - joice That once a - gain the old - en world is new. .

sweet joy!
re - joice!

The heart of Spring.
The world is new. .

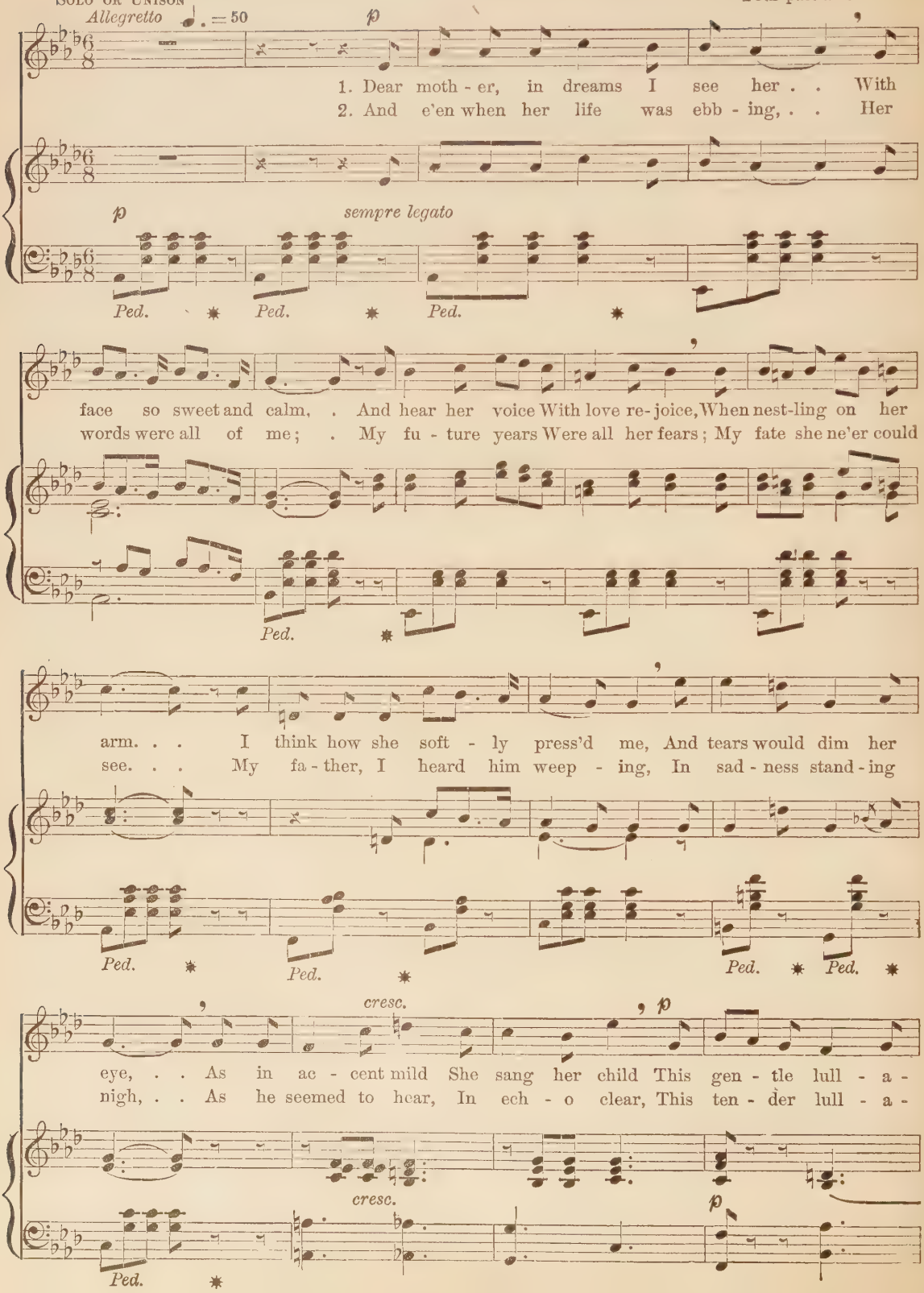
mp — *mf*

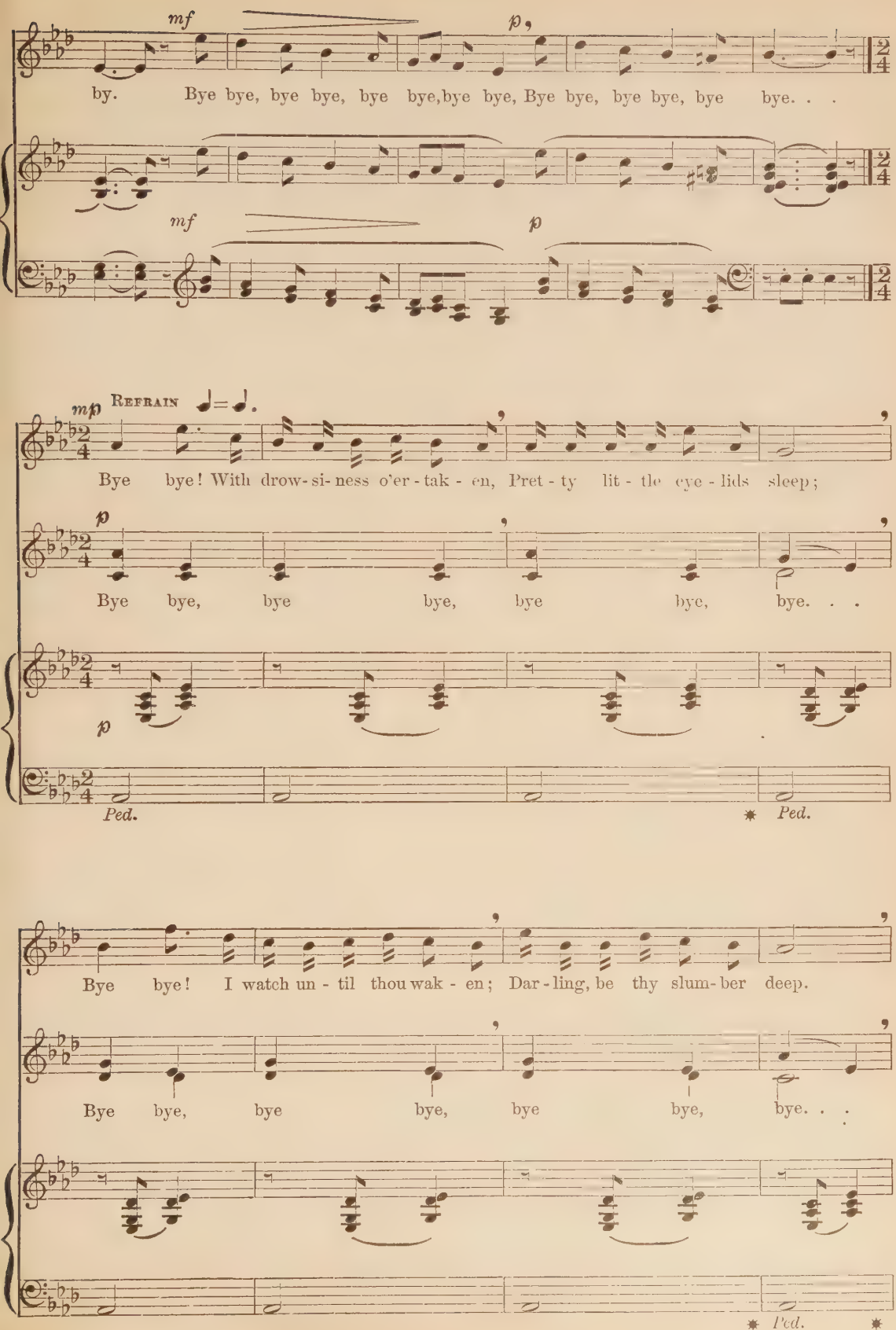
LULLABY

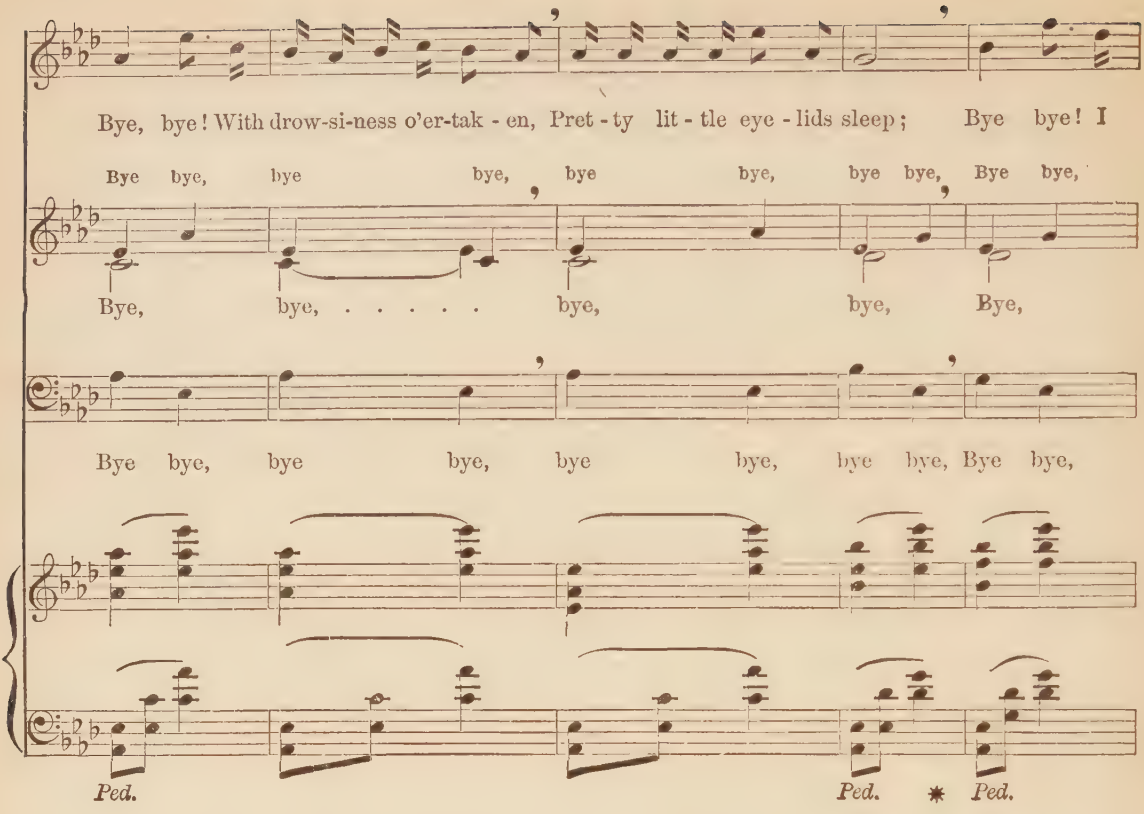
(Complete without Bass)

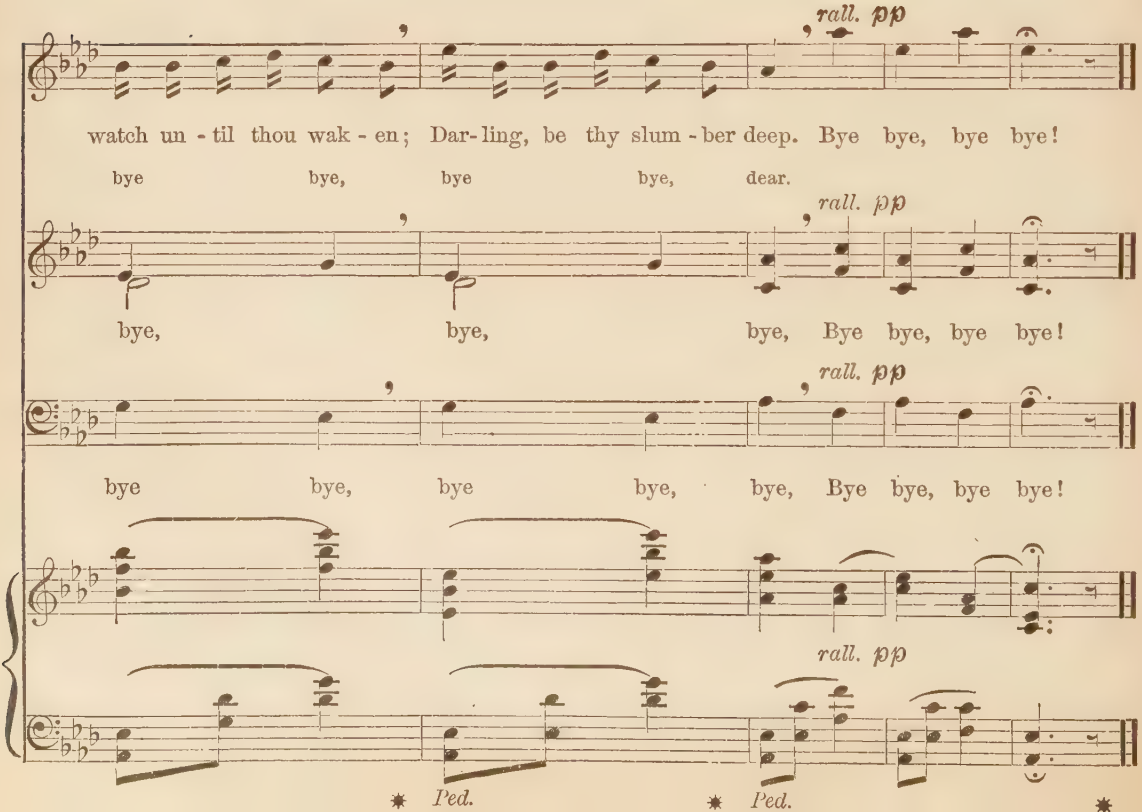
From "Erminie"
Edward Jakobowski
Four-part arr.

C. Bellamy
Solo or Unison


Allegretto ♩. = 50
p
1. Dear moth - er, in dreams I see her . . With
2. And e'en when her life was ebb - ing, . . Her
p
sempre legato
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
face so sweet and calm, . And hear her voice With love re-joice, When nest-ling on her
words were all of me; . My fu - ture years Were all her fears; My fate she ne'er could
Ped. *
arm. . . I think how she soft - ly press'd me, And tears would dim her
see. . . My fa - ther, I heard him weep - ing, In sad - ness stand - ing
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
cresc.
p
eye, . . As in ac - cent mild She sang her child This gen - tle lull - a -
nigh, . . As he seemed to hear, In ech - o clear, This ten - der lull - a -
cresc.
p
Ped. *


mf
p
by. Bye bye, bye bye, bye bye, bye bye, Bye bye, bye bye, bye bye. . .
mf
p
mp
Refrain
Bye bye! With drow-si-ness o'er-tak-en, Pret-ty lit-tle eye-lids sleep;
p
Bye bye, bye bye, bye bye, bye. . .
p
Ped.
Ped.
Bye bye! I watch un-til thou wak-en; Dar-ling, be thy slum-ber deep.
Bye bye, bye bye, bye bye, bye. . .
Ped.


Bye, bye! With drow-si-ness o'er-tak - en, Pret - ty lit - tle eye - lids sleep; Bye bye! I
Bye bye, bye bye, bye bye, bye bye, Bye bye,
Bye, bye, ... bye, bye, Bye,
Bye bye, bye bye, bye bye, bye bye, Bye bye,
Ped. Ped. ✱ Ped.


rall. pp
watch un - til thou wak - en; Dar-ling, be thy slum - ber deep. Bye bye, bye bye!
bye bye, bye bye, dear.
rall. pp
bye, bye, bye, Bye bye, bye bye!
rall. pp
bye bye, bye bye, bye, Bye bye, bye bye!
rall. pp
✱ Ped. ✱ Ped. ✱

(Complete without Bass)

Henry Clay Work

Henry Clay Work
Four-part arr.

Solo or Unison *Vigoroso* ♩=76

mf

1. Lift up your eyes, de - spond - ing foe - men! Fling to the winds your need - less
2. What if the clouds, one lit - tle mo - ment, Hide the blue sky where morn ap -
3. Tell the great world these bless - ed ti - dings! Yes, and be sure the bond - man

mf

fears! He who un-furl'd your beau-teous ban-ner, Says it shall wave a thou-sand years!
pears, When the bright sun that tints them crim-son, Ris - es to shine a thou-sand years!
hears! Tell the op-pressed of ev - 'ry na - tion, Ju - bi - lee lasts a thou-sand years!

Chorus

f

A thou - sand years! My own Co - lum - bia! 'Tis the glad day so long fore - told.

f (Optional Alto)

A thou - sand years! My own Co - lum - bia! 'Tis the glad day so long fore - told.

f

'Tis the glad morn whose ear - ly twi-light Wash-ing - ton saw in times of old.

'Tis the glad morn whose ear - ly twi-light Wash-ing - ton saw in times of old.

SUNNY SPAIN

(Complete without Bass)

Foster B. Merriam

Arthur Edward Johnstone

Tempo di Habañera ♩= 84
mp
1. A - far, in Spain, O! . . A - cross the main, O! .
2. From loft - y tow'rs O! . . Are chimed the hours, O! . .
f
p
mp
cresc.
dimin.
. . There are won - der - ful tow - er - ing moun-tains ris - ing a - bove the
. . And the mag - i - cal mu - sic is waft - ed o - ver the gar - den
legato
cresc.
dimin.
mp
plain. . . . . And in that land, O! . . . On ev - 'ry
bow'rs. . . . . In plum - age gay, O! . . . At break of
mp
Ped.
cresc.
ril.
a tempo
hand, O! . . Sum-mer flow - ers are blos - som - ing fair, Per - fum - ing the air. O
day, O! . . All the birds are a - wake with a trill, On val - ley and hill. O
cresc
ril.
a tempo

REFRAIN
SOLO (OR SEMI-CHORUS)

mf

Beau - ti - ful land of sun, Where riv - u - lets leap and run! The gyp- sies

pp *mf*

Spain! O beau - ti - ful land of sun, Fair Spain! The gyp - sies

pp *mf*

mf

Ped.

bright, To mu - sic mer - ry as a bird's, Are fro - lick - ing morn and night.

Ped. *Ped.*

IN FAIR CASTILE

TWO-PART CANON ARTHUR EDWARD JOHNSTONE

Moderato ♩ = 96

Who seek a gay time, A month of play - time, In Spain ye

Who seek a

ev - er should be In ver - nal May - time; Thro' days of spring, there, Bright birds a -

gay time, A month of play - time, In Spain ye ev - er should be In ver - nal

wing, there, On shrub and vine and flow - er - ing tree, Pipe and sing, there.

May - time; Thro' days of spring, there, Bright birds a - wing, there.

LOCH LOMOND

Scotch Folk Song
Accomp. by CLARENCE BUTLER

Tempo rubato ♩ = 88

mf

1. By yon bon - nie banks and by yon bon - nie braes, Where the sun shines bright on Loch
2. 'Twas then that we part - ed in yon shad - y glen, On the steep, steep side o' Ben
3. The wee bird - ies sing and the wild flow-ers spring, And in sun - shine the wa - ters are

mf

Lo - mond, Where me . and my true love were ev - er wont to gae, On the
Lo - mond, Where in pur - ple . . hue . the Hie - land hills we view, And the
sleep - in', But the bro - ken heart may ken . nae sec - ond spring a - gain, Tho' the

poco rall.

bon - nie, bon - nie banks o' Loch Lo - mond,
moon looks out in the gloam - in'.
wae - fu' may . cease frae their greet - in'.

mf REFRAIN *Piu animato*

Oh, ye'll tak' the high road and

poco rall.

mf

broadly

I'll tak' the low road, An' I'll be in Scot - land a - fore

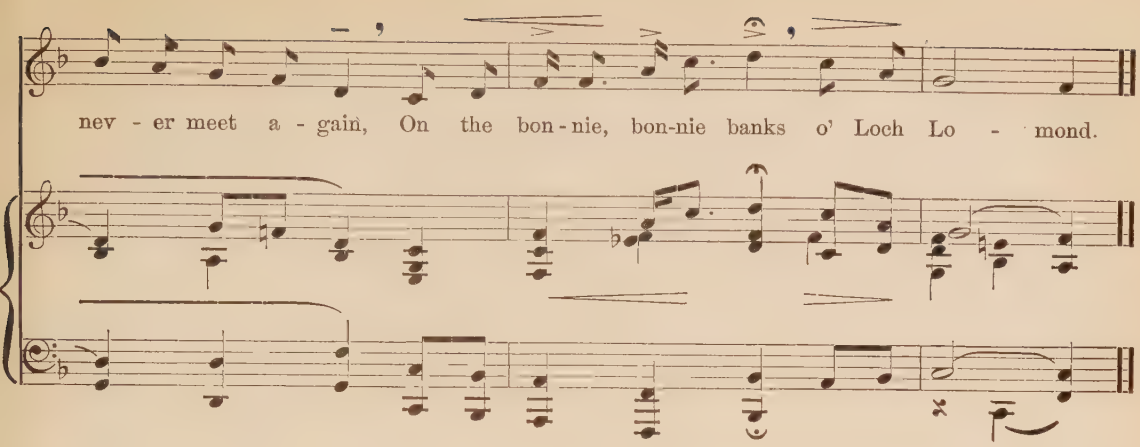
f

ye; But me an' my true love will

mp con espressione

f

mp con espressione



SILENT NIGHT

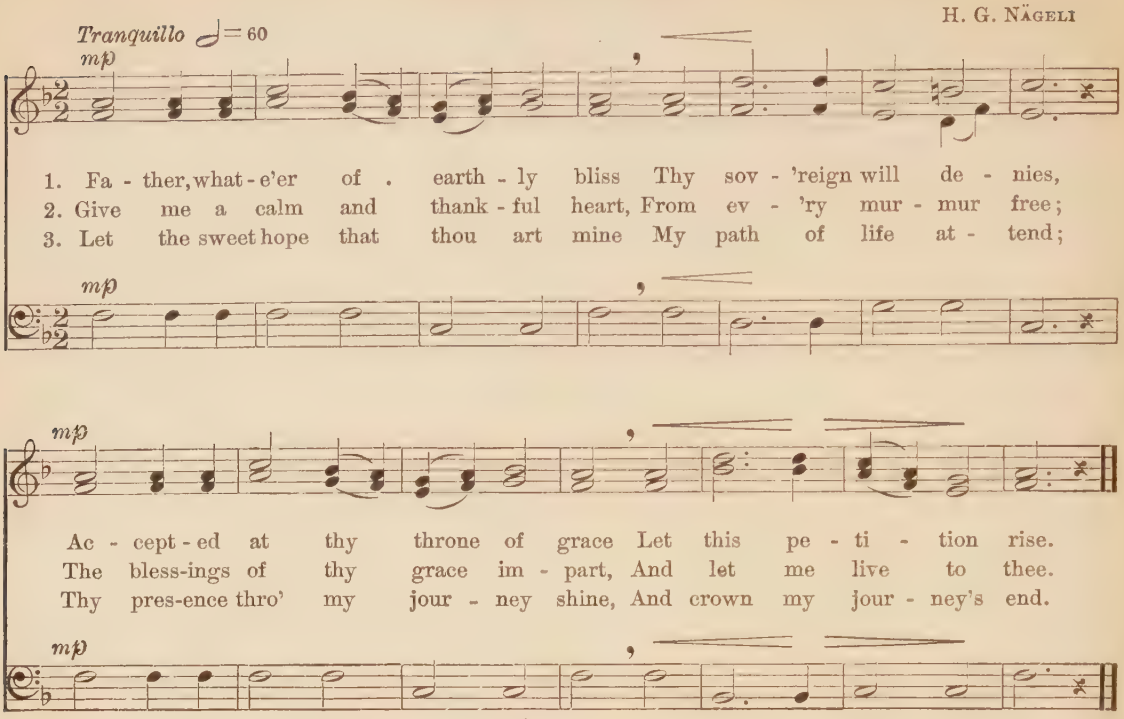
(Complete without Bass)

Andantino ♩= 120
Old Carol
p
1. Si - lent night, ho - ly night! All is calm, all is bright; Round thy chil-dren, Fa - ther on high,
2. Si - lent night, ho - ly night! Monarchs kneel, wondrous sight! Dazzling orb, the o - ri - ent star
3. Si - lent night, ho - ly night! Lord of All, high a-bove, Ra-diant beams thy ho - ly face,
1. Si - lent night, ho - ly night! All is calm, all is bright;
2. Si - lent night, ho - ly night! Monarchs kneel, wondrous sight!
3. Si - lent night, ho - ly night! Lord of All, high a-bove;
mf
dimin.
pp
Shines the light of thy star - ry sky, Light of heav-en-ly grace, Light of heav-en-ly grace.
Brings a mes-sage from heav'n a-far, Peace and joy to the world! Peace and joy to the world!
Glows with love's re - deem-ing grace, King of glo-ry and love, King of glo - ry and love.
Light of heav-en- ly grace, Light of heav-en - ly grace.
Peace and joy to the world! Peace and joy to the world!
King of glo - ry and love, King of glo - ry and love.
(divide)

FATHER, WHATE'ER OF EARTHLY BLISS

(Complete without Bass)

H. G. Nägeli

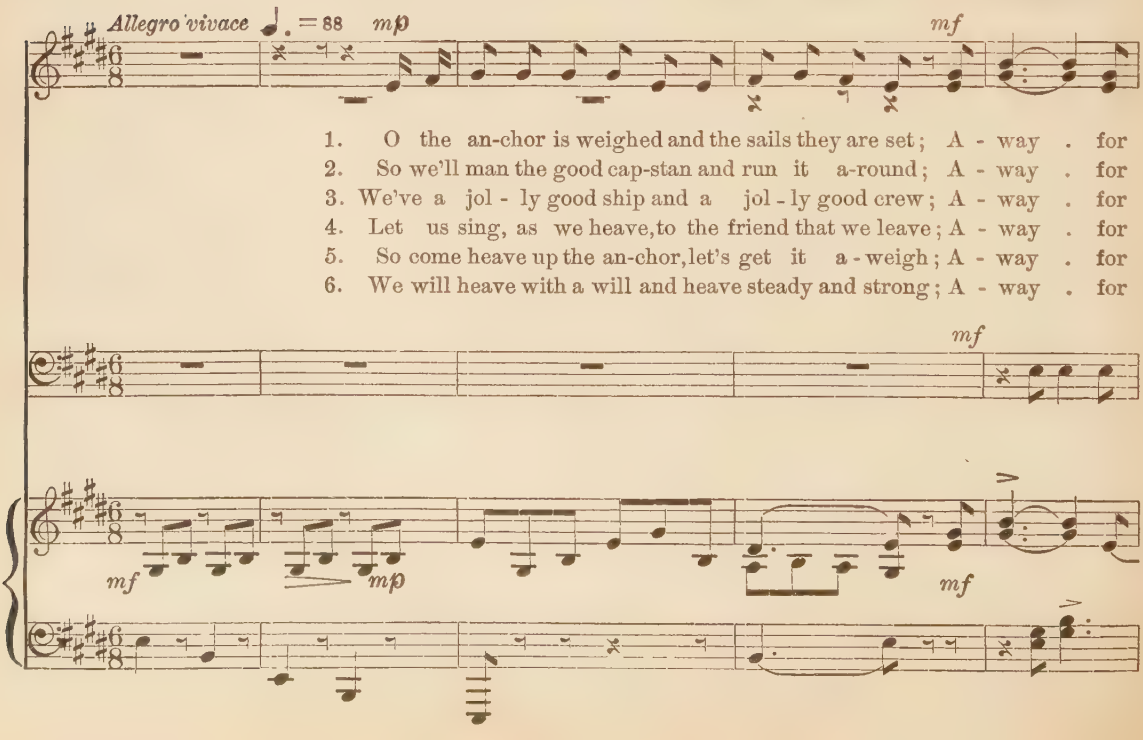

Tranquillo ♩= 60
mp
1. Fa - ther, what - e'er of . earth - ly bliss Thy sov - 'reign will de - nies,
2. Give me a calm and thank - ful heart, From ev - 'ry mur - mur free;
3. Let the sweet hope that thou art mine My path of life at - tend;
Ac - cept - ed at thy throne of grace Let this pe - ti - tion rise.
The bless-ings of thy grace im - part, And let me live to thee.
Thy pres-ence thro' my jour - ney shine, And crown my jour - ney's end.

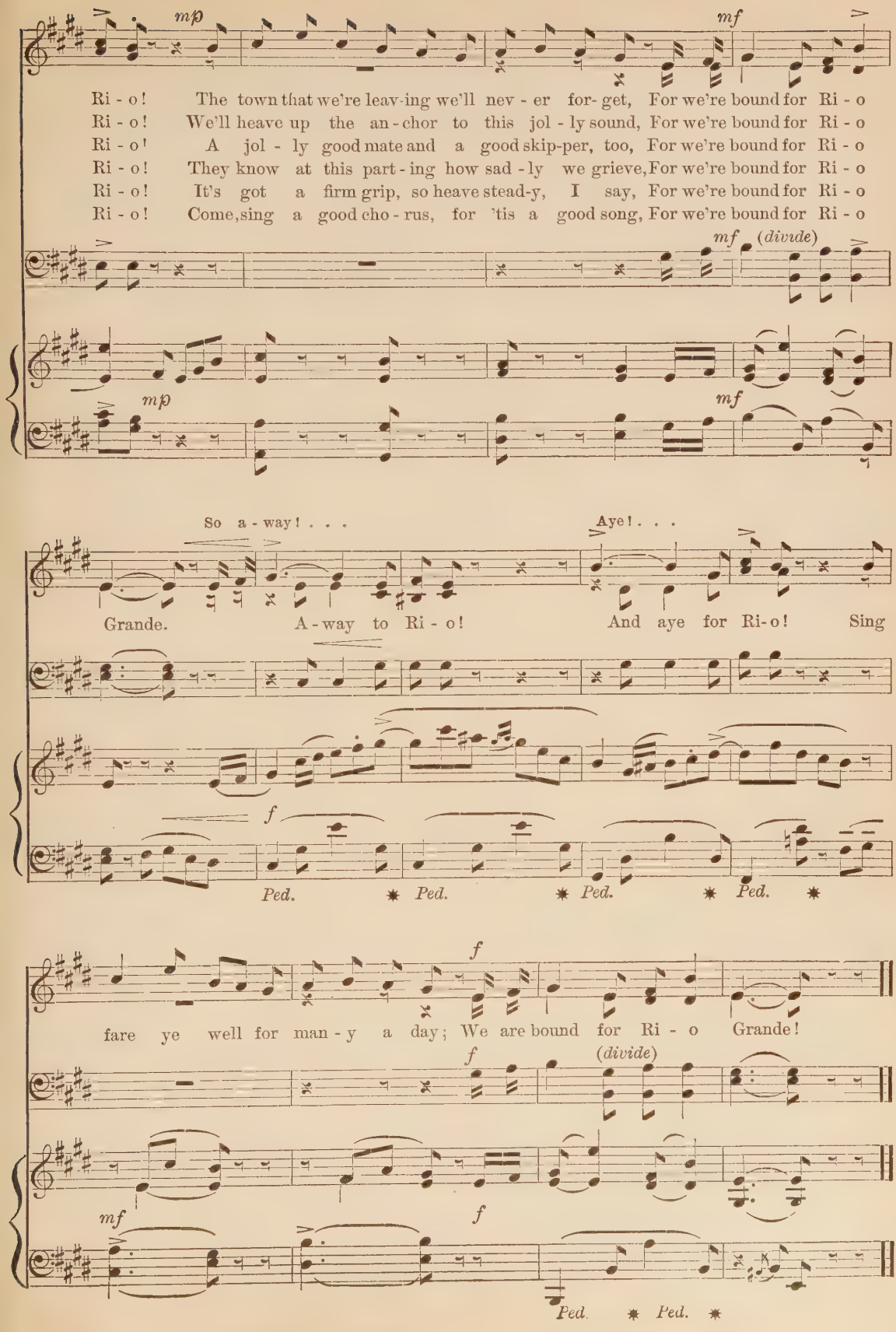
AWAY FOR RIO!

(Complete without Bass)

Old Sailor Chantey

Accomp. by Arthur Edward Johnstone


Allegro vivace ♩. = 88
mp
mf
1. O the an-chor is weighed and the sails they are set; A - way . for
2. So we'll man the good cap-stan and run it a-round; A - way . for
3. We've a jol - ly good ship and a jol - ly good crew; A - way . for
4. Let us sing, as we heave, to the friend that we leave; A - way . for
5. So come heave up the an-chor, let's get it a - weigh; A - way . for
6. We will heave with a will and heave steady and strong; A - way . for


mp
mf
Ri - o! The town that we're leav-ing we'll nev - er for- get, For we're bound for Ri - o
Ri - o! We'll heave up the an - chor to this jol - ly sound, For we're bound for Ri - o
Ri - o! A jol - ly good mate and a good skip-per, too, For we're bound for Ri - o
Ri - o! They know at this part - ing how sad - ly we grieve, For we're bound for Ri - o
Ri - o! It's got a firm grip, so heave stead-y, I say, For we're bound for Ri - o
Ri - o! Come, sing a good cho - rus, for 'tis a good song, For we're bound for Ri - o
mf (divide)
mp
mf
So a - way! . . .
Aye! . . .
Grande. A - way to Ri - o! And aye for Ri - o! Sing
f
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
f
fare ye well for man - y a day; We are bound for Ri - o Grande!
f (divide)
mf
f
Ped. * Ped. *

LET MUSIC WAKE

RUSSELL M. DODGE

J. W. ELLIOTT

Allegro moderato ♩ = 116

mf

1. Let mu - sic wake in joy - ful wise, As pir - ing to the vault - ed skies, As
2. Let all ex - alt the King a - bove And kin - dle fires of ho - ly love; Thro'

mf

new - ly born The gold - en morn In - vites to high en - deav - or. The Lord is on his
end-less days May psalms of praise Their pow'r re-lin - quish nev - er. E - ter - nal in the

throne, 'Tis he who reigns a - lone. Let all who live re - joice, U -
sky There smiles a watch-ful eye; No mor - tal heart shall fear, Our

f

nit-ing heart and voice To mag - ni - fy his ho - ly Name for - ev - er!
Fa-ther-Lord is near; Al-might - y One, our souls are thine for - ev - er!

f

O LAND OF MY FATHERS!

From the Welsh by
ALFRED PERCIVAL GRAVES

(COMPLETE WITHOUT BASS)

JAMES JAMES
Four-part arr.

Vigoroso ♩ = 120

mf
1. O land of my fa-thers, O land of my love, Dear moth-er of min-strels who kin-dle and
2. O land of the mountains, the bird's par-a - dise, Whose prec-i-pice proud, val-leys lone as the
3. For tho' the fierce foe-man has rav-aged your realm, The old speech of Cym-ru he can-not o'er-
move, And he - ro on he - ro, who at honor's proud call, For free-dom their life-blood let fall.
skies, Green murmuring for-est, far - ech - o - ing flood Fire the fan-cy and quick-en the blood.
whelm, Our pas-sion-ate po - ets to si-lence com-mand Or ban-ish the harp from your strand.
mf f mf
Wales! Wales! Oh, but my heart is with you! And
mf f mf
Wales! Wales! Oh, but my heart is with you! And
mf f mf
f
long as the sea Your bul-wark shall be, To Cym-ru my heart shall be true.
f
long as the sea Your bul-wark shall be, To Cym-ru my heart shall be true.
f

INDIAN SUMMER

(Complete without Bass)

John Greenleaf Whittier — E. W. Johns

Andante ♩ = 69

p

1. From gold to gray One wild, sweet day Of In-dian sum-mer fades too soon; . But
(2nd Sop.) fades . . . too soon;
2. In its pale fire The vil-lage spire Shows like the zo-diac's spec-tral lance; . The
(2nd Sop.) spec - - tral lance;

p

1. From gold to gray One wild, sweet day Of In-dian sum-mer fades too soon; . . But
2. In its pale fire The vil-lage spire Shows like the zo-diac's spec-tral lance; . . The

p *p*

But ten-
The paint-

(For rehearsal only)

p legato *p*

rall.

ten - der - ly A - bove the sea . Hangs, white and calm, the hun - ter's moon.
paint - ed walls Where - on it falls . Trans - fig - ured stand in mar - ble trance.

rall.

ten - der - ly A - bove the sea . Hangs, white and calm, the hun - ter's moon.
paint - ed walls Where - on it falls . Trans - fig - ured stand in mar - ble trance.

rall. *(divide ad lib.)*

- - der - ly A - bove . .
- - ed walls Where-on . .

rall.

HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS — ARTHUR EDWARD JOHNSTONE

Well marked ♩ = 92

mp *cresc.*

1. Our thoughts are held in lov - ing thrall To fair Mi - ner - va's hon - ored Hall
2. Loved Al - ma Ma - ter's peace - ful bow'rs Are wreathed with Art's e - ter - nal flow'rs;
3. The sa - ge's scroll, the min - strel's lay, 'Tis here we've conned from day to day;

poco a poco cresc. *f*

Whose i - vied tow'rs of slen - der grace Have made for doves a dwell - ing - place;
Grave Learn - ing's paths, from June to June With La - bor's fruits are rich - ly strewn.
With - in these walls we've pon - dered o'er The price - less pearls of gar - nered lore.

mp

Whose bells of sil - ver thrill the air And set the hours to mu - sic rare,
While sea - sons change from green to white And day gives place to star - lit night,
But best of Wis-dom's guer - dons fair, The prize of all be - yond com - pare,

mp *cresc.* *f*

A song that e'er, as years de-part, Shall chime a - gain in each fond heart.
The Flame of Faith, the Torch of Truth, Shall ev - er guide the steps of Youth.
Our loy - al friend-ship's flow'r di - vine That bides in Mem - 'ry's fra-grant shrine.

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THOMAS MOORE

Allegretto espressivo ♩. = 112

Irish Folk Tune
Accomp. by M. W. BALFE

p

1. There is not in the wide world a val - ley so sweet As that
2. Yet it was not that Na - ture had shed o'er the scene Her .
3. 'Twas that friends, the be - lov'd of my bos - om, were near, Who made
4. Sweet vale of A - vo - ca! how calm could I rest In thy

p

vale in whose bos - om the bright wa - ters meet;* Oh, the last rays of
pur - est of crys - tal and bright-est of green; 'Twas not her soft
ev - 'ry dear scene of en - chant-ment more dear; And who felt how the
bos - om of shade, with the friends I love best; Where the storms that we

legato

feel - ing and life must de - part, Ere the bloom of that val - ley shall
mag - ic of stream - let or rill, Oh, . no — it was some - thing more
best charms of Na - ture im - prove, When we see them re - flect - ed from
feel in this cold world should cease, And our hearts, like thy wa - ters, be

pp

* The rivers Avon and Avoca.

rit.
a tempo
rall.
fade from my heart, Ere the bloom of that val - ley shall fade from my heart!
ex - qui - site still, Oh, . . no— it was some-thing more ex - qui - site still!
looks that we love, When we see them re - flect - ed from looks that we love.
min - gled in peace, And our hearts, like thy wa - ters, be min - gled in peace!
rit.
a tempo
p
rall.

FIERCE RAGED THE TEMPEST

(Complete without Bass)

Godfrey Thring — John B. Dykes

mf Moderato ♩ = 104
1. Fierce raged the tem - pest o'er the deep, Watch did thine anx - ious
2. "Save, L rd, we per - ish," was their cry, "O save us in our
3. The wild winds hushed; the an - gry deep Sank, like a lit - tle
4. So when our life is cloud - ed o'er, And storm-winds drift us
mf
1. Fierce raged the tem - pest o'er the deep, Watch did thine anx - ious
2. "Save, Lord, we per - ish," was their cry, "O save us in our
3. The wild winds hushed; the an - gry deep Sank, like a lit - tle
4. So when our life is cloud - ed o'er, And storm-winds drift us
mf
mp
p
ser - vants keep; But thou wast wrapped in guile - less sleep, Calm and still. . .
ag - o - ny!" Thy word a - bove the storm rose high, "Peace, be still!" .
child, to sleep; The sul - len bil - lows ceased to leap At thy will. . .
from the shore, Say, lest we sink to rise no more, "Peace, be still!" .
mp
p
ser - vants keep; But thou wast wrapped in guile - less sleep, Calm and still. . .
ag - o - ny!" Thy word a - bove the storm rose high, "Peace, be still!" .
child, to sleep; The sul - len bil - lows ceased to leap At thy will. . .
from the shore, Say, lest we sink to rise no more, "Peace, be still!" .
mp
p

GOD IS OUR REFUGE

(INTEGER VITAE)

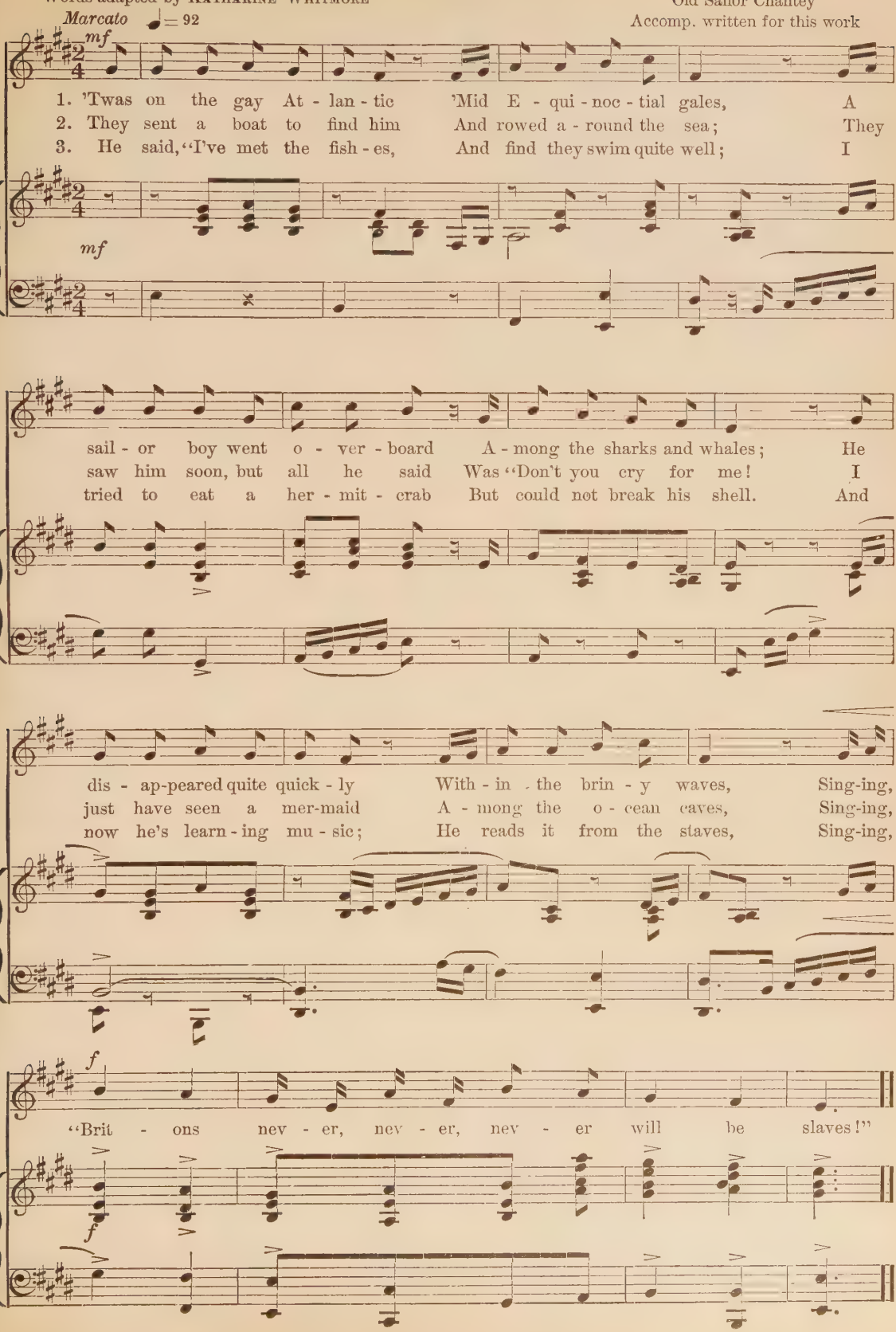
(COMPLETE WITHOUT BASS)

F. F. FLEMMING

Maestoso ♩= 108
mf
1. God is our ref - uge, stead - fast and un - shak - en,
2. There - fore we fear not, sure of our sal - va - tion,
3. There is a riv - er, gen - tly on it glid - eth,
mf
1. God is our ref - uge, stead - fast and un - shak - en,
2. There - fore we fear not, sure of our sal - va - tion,
3. There is a riv - er, gen - tly on it glid - eth,
mf
Shield - ing us safe - ly when the storms a - wak - en; Ne'er shall his
E'en though the moun - tains shake to their foun - da - tion; Though earth be
Wa - t'ring the cit - y where our Lord a - bid - eth; Who to its
Shield - ing us safe - ly when the storms a - wak - en; Ne'er shall his
E'en though the moun - tains shake to their foun - da - tion; Though earth be
Wa - t'ring the cit - y where our Lord a - bid - eth; Who to its
chil - dren be by him for - sak - en; His hand sus - tains . us.
mov - ed, fright - ened ev - 'ry na - tion, God's love is o'er . . us.
heal - ing all his ills con - fid - eth, Nev - er shall per - ish.
chil - dren be by him for - sak - en; His hand sus - tains . us.
mov - ed, fright - ened ev - 'ry na - tion, God's love is o'er . . us.
heal - ing all his ills con - fid - eth, Nev - er shall per - ish.

Words adapted by KATHARINE WHITMORE

Old Sailor Chantey
Accomp. written for this work


Marcato
mf = 92
1. 'Twas on the gay At - lan - tic 'Mid E - qui - noc - tial gales, A
2. They sent a boat to find him And rowed a - round the sea; They
3. He said, "I've met the fish - es, And find they swim quite well; I
mf
sail - or boy went o - ver - board A - mong the sharks and whales; He
saw him soon, but all he said Was "Don't you cry for me! I
tried to eat a her - mit - crab But could not break his shell. And
dis - ap-peared quite quick - ly With - in the brin - y waves, Sing-ing,
just have seen a mer-maid A - mong the o - cean caves, Sing-ing,
now he's learn - ing mu - sic; He reads it from the staves, Sing-ing,
f
"Brit - ons nev - er, nev - er, nev - er will be slaves!"
f

O TEMPORA! O MORES!

(Complete without Bass)

College Song
Accomp. written for this work

Allegro giocoso ♩ = 100

1. There went a fid - dler march - ing, a - march - ing on the Nile,
   There crept from out the wa - ter a mon - strous croc - o - dile;
2. Then up the fid - dler took at once his cun - ning bow with care,
   And from his an - cient fid - dle drew such tones of mu - sic rare;

O

mf

3. And when the fid - dle sound - ed be - neath his skill - ful hands,
   The croc - o - dile be - gan to dance up - on the des - ert sands.
4. And now this song is end - ed the mor - al's near to seek,
   It is not well to spend your time a - lone in learn - ing Greek.

O

mf

Tem - po - ra! O Mo - res!

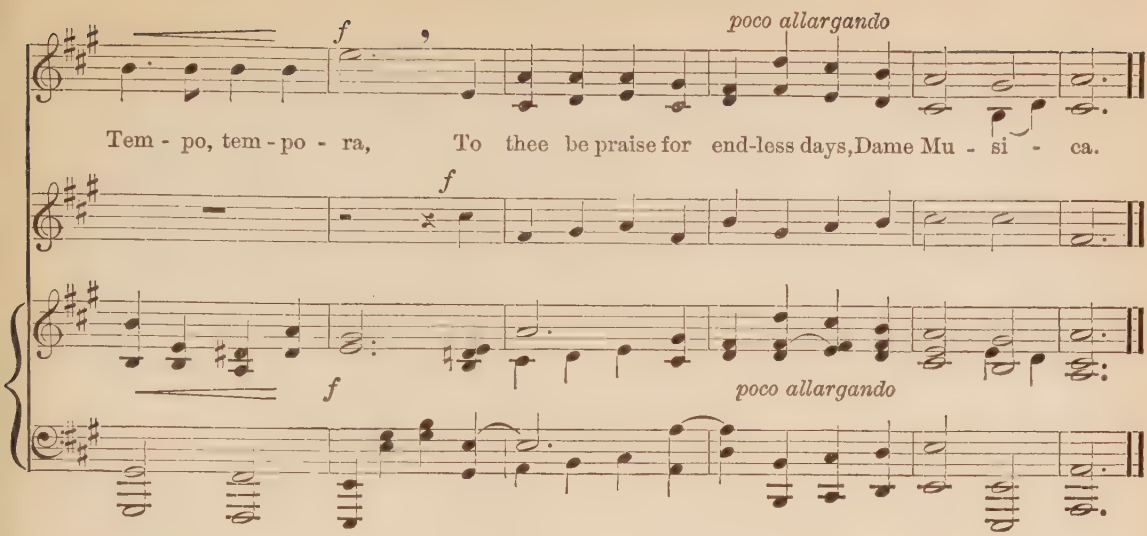
And as it fain would
Al - le - gro, dol - ce,
Quad - rilles, ga - vottes, and
But learn at once to

f *mf*

swal - low him, such teeth you nev - er saw!
pres - to; such tunes you nev - er saw!
waltz - es; such steps you nev - er saw!
fid - dle; such sport you nev - er saw!

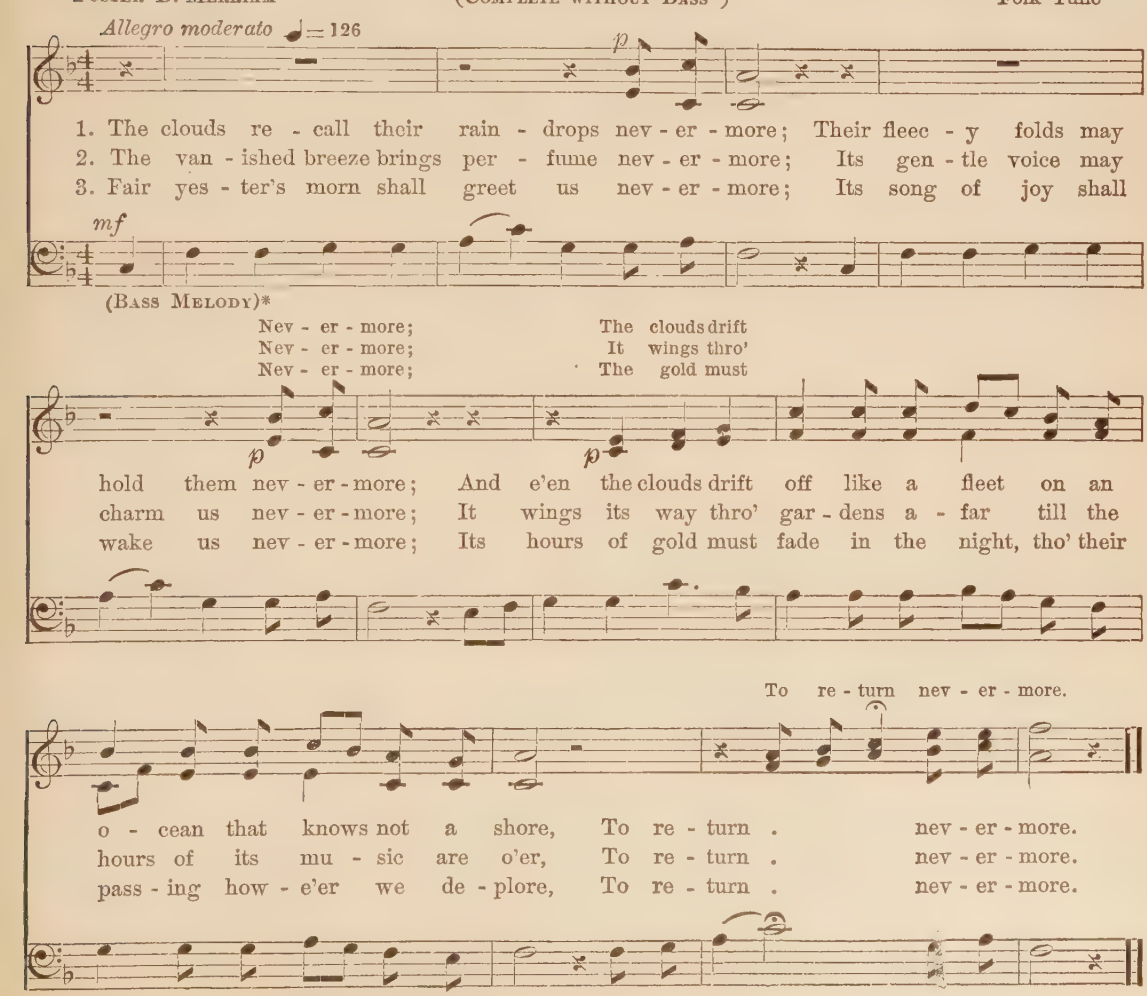
Fal - lal - la - la - la - la, O

f *mf*



NEVERMORE

FOSTER B. MERRIAM (COMPLETE WITHOUT BASS*) Folk Tune


Allegro moderato ♩ = 126
p
1. The clouds re - call their rain - drops nev - er - more; Their fleec - y folds may
2. The van - ished breeze brings per - fume nev - er - more; Its gen - tle voice may
3. Fair yes - ter's morn shall greet us nev - er - more; Its song of joy shall
mf
(BASS MELODY)*
Nev - er - more;
Nev - er - more;
Nev - er - more;
The clouds drift
It wings thro'
The gold must
p
p
hold them nev - er - more; And e'en the clouds drift off like a fleet on an
charm us nev - er - more; It wings its way thro' gar - dens a - far till the
wake us nev - er - more; Its hours of gold must fade in the night, tho' their
To re - turn nev - er - more.
o - cean that knows not a shore, To re - turn . nev - er - more.
hours of its mu - sic are o'er, To re - turn . nev - er - more.
pass - ing how - e'er we de - plore, To re - turn . nev - er - more.

* In the absence of basses, this melody may be taken by unchanged voices.

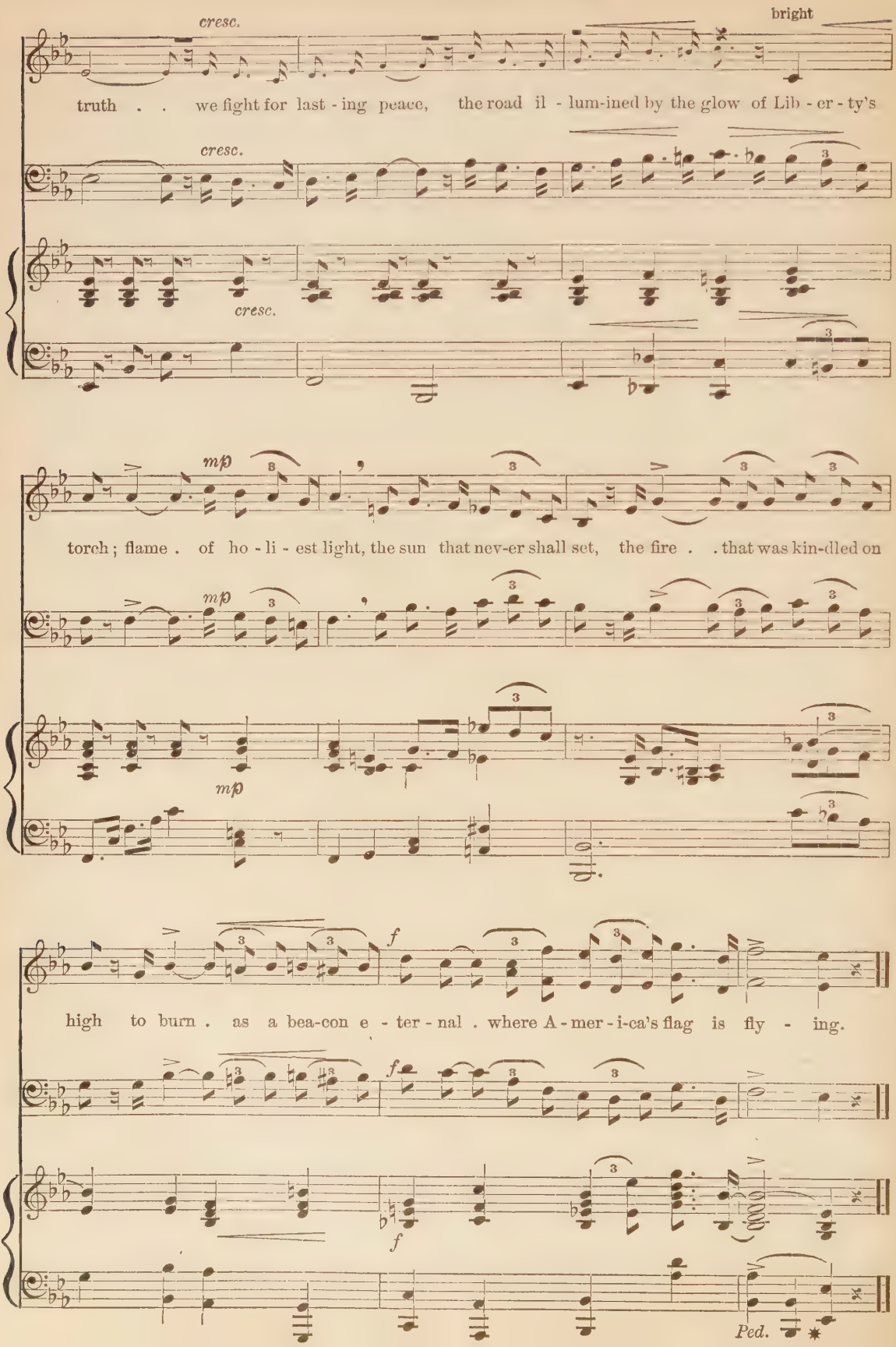
(Complete without Bass)

Harvey Worthington Loomis — Arthur Edward Johnstone

Tempo di marcia ♩ = 104

mf
1. Land of the brave,
2. Land of the brave,
mf
f ben marcato
Ped.
land of the free, land of the true, home of the daunt - less he - ro,
land of the free, land of the true, shrine of the pa - triot's hom - age,
Ped.
Ped.
mf
proud do thy ban ners wave! . . . . From North to the South . . is heard the
hope of the pil-grim's heart! . . . . As breeze to the breeze . . im-parts the
mf
ff
mf
trem.
Ped.

f
sound of a mil - lion voic - es; from East to the West . . . the trum-pets
thrill of a wak - ing spring-time; as wave to the wave . . . ex - ults, so
call till the moun - tains rock to the ech - oes vast— the song . . .
we, to the ut - most ends of the earth, shall shout the song . . .
A - mer - i - ca
A - mer - i - ca
Refrain
mp
. . A-mer - i - ca sings! We tread the path - way . of hon - or and
sings, A-mer - i - ca sings!


cresc.
bright
truth . . we fight for last - ing peace, the road il - lum-ined by the glow of Lib - er - ty's
cresc.
cresc.
mp
torch; flame . of ho - li - est light, the sun that nev-er shall set, the fire . . that was kin-dled on
mp
mp
f
high to burn . as a bea-con e - ter - nal . where A - mer - i-ca's flag is fly - ing.
f
f
Ped.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

(Complete without Bass)

Edwin Star Belknap

Old Sailor Chantey
Accomp. written for this work

Allegro giocoso ♩ = 88

mf

Yo, heave ho!

1. A hun-dred years is a ver-y long time, Yo, heave ho!
2. I'd like to know if the sto-ry is true: Yo, heave ho!
3. The West was still but a des-o-late plain, Yo, heave ho!
4. The birds that fly to get high-er and high'r, Yo, heave ho!
5. Da - ri - us Green, with his fly-ing ma-chine, Yo, heave ho!
6. They nev - er raced in a gas-o-line fly'r, Yo, heave ho!
7. They chased the hour with their frol-ic and fun, Yo, heave ho!
8. Let those who will for lon-gev-i - ty strive, Yo, heave ho!

f *mf*

1—7 *last*

And yet, 'tis said they were singing this rime A hun-dred years a - go.
I've heard the sky was a ver-y bright blue A hun-dred years a - go.
For naught they knew of a "lim-it - ed" train A hun-dred years a - go.
Could not have flown to a tel-e-phone wire A hun-dred years a - go.
Would still be here, if he'd been a bit keen A hun-dred years a - go.
They nev - er punc-tured a bi - cy-cle tire A hun-dred years a - go.
But none had yet made a "cen-tu-ry run" A hun-dred years a - go.
But oh, I'm glad that I was-n't a - live A hun-dred years a - (*Omit. . . .*) go.

A hun-dred years a - go. go.

1—7 *last*

THE MARSEILLAISE

(Complete without Bass)

Rouget de Lisle
Solo (or Unison)

Rouget de Lisle
Accomp. written for this work

Tempo di marcia ♩ = 112

mf

1. Ye sons of free - dom, wake to glo - ry! Hark! hark! what myr - iads bid you
2. Now, now the dan-g'rous storm is roll - ing, Which wick - ed men con - fed - 'rate
3. O lib - er - ty! can man re - sign thee, Once hav - ing felt thy gen - 'rous

mf

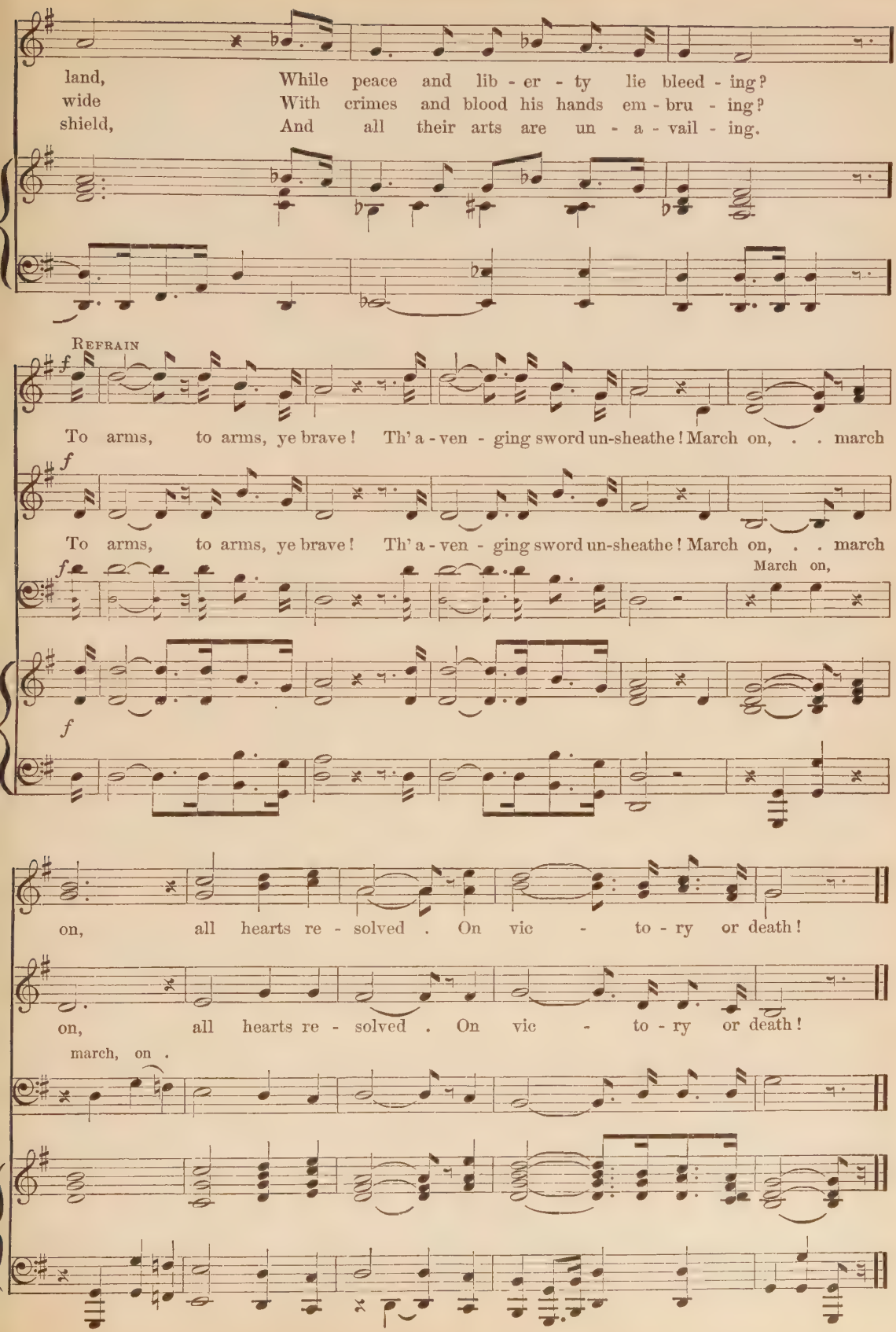
rise! Your children, wives, and grandsires hoar - y, Be-hold their tears and hear their
raise; The dogs of war let loose are howl - ing, And lo! our walls and cit - ies
flame? Can dun-geons, bolts and bars con - fine thee, Or whips thy no - ble spir - it

f *mf*

cries, Be-hold their tears and hear their cries! Shall hate-ful ty-rants, mis - chief
blaze! And shall we base - ly view the scene, While law-less force with guilt-y
tame, Or whips thy no - ble spir - it tame? Too long the world has wept, be -

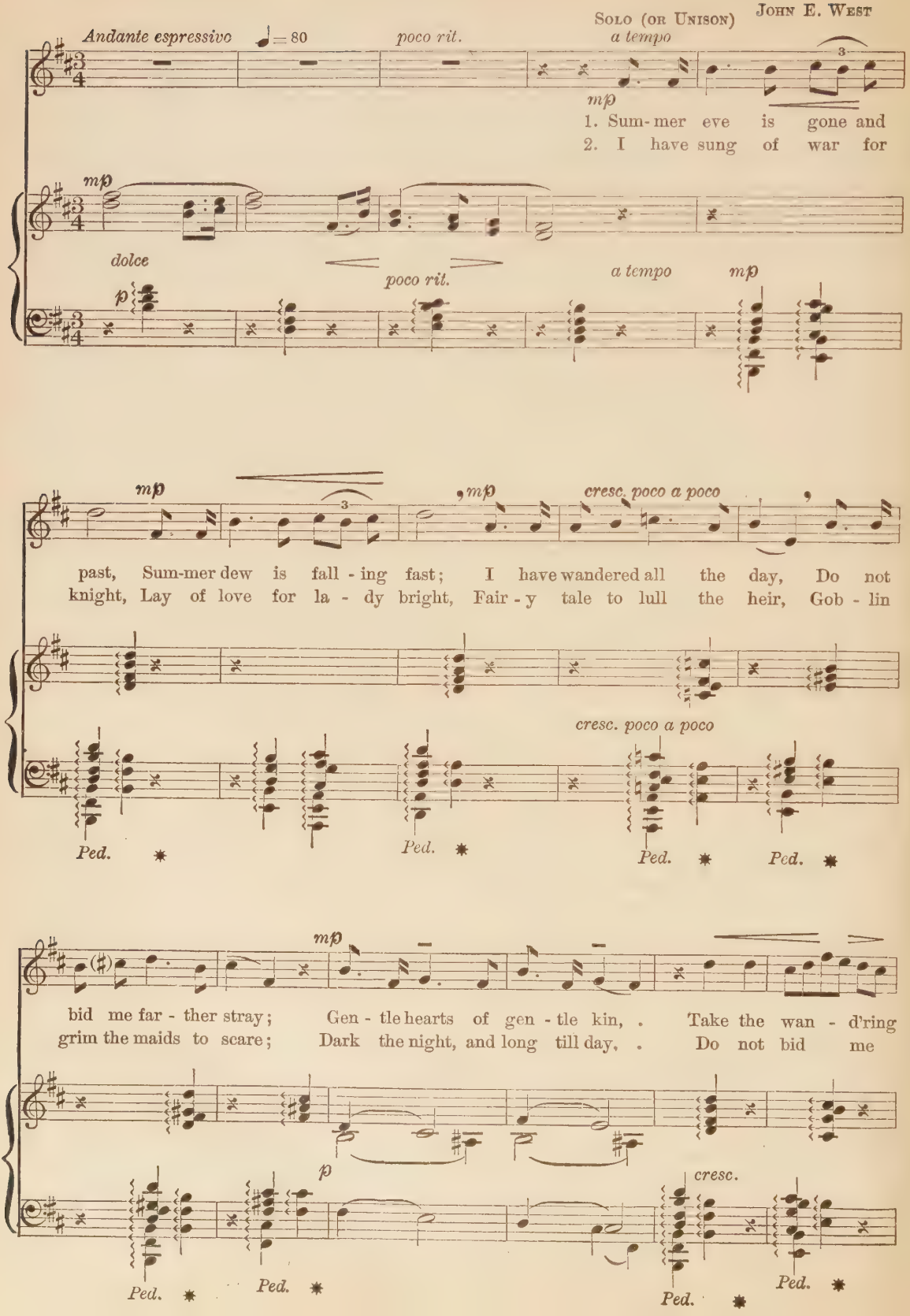
f *mf*

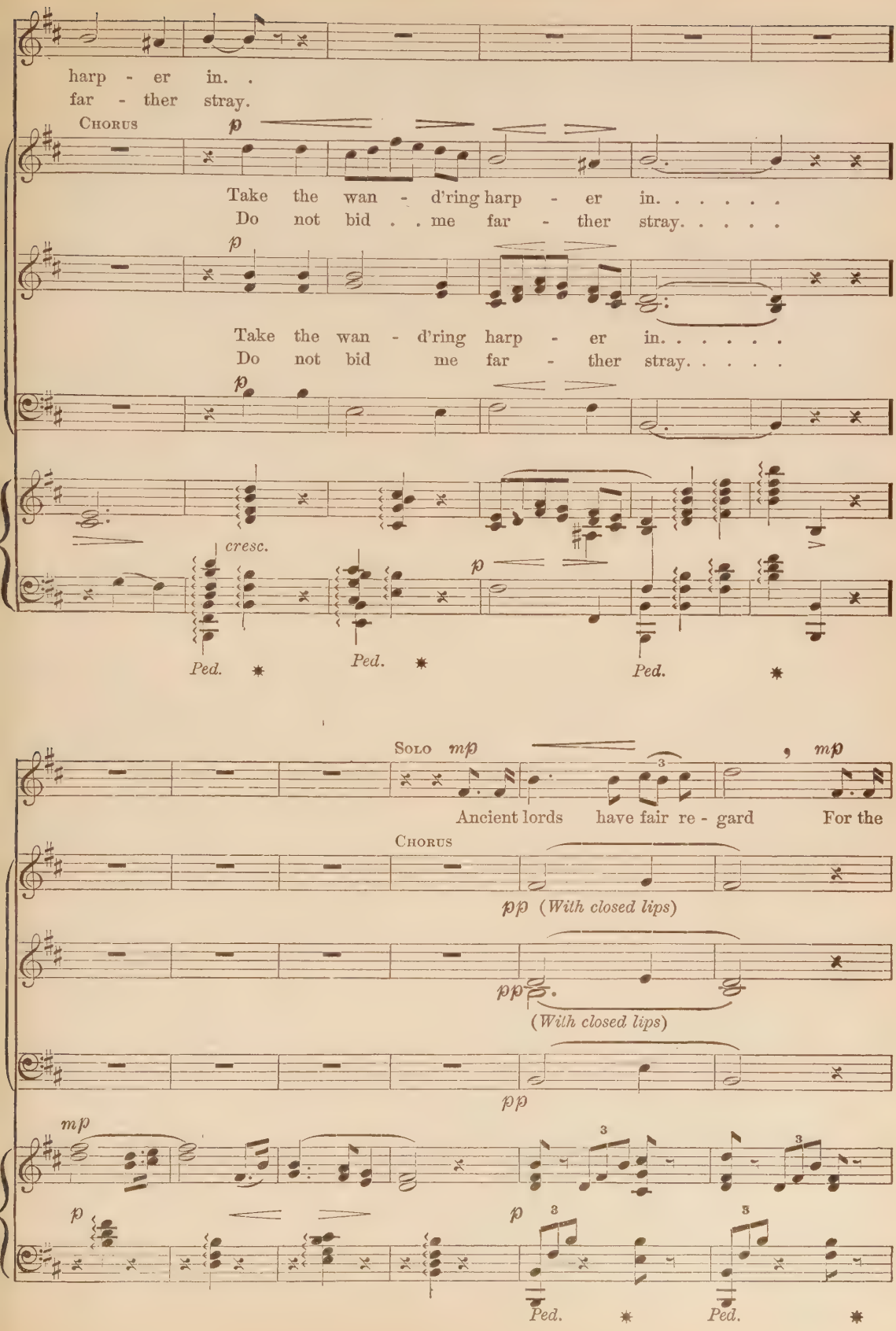
breeding With hire-ling hosts, a ruf - fian band, Af - fright and des - o - late the
stride Spreads des - o - la - tion far and wide, Spreads des - o - la - tion far and
wail-ing That false-hood's dag-ger ty - rants wield, But free - dom is our sword and

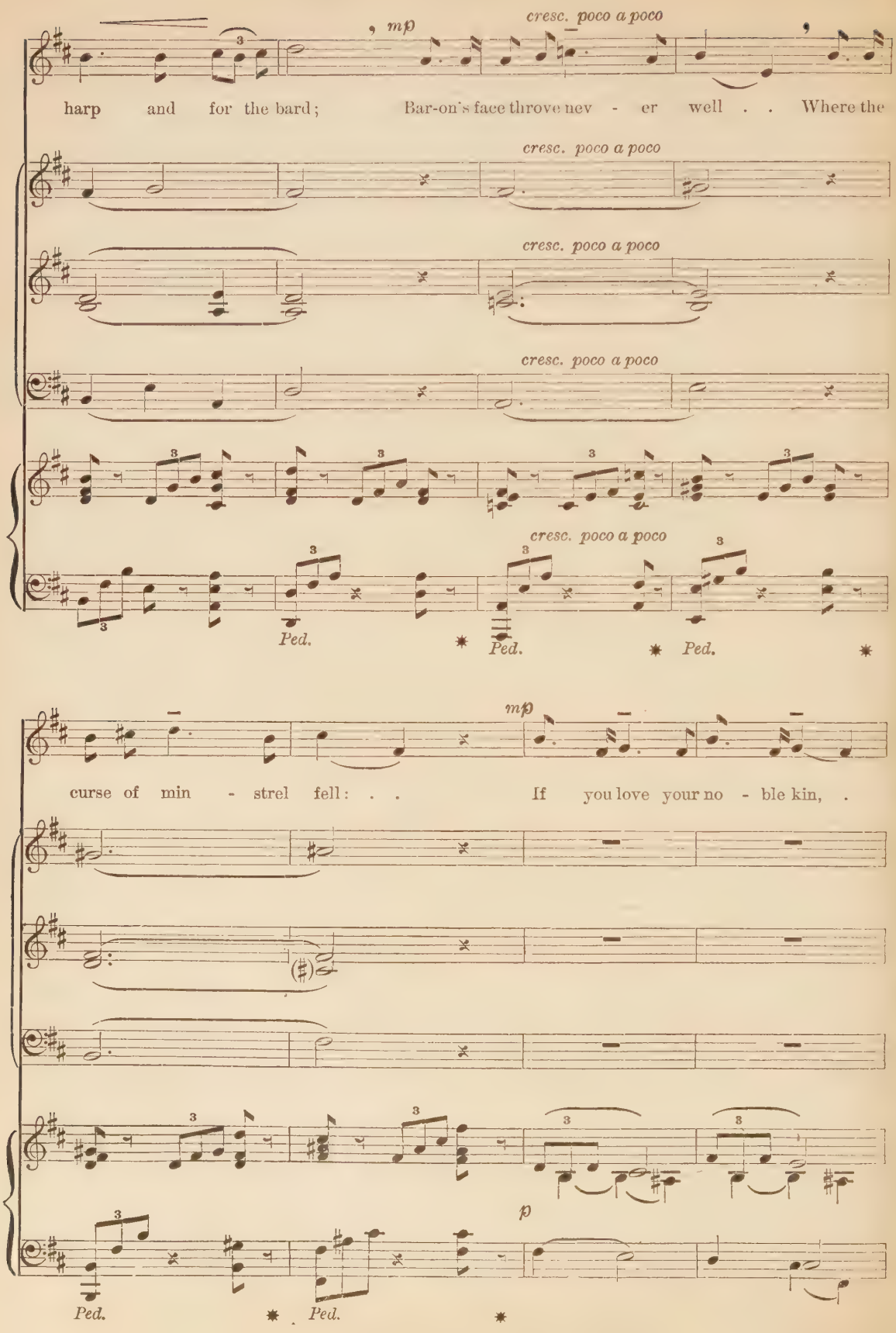

land, While peace and lib - er - ty lie bleed - ing?
wide With crimes and blood his hands em - bru - ing?
shield, And all their arts are un - a - vail - ing.
Refrain
f
To arms, to arms, ye brave! Th' a - ven - ging sword un-sheathe! March on, . . march
f
To arms, to arms, ye brave! Th' a - ven - ging sword un-sheathe! March on, . . march
March on,
f
on, all hearts re - solved . On vic - to - ry or death!
on, all hearts re - solved . On vic - to - ry or death!
march, on .

THE MINSTREL'S REQUEST

(Complete without Bass)


Solo (or Unison)
John E. West
Andante espressivo
♩ = 80
poco rit.
a tempo
mp
1. Sum-mer eve is gone and
2. I have sung of war for
dolce
p
poco rit.
a tempo
mp
past, Sum-mer dew is fall - ing fast; I have wandered all the day, Do not
knight, Lay of love for la - dy bright, Fair - y tale to lull the heir, Gob - lin
cresc. poco a poco
Ped.
bid me far - ther stray; Gen - tle hearts of gen - tle kin, Take the wan - d'ring
grim the maids to scare; Dark the night, and long till day, Do not bid me
p
cresc.


harp - er in. .
far - ther stray.
Chorus
p
Take the wan - d'ring harp - er in. . . . . .
Do not bid . . me far - ther stray. . . . .
p
Take the wan - d'ring harp - er in. . . . . .
Do not bid me far - ther stray. . . . .
p
cresc.
p
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
Solo mp
3
mp
Ancient lords have fair re - gard For the
Chorus
pp (With closed lips)
pp
(With closed lips)
pp
mp
3
3
p
p
3
3
Ped. * Ped. *


mp
cresc. poco a poco
harp and for the bard; Bar-on's face throve nev - er well . . Where the
cresc. poco a poco
cresc. poco a poco
cresc. poco a poco
cresc. poco a poco
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
mp
curse of min - strel fell: . . If you love your no - ble kin, .
p
Ped.
Ped.

Take the wea - - ry . harp - er in. . . .
p
Take the
pp
p
Take the
p
cresc.
cresc.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
poco riten.
p
Take the wea - ry harp - er in. . . . . .
poco riten.
pp
wea - ry . harp - - er in. . . . . .
poco riten.
pp
wea - ry harp - er in. . . . . .
poco riten.
pp
poco riten.
p
Ped.
Ped.

COME BACK TO ERIN

(Complete without Bass)

"Claribel"

"Claribel" (Mrs. Charles Barnard)

Moderato ♩ = 80

mp Solo (or Unison)

1. Come back to E - rin, Ma - vour - neen, Ma-vour - neen, Come back, A - roon, to the
2. O - ver the green sea, Ma - vour - neen, Ma-vour - neen, Long shone the white sail that
3. Oh, may the an - gels o' wak - in' and sleep - in', Watch o'er my bird in the

p e legato

Ped. ✱

land of thy birth; Come with the sham - rocks and spring-time, Ma - vour - neen,
bore thee a - way; Rid - ing the white waves that fair sum - mer morn - in'
land far a - way; And it's my pray'rs will con - sign to their keep - in'

p

cres - - cen - - do

p con espressione ♩ = 72

And it's Kil - lar - ney shall ring with our mirth. Sure when we lent ye to
Just like a May - flow'r a - float on the bay. Oh, but my heart sank when
Care of my jew - el by night and by day. When by the fire - side I

cres - - cen - - do *mp*

beau - ti - ful Eng - land, Lit - tle we thought of the lone win - ter days,
clouds came be-tween us! Like a grey cur - tain, the rain fall - ing down,
watch the bright em - bers, Then all my heart flies to Eng - land and thee,

Ped. ✱ *Ped.* ✱

Lit - tle we thought of the hush of the star - shine O - ver the moun - tain, the
Hid from my sad eyes the path o'er the o - cean Far, far a - way where my
Crav - in' to know if my dar - lin' re - mem - bers, Or if her thoughts may be
Chorus Tempo primo
p
bluffs and the braes! Then, come back to E - rin, Ma - vour - neen, Ma - vour - neen;
Col - leen had flown.
cross - in' to me.
p
Tempo primo
mp
Come back a - gain to the land of thy birth. Come back to E - rin, Ma -
Ah,
mp
allargando
cresc.
f
vour - neen, Ma - vour - neen, And its Kil - lar - ney shall ring with our mirth.
cresc.
f
allargando
cresc.
f

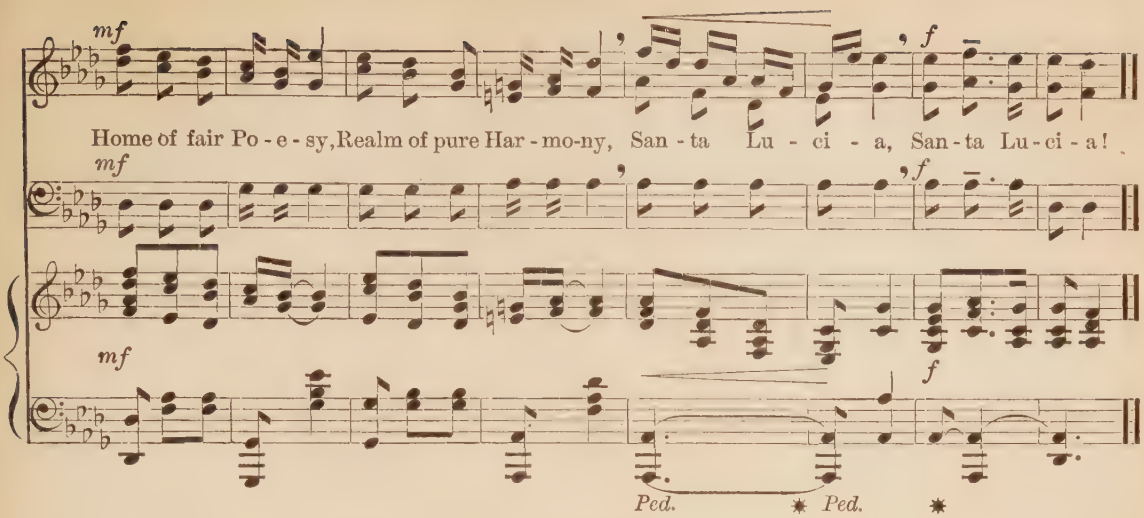
SANTA LUCIA*

(Complete without Bass)

Neapolitan Folk Tune
Accomp. written for this work

Allegretto ♪ = 112
mp
1. Now 'neath the sil- ver moon O - cean is glow - ing, O'er the calm bil - low
2. When o'er thy wa - ters Light winds are play - ing, Thy spell can soothe us,
mp
mf
Soft winds are blow-ing. Here balm - y zeph-yrs blow, Pure joys in - vite us,
All care al - lay - ing. To thee, sweet Na - po - li, What charms are giv - en,
mf
f
And as we gen - tly row, All things de - light us. Hark, how the sail-or's cry
Where smiles cre - a - tion, Toil blest by heav - en. Hark, how the sail-or's cry
f
Joy - ous - ly ech-oes nigh: "San - ta . Lu - ci - a! San - ta Lu - ci - a!"

*A district of Naples named after its patron saint.



SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT

(Complete without Bass)

Rubato
Solo (or Unison)
"Spiritual"
p
p Chorus
Swing low, sweet char - i - ot, . Com - in' fo' to car - ry me home,
p
Solo
Chorus
pp
Fine
mp
Swing low, sweet char - i - ot, . Com - in' fo' to car - ry me home.
mp
pp
mf Solo
mf Chorus
1. I looked o - ver Jor - dan and what did I see,
2. If you get there be - fore I do,
3. The bright - est day that ev - er I saw,
4. I'm some - times up and some - times down,
Com - in' fo' to car - ry me home,
mf
Solo
mf Chorus
p
D.C.
mf
A band of an - gels com-in' aft - er me,
Tell all my friends I'm com - in' . too,
When Je - sus washed my sins a - way,
But still my soul feels heav'n - ly . bound,
Com - in' fo' to car - ry me home.
mf
p

FATHER, TEACH ME

(Complete without Bass)

Jane E. Leeson

Carl Maria von Weber

Andante ♩ = 69

mp

1. Fa - ther, teach me, day by . . day, Love's sweet les - son to o - bey;
2. Teach me all thy steps to . . trace, Strong to fol - low in thy grace,
3. Love in lov - ing finds em - ploy, In o - be - dience all her joy;

mp

1. Fa - ther, teach me, day by day, Love's sweet les - son to o - bey;
2. Teach me all thy steps to trace, Strong to fol - low in thy grace,
3. Love in lov - ing finds em - ploy, In . . o - be - dience all her joy;

mp

Sweet - er les - son can - not be, Lov - ing him who first loved me.
Learn - ing how to love from thee, Lov - ing him who first loved me.
Ev - er new that joy will be, Lov - ing him who first loved me.

Sweet - er les - son can - not be, Lov - ing him who first loved me.
Learn - ing how to love from thee, Lov - ing him who first loved me.
Ev - er new that joy will be, Lov - ing him who first loved me.

POLISH NATIONAL SONG

(Complete without Bass)

From the Polish
by Frederick Winthrop

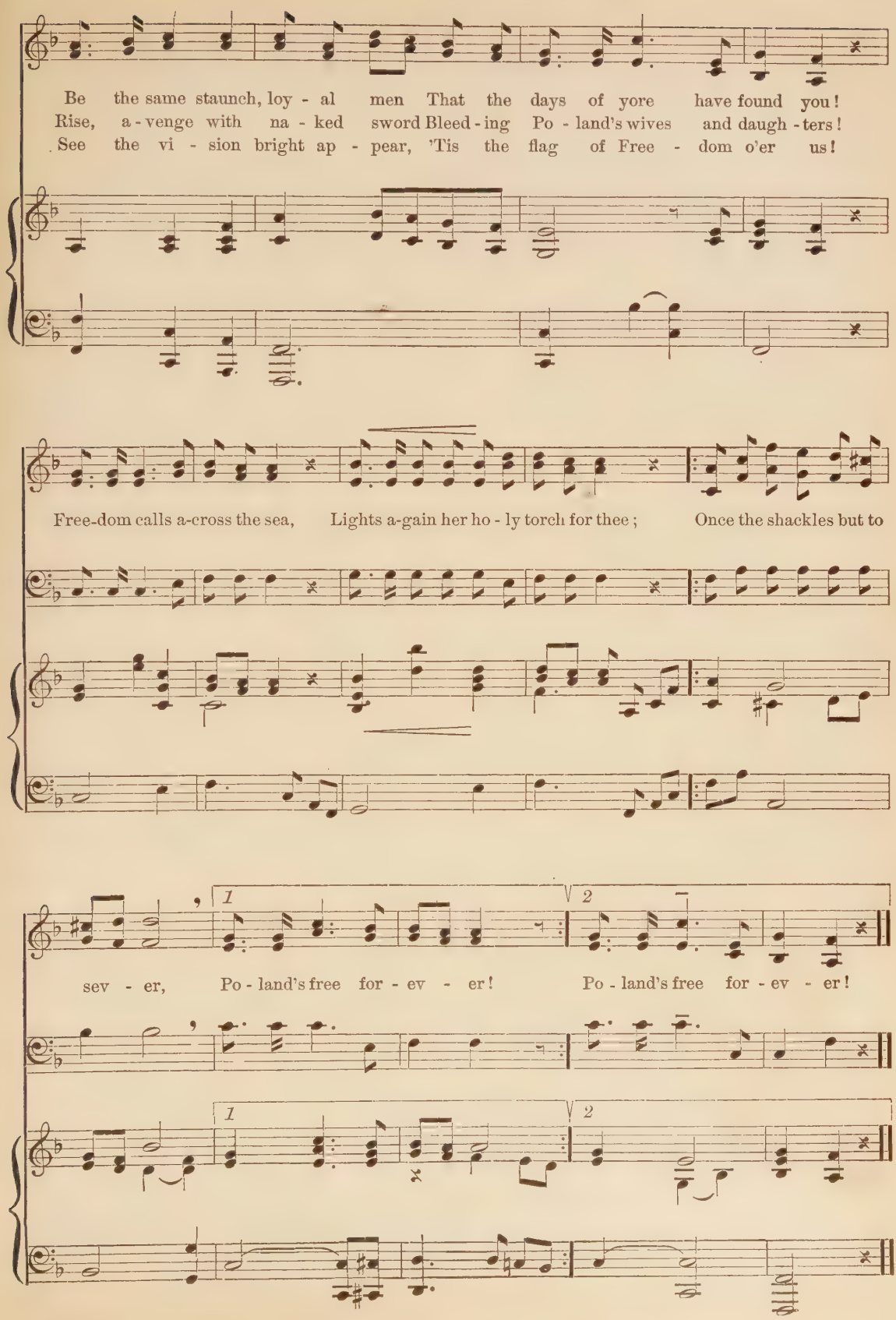
Melody by Sowinski
Accomp. written for this work

Vigoroso ♩ = 104

mf

1. Sons of Po - land, strive a - gain, Tho' the a - lien horde sur-round you;
2. Law - less hosts de - fy the Lord In a lust that maims and slaugh-ters;
3. Hark, the con - queror sing - ing clear, With the dawn of Peace be - fore us;

mf


Be the same staunch, loy - al men That the days of yore have found you!
Rise, a - venge with na - ked sword Bleed - ing Po - land's wives and daugh - ters!
See the vi - sion bright ap - pear, 'Tis the flag of Free - dom o'er us!
Free-dom calls a-cross the sea, Lights a-gain her ho - ly torch for thee; Once the shackles but to
sev - er, Po - land's free for - ev - er! Po - land's free for - ev - er!
1
2
1
2

HEAVENLY CONCORD

(Complete without Bass)

Tranquillo ♩ = 108

Felix Kreundig

mf
1. Heav - en - ly con - cord, im - age of love, Send us thy pres - ence
2. O thou up - lift - est grand - ly the soul, Giv - ing us cour - age
3. Lord, if e'er dis - cord ris - es to - day, May it be quick - ly
mf
1. Heav - en - ly con - cord, im - age of love, Send us thy pres - ence
2. O thou up - lift - est grand - ly the soul, Giv - ing us cour - age
3. Lord, if e'er dis - cord ris - es to - day, May it be quick - ly
mf
p
down from a - bove; Let thy light en - ter each lov - ing heart, . . Heav - en - ly
un - to the goal; Com - fort-ing ev - er trou - ble and pain, . . That in the
driv - en a - way; Help us to meet it with a bright smile, . . Give us sweet
p
down from a - bove; Let thy light en - ter each lov - ing heart, . . Heav - en - ly
un - to the goal; Com - fort-ing ev - er trou - ble and pain, . . That in the
driv - en a - way; Help us to meet it with a bright smile, . . Give us sweet
p
f
con - cord, nev - er de - part; Heav - en - ly con - cord, nev - er de - part.
spir - it, glad - ness may reign; That in the spir - it, glad - ness may reign.
con - cord, ban - ish - ing guile; Give us sweet con - cord, ban - ish - ing guile.
f
con - cord, nev - er de - part; Heav - en - ly con - cord, nev - er de - part.
spir - it, glad - ness may reign; That in the spir - it, glad - ness may reign.
con - cord, ban - ish - ing guile; Give us sweet con - cord, ban - ish - ing guile.
f

EVENING HYMN

TWO-PART CANON

THOMAS TALLIS
16th Century

Moderato ♩ = 69
p
(2d stanza f)
1. Ac - cept our praise, O God, this night For all the bless - ings
bless - ings flow: Praise him, all crea - tures
1. Ac - cept our praise, O God, this night For
God from whom all bless - ings flow: Praise
of the light; Keep me, O keep me, King of Kings, Be - neath thy own Al -
here be - low! Praise him, ye heav'n - ly host a - bove! Praise him, my soul, for
all the bless - ings of the light: Keep me, O keep me, King of Kings, Be -
him, all crea - tures here be - low! Praise him, ye heav'n - ly host a - bove! Praise
1
2
f
might-y wings. 2. Praise God, from whom all all his love! A - MEN.
neath thy own Al - might - y wings. 2. Praise him, my soul, for all his love! A - MEN.

A WARRIOR BOLD

EDWIN THOMAS (COMPLETE WITHOUT BASS) STEPHEN ADAMS

Allegro moderato ♩= 100 Three-part arr.

mf UNISON

1. In days of old, when knights were bold And bar - ons held their sway, A
2. So this brave knight, in ar - mor bright, Went gay - ly to the fray; He

mf

war - rior bold, with spurs of gold, Sang mer - ri - ly his lay, . . . Sang
fought the fight, but ere the night, His soul had pass'd a - way, . . His

SOPR. 1 & 2 ONLY

p

mer - ri - ly his . lay: "My love is young and fair, My
soul had pass'd a - way. The plight-ed ring he wore Was

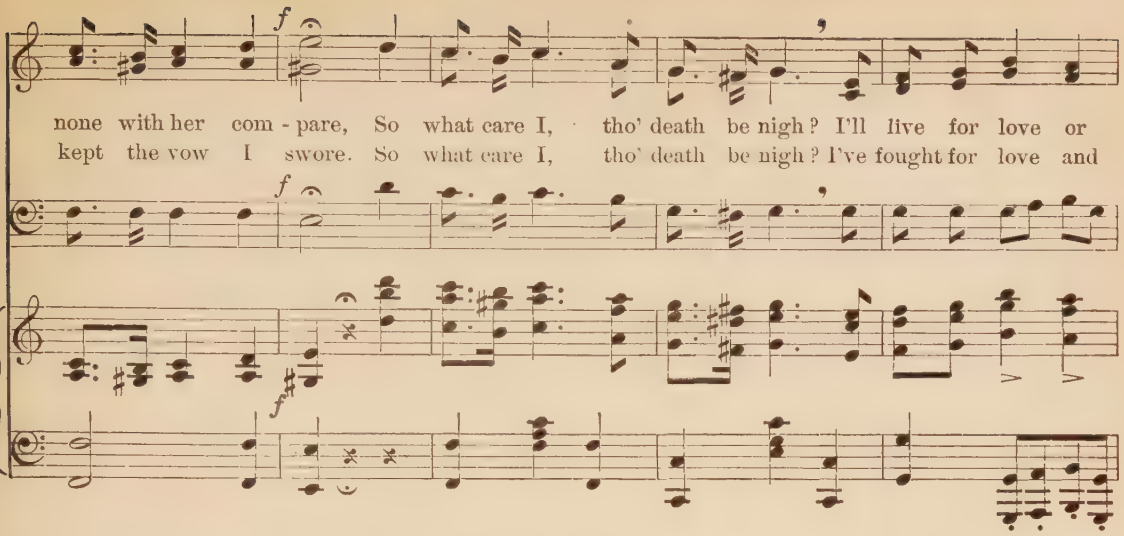
p

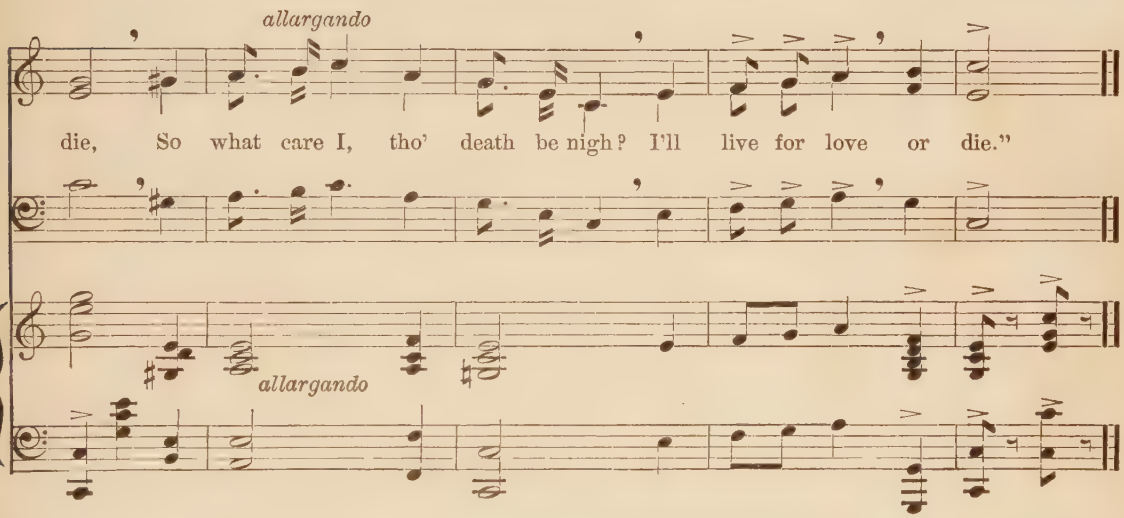
p *cresc.*

love hath gold - en hair, And eyes so blue, and heart so true, That
crushed and wet with gore, Yet ere he died, he brave - ly cried, "I've

p *cresc.*

p *cresc.*

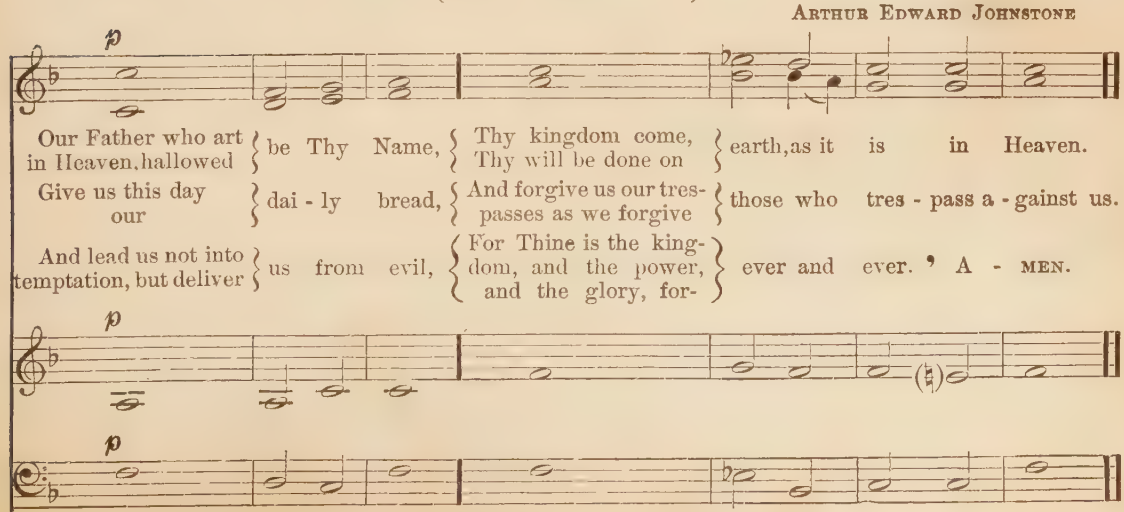

none with her com - pare, So what care I, tho' death be nigh? I'll live for love or
kept the vow I swore. So what care I, tho' death be nigh? I've fought for love and



THE LORD'S PRAYER

(Complete without Bass)

Arthur Edward Johnstone


Our Father who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy Name, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth, as it is in Heaven.
Give us this day our dai - ly bread, And forgive us our tres- passes as we forgive those who tres - pass a - gainst us.
And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, For Thine is the king- dom, and the power, and the glory, for- ever and ever. A - men.

ON PARADE

(Complete without Bass)

Katharine Whitmore

Harvey Worthington Loomis

Allegro marziale ♩. = 92

mf

Thou-sands of sol - diers on the march pass in gal-lant ar - ray. . . .

mf

They're on the march in gal-lant ar - ray, in gal-lant ar - ray. Oh, hear the

mf

Thou-sands of brave men march, march by, this day. . .

mf (*Optional accompaniment*)

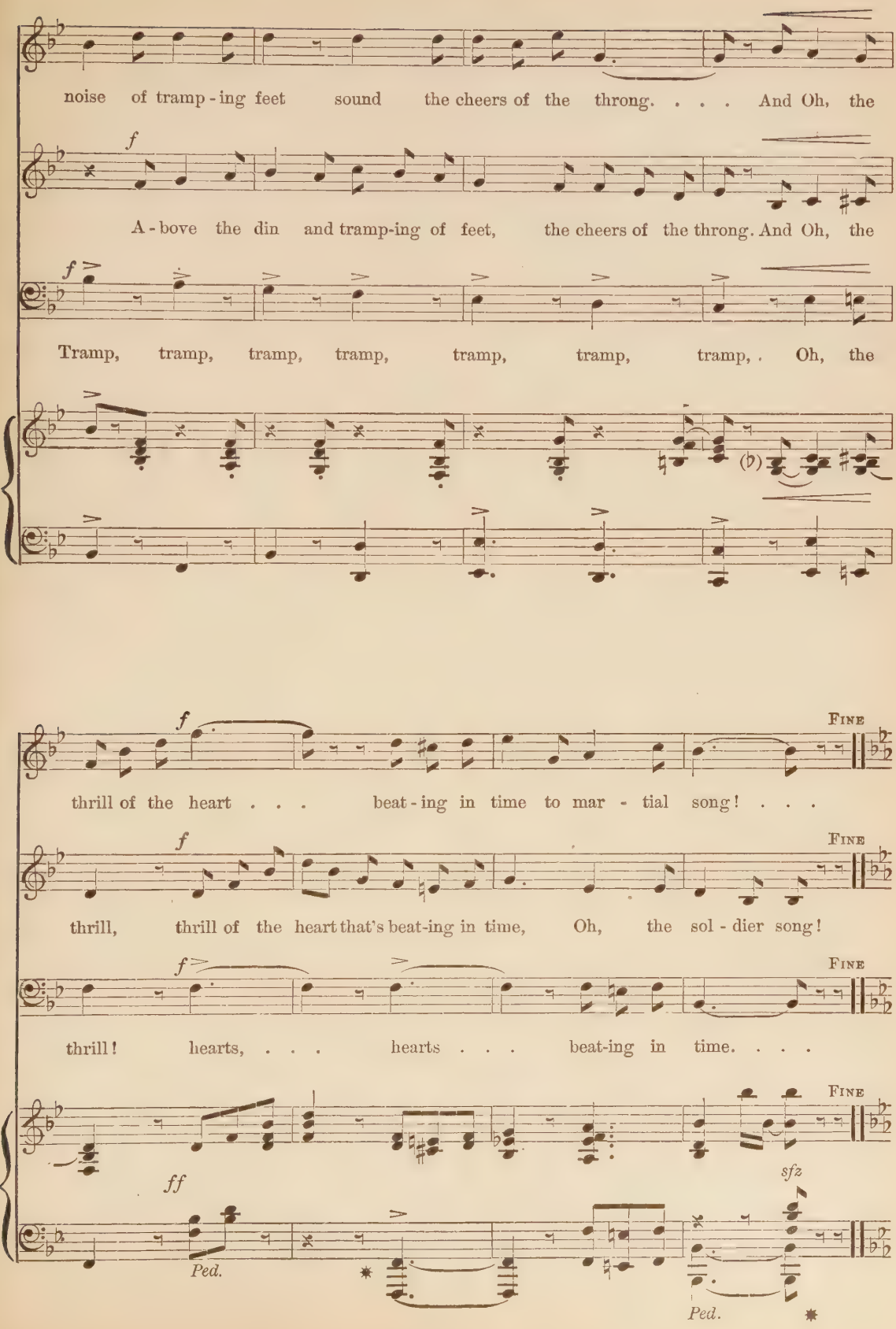
f

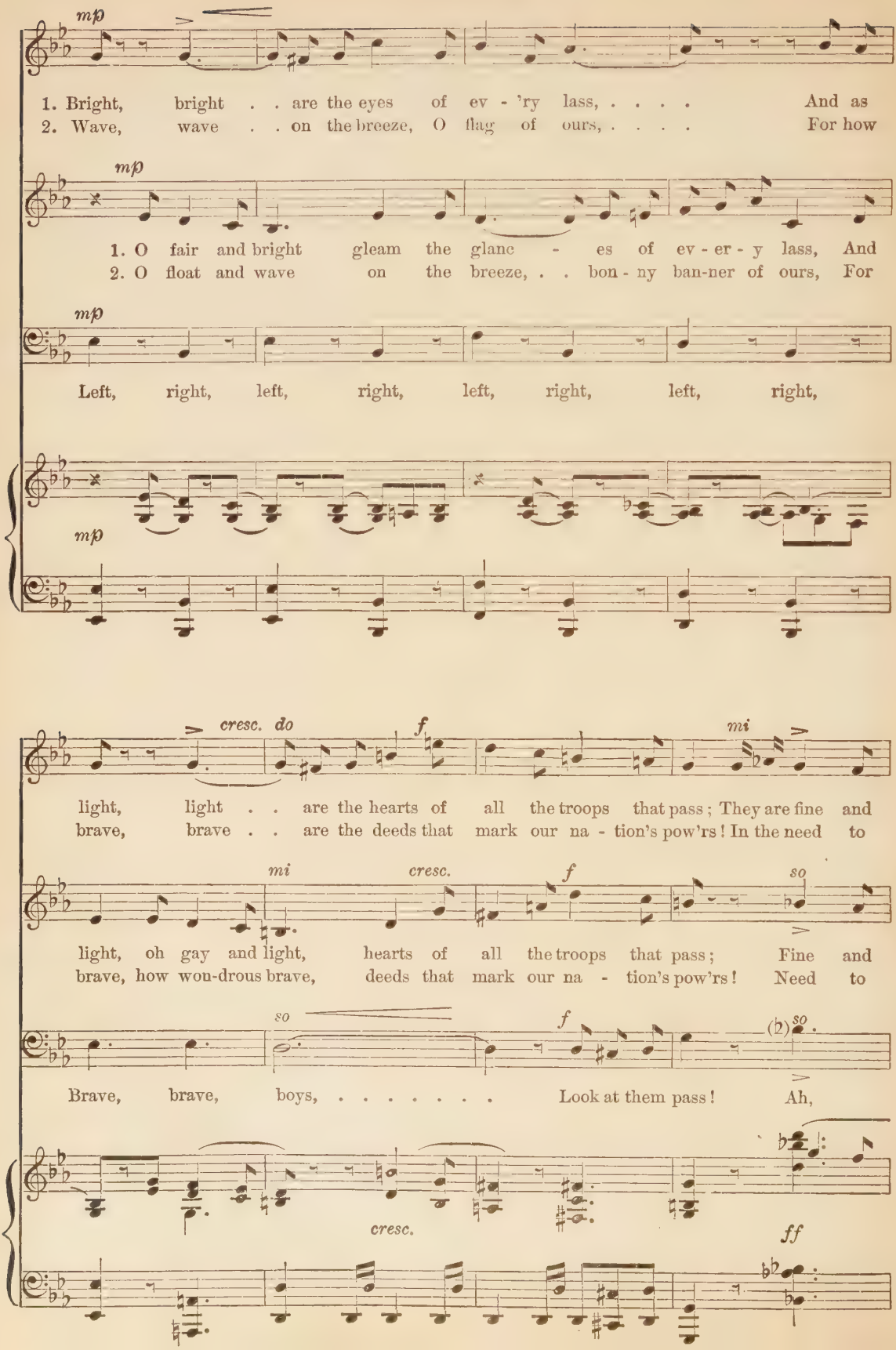
Trump - ets blend . . . with fifes . . . . in meas - ure gay. O - ver the

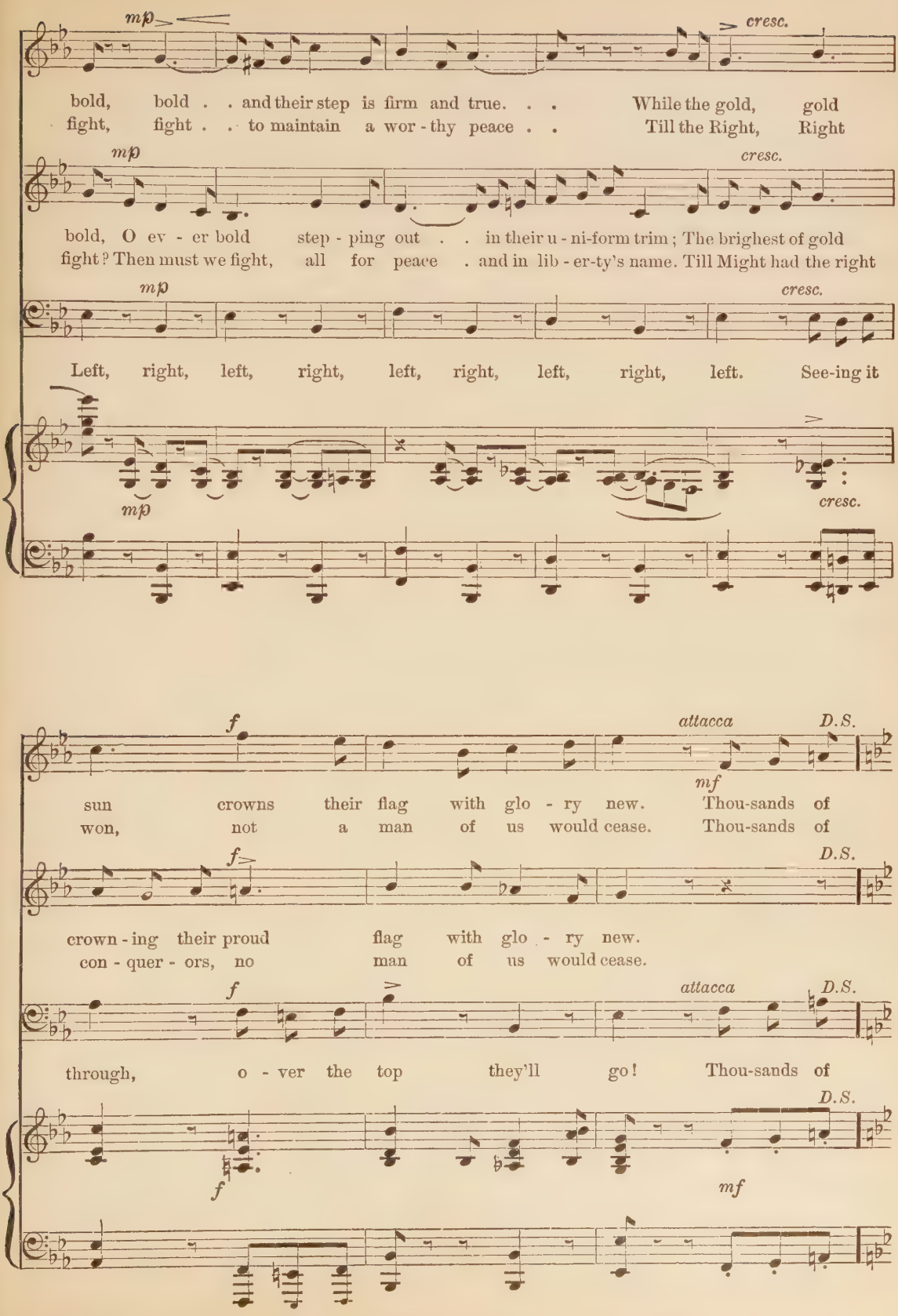
drums . . . . and the shrill call of the bu - gle mu - sic loud and gay!

Rub - a - dub, . . . rub - a - dub! Boom, boom, boom! . .

sfz *f*


noise of tramp - ing feet sound the cheers of the throng. . . . And Oh, the
f
A - bove the din and tramp-ing of feet, the cheers of the throng. And Oh, the
f
Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, . Oh, the
(♭)
f
thrill of the heart . . . beat - ing in time to mar - tial song! . . .
Fine
f
thrill, thrill of the heart that's beat-ing in time, Oh, the sol - dier song!
Fine
f
thrill! hearts, . . . hearts . . . beat-ing in time. . . .
Fine
ff
Ped.
sfz
Ped.


mp
1. Bright, bright . . are the eyes of ev - 'ry lass, ... And as
2. Wave, wave . . on the breeze, O flag of ours, ... For how
mp
1. O fair and bright gleam the glanc - es of ev - er - y lass, And
2. O float and wave on the breeze, . . bon - ny ban-ner of ours, For
mp
Left, right, left, right, left, right, left, right,
mp
cresc. do
f
mi
light, light . . are the hearts of all the troops that pass; They are fine and
brave, brave . . are the deeds that mark our na - tion's pow'rs! In the need to
mi
cresc.
f
so
light, oh gay and light, hearts of all the troops that pass; Fine and
brave, how won-drous brave, deeds that mark our na - tion's pow'rs! Need to
so
f
(♭) so
Brave, brave, boys, ... Look at them pass! Ah,
cresc.
ff


mp
cresc.
bold, bold . . and their step is firm and true. . . While the gold, gold
fight, fight . . to maintain a wor - thy peace . . Till the Right, Right
mp
cresc.
bold, O ev - er bold step - ping out . . in their u - ni-form trim; The brighest of gold
fight? Then must we fight, all for peace . and in lib - er-ty's name. Till Might had the right
mp
cresc.
Left, right, left, right, left, right, left, right, left. See-ing it
mp
cresc.
f
attacca
D.S.
mf
sun crowns their flag with glo - ry new. Thou-sands of
won, not a man of us would cease. Thou-sands of
f
D.S.
crown - ing their proud flag with glo - ry new.
con - quer - ors, no man of us would cease.
f
attacca
D.S.
through, o - ver the top they'll go! Thou-sands of
D.S.
f
mf

CHARLIE IS MY DARLING

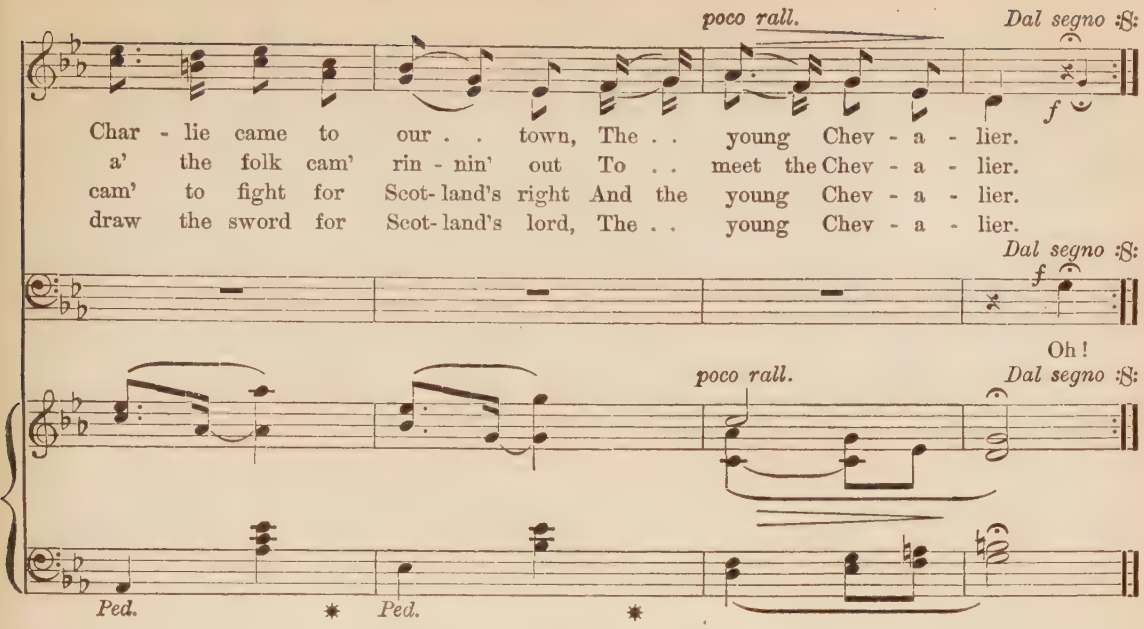
(JACOBITE SONG)

(COMPLETE WITHOUT BASS)

Lady NAIRNE

Scotch Tune
Arr. by JOHN E. WEST

Allegro marziale ♩= 104
f
BASS SOLO OR UNISON
Oh! Char - lie is my dar - ling, my dar - ling, my
mf
(Last time rit.)
FINE
Oh! Char - lie is my dar - ling, The young Chev - a - lier.
dar - ling, Oh! Char - lie is my dar - ling, The young Chev - a - lier.
sf
Ped.
1. 'Twas on a Mon - day morn - ing, Right ear - ly in the year, When
2. As he cam' march - in' up the street, The pipes play'd loud and clear, And
3. Wi' Hie - land bon - nets on their heads, And Clay-mores bright and clear, They
4. They've left their bon - nie Hie - land hills, Their wives and bairn - ies dear, To

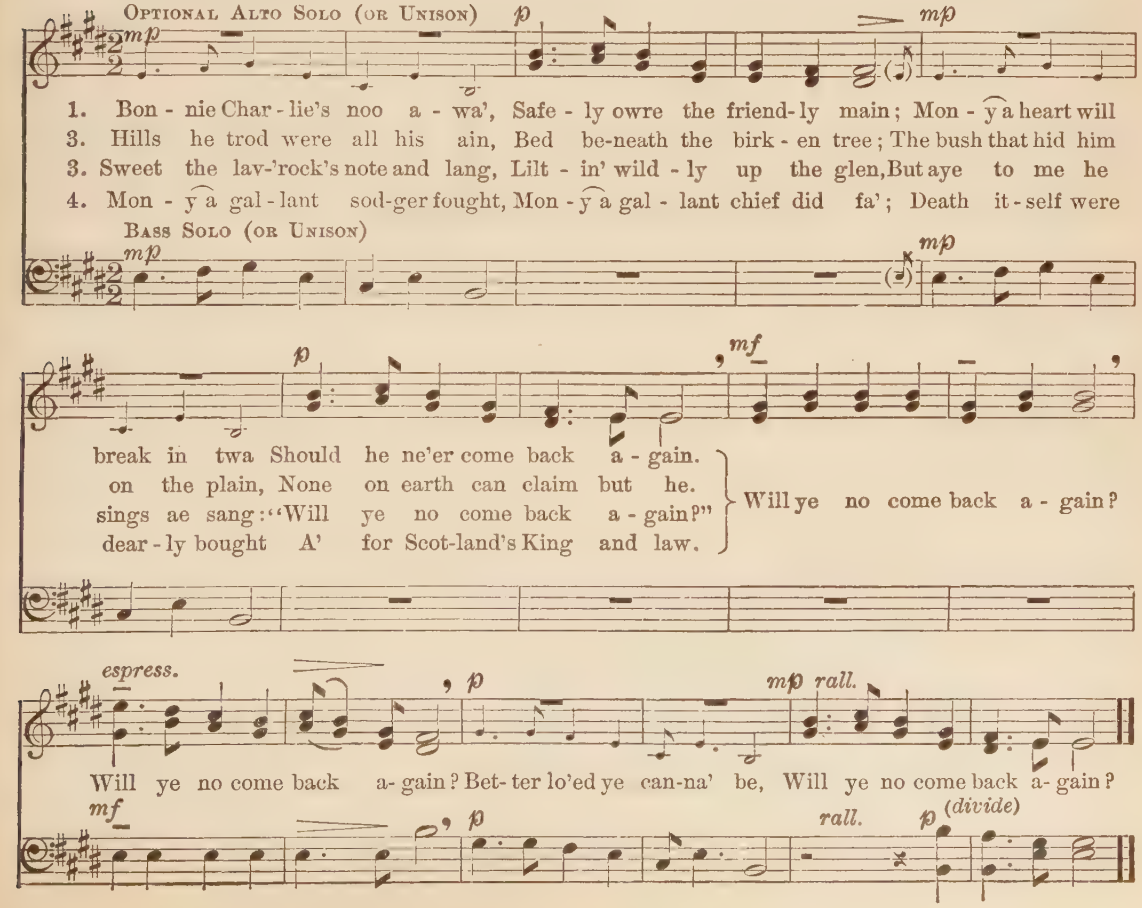

poco rall.
Dal segno 𝄋
Char - lie came to our . . town, The . . young Chev - a - lier.
a' the folk cam' rin - nin' out To . . meet the Chev - a - lier.
cam' to fight for Scot-land's right And the young Chev - a - lier.
draw the sword for Scot-land's lord, The . . young Chev - a - lier.
Oh!
Ped.
Ped.

BONNIE CHARLIE

(JACOBITE SONG)

Lady Nairne (Complete without Bass) Scotch Folk Song

Allegretto espressivo ♩ = 66 Three-part arr.


Optional Alto Solo (or Unison)
1. Bon - nie Char - lie's noo a - wa', Safe - ly owre the friend - ly main; Mon - y̆a heart will
3. Hills he trod were all his ain, Bed be-neath the birk - en tree; The bush that hid him
3. Sweet the lav-'rock's note and lang, Lilt - in' wild - ly up the glen, But aye to me he
4. Mon - y̆a gal - lant sod-ger fought, Mon - y̆a gal - lant chief did fa'; Death it - self were
Bass Solo (or Unison)
break in twa Should he ne'er come back a - gain.
on the plain, None on earth can claim but he.
sings ae sang: "Will ye no come back a - gain?"
dear - ly bought A' for Scot-land's King and law.
Will ye no come back a - gain?
espress.
Will ye no come back a - gain? Bet - ter lo'ed ye can-na' be, Will ye no come back a - gain?
(divide)

Provençal Air
Accomp. by Gabriel Pierné

Alla marcia ♩=100
mf
Late one night I met up-on my way The three wise Kings of the O-rient
mf non legato
Fine
rid-ing; One bright star was guid-ing by its ray The pil-grims three o'er the des-ert sand.
mp
And in their train, load-ed down with gold, There fol-lowed slaves and war-riors
mp
mf
D.C.
bold; The treas-ure rare, such a price-less store, With shield and spear they were guarding o'er.
mf

THE EVERGREEN

(Complete without Bass)

Tune "My Maryland"
Arr. for this work

Moderato ♩ = 84

Unison *

mp

1. O ev - er - green, fair ev - er - green, Thy pur - ple shad - ow cast - ing!
2. O ev - er - green, fair ev - er - green, With fes - tive can - dles glow - ing!

mp

mf

'Neath sum - mer sun or win - ter sky Thy ver - dant boughs de - light the eye!
Thy mag - ic fruit at Christ-mas eve, Both rich and poor a - like re-ceive.

mf

'Neath sum - mer sun or win - ter sky Thy ver - dant boughs de - light the eye!
Thy mag - ic fruit at Christ-mas eve, Both rich and poor a - like re-ceive

mf

mp *cresc.* *dimin.*

O ev - er - green, fair ev - er - green, Of beau - ty ev - er - last - ing!
O ev - er - green, fair ev - er - green, Thy boun - ty free be - stow - ing!

mp *cresc.* *dimin.*

O ev - er - green, fair ev - er - green, Of beau - ty ev - er - last - ing!
O ev - er - green, fair ev - er - green, Thy boun - ty free be - stow - ing!

mp *cresc.* *dimin.*

* In the absence of basses, these four measures may be sung by unchanged voices.

BEYOND THE HORIZON

(Complete without Bass)

Harvey Worthington Loomis — John Henry Cornell

Allegretto espressivo ♩ = 104

mp

1. There's a won - der - ful land at the edge of the world, Where the
2. 'Tis a land where the rain - bow's e - van - ish - ing hue Is dis -
3. And should ev - er a mor - tal make quest of that goal, Tho' he

mp

1. There's a won - der - ful land at the edge of the world, Where the
2. 'Tis a land where the rain - bow's e - van - ish - ing hue Is dis -
3. And should ev - er a mor - tal make quest of that goal, Tho' he

mp

sky and the far - a - way meet; 'Tis a mag - ic - al gar - den with
solved in mys - te - ri - ous light; Like a love - ly mi - rage it will
jour - neyed in Peg - a - sus' car; Ev - er back - ward in dis - tance, like

sky and the far - a - way meet; 'Tis a mag - ic - al gar - den with
solved in mys - te - ri - ous light; Like a love - ly mi - rage it will
jour - neyed in Peg - a - sus' car; Ev - er back - ward in dis - tance, like

dew - drops em - pearled, Set to mu - sic en - tranc - ing - ly sweet.
melt from the view As the stars that burn out with the night.
time 'twould un - roll, While its glo - ries still beck - oned a - far.

dew - drops em - pearled, Set to mu - sic en - tranc - ing - ly sweet.
melt from the view As the stars that burn out with the night.
time 'twould un - roll, While its glo - ries still beck - oned a - far.

PART THREE

SOPRANO, SECOND SOPRANO, ALTO, (OR ALTO-TENOR) AND BASS

A TWILIGHT SONG

H. W. L.

HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

Alla barcarola ♩. = 52
p
Good-night! . . .
Fades the
1. Out of the west the sun is sink - ing, O - ver the far ho - ri - zon's
2. Trem - u - lous pur - ple heav'n-ward steal - ing, Quench-ing the em - bers in the
3. Van-ished the day, its joy and sor - row; Back in - to heav - en tak - ing
mp espressivo
cresc.
light, the light. . .
Ten - der - ly day and twi - light
Glim - mer of eve - ning star re -
Leav - ing fair prom - ise of the
rim, ...
clouds, ...
flight, ...
Fair day, ... good -
pp
link - ing, Smil - ing ere az - ure skies grow dim. . .
veal - ing, Soft - ly the west - 'ring sky en shrouds. .
mor - row, Bid - ding a wea - ry world good - night. . .
night! . .
Smil - ing ere az - ure skies grow dim. . .
Soft - ly the west - 'ring sky en - shrouds. .
Bid - ding a wea - ry world good - night. . .
(divide)

THE CALL OF THE SPRING

(Complete without Bass)

Alfred Noyes†

John E. West

Allegro non troppo ♩. = 69

Bass Solo (or Unison)*

rall. *a tempo*

mf

1. Come choose your road and a -
2. Though man - y a road . . would
3. Come choose your road and a -

rall. *a tempo*

mf *p* *mf*

way, . my lad, . . Come choose your road and a - way! . . .
mer - ri - ly ring To the tramp of your march - ing feet, . . .
way, . my lad, . . Come choose your road and a - way! . . .

Sopranos

mf

We'll out of the town by the road's bright crown As it dips to the daz - zling
All roads are one from the day that's done, And the miles . . are swift and
We'll out of the town by the road's bright crown As it dips to the daz - zling

* In the absence of basses, these four measures may be sung by unchanged voices.

† Words copyright, 1913, by Frederick A. Stokes Company.

largamente
rit.
a little slower
day; . . . It's a long . white road for the wea - ry, But it
sweet, . . And the graves of your friends are the mile - stones To the
day! . . . (𝄾) All roads . may meet at the world's end, (𝄾) But
largamente
rit.
largamente
a little slower
rit.
f
rall.
D.C.
To follow last stanza only
f Tempo 1
rolls thro' the heart of the May. .
land . . where all . . roads meet. .
hey for the heart of the May! .
Come, choose your road and a - way, dear lad, Come
f
rall.
(divide)
f
D.C.
To follow last stanza only
Tempo 1
f
rall.
sf
f
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
rall.
choose your road and a - way! . . . . . .
rall.
(divide)
rall.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped.
Ped.

THE STORM KING

MARGARET MCELROY

JOHN E. WEST

Allegro ma non troppo ♩. = 100

SOPRANO 1 AND 2

mf

1. The Storm King rides in his char - iot
2. Oh, would that I . . . could fol - low
3. Nay, nay, my child, for no man may

ALTO

mf

1. The Storm King rides in his char - iot
2. Oh, would that I . . could fol - low
3. Nay, nay, my child; no man may

BASS

mf

Allegro ma non troppo

mp

Optional accomp.

mf

f

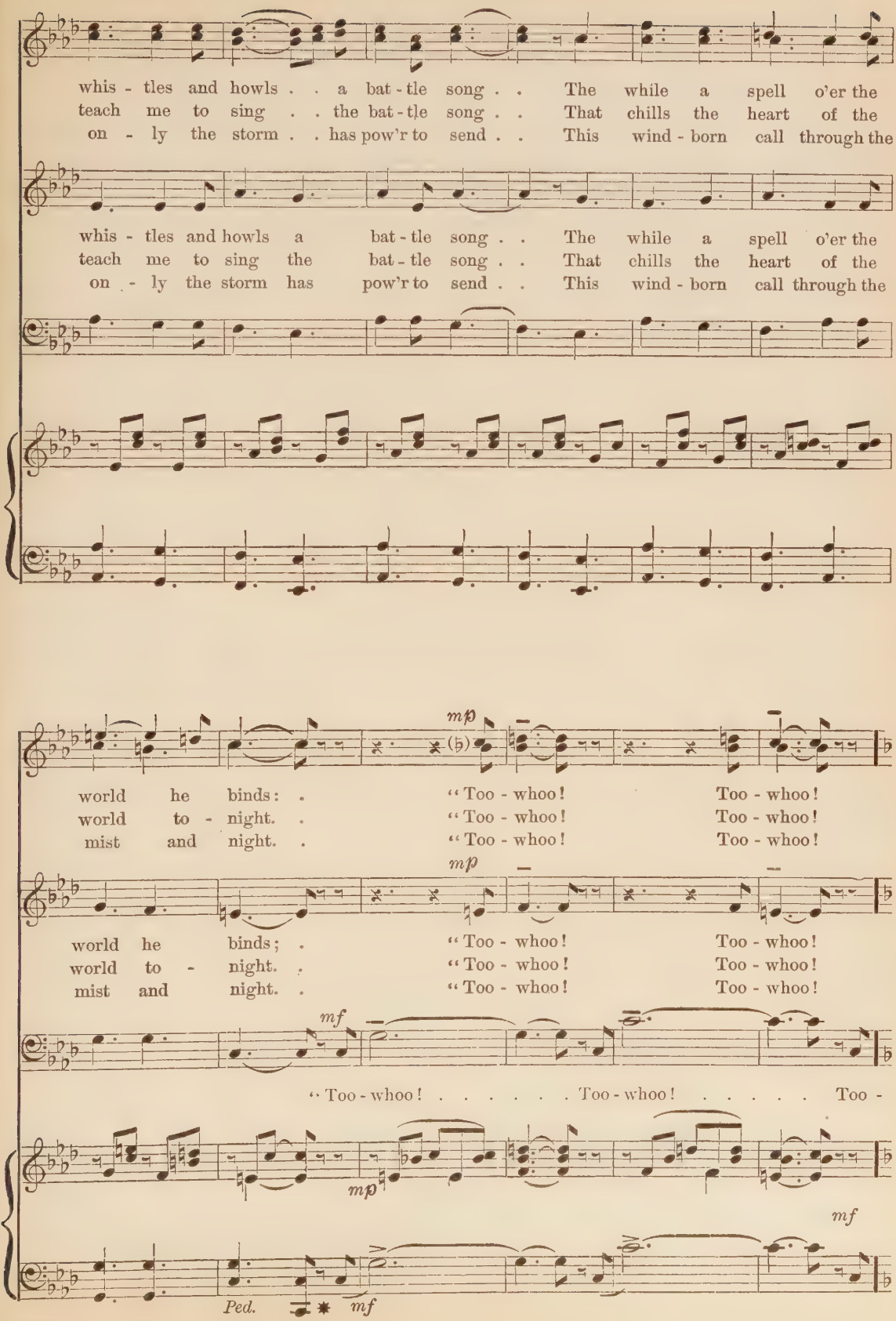
white . . And the breath of his steeds are the cold north winds; He
fast . . . In the wake of that wind - drawn char - iot . white! Oh,
live . . . . . To say he has sat in my char - iot . white; And

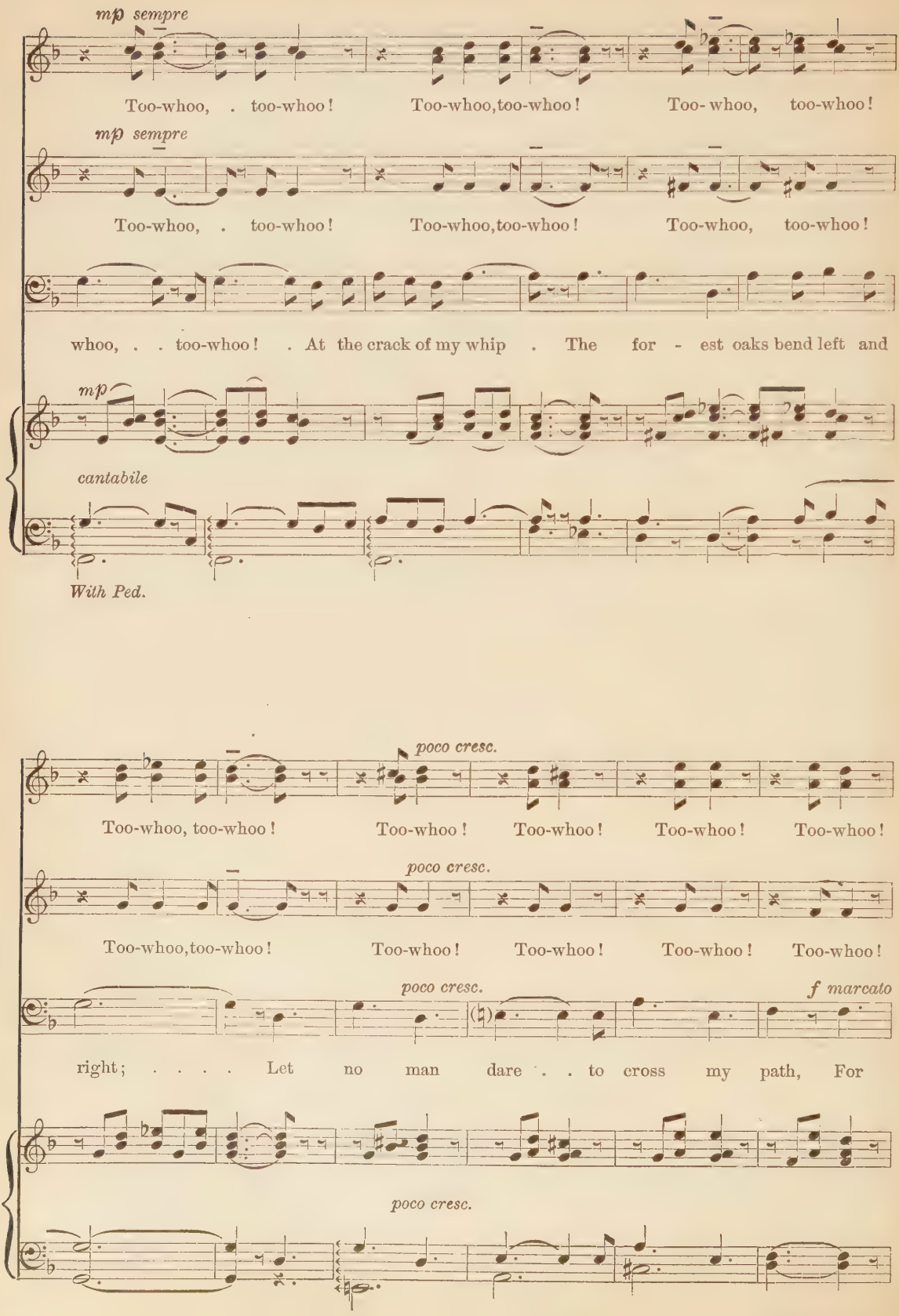
f

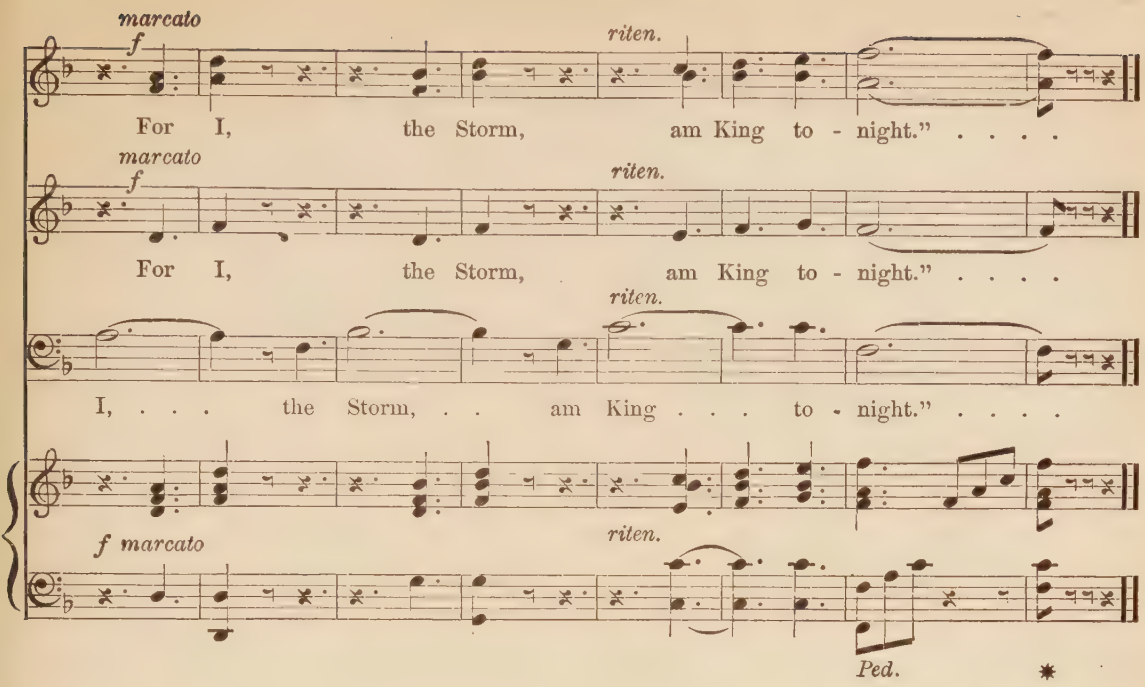
white And the breath of his steeds are the cold north winds; He
fast In the wake of that wind - drawn char - iot white! Oh,
live . . . To say he has sat in my char - iot white; And

f

f

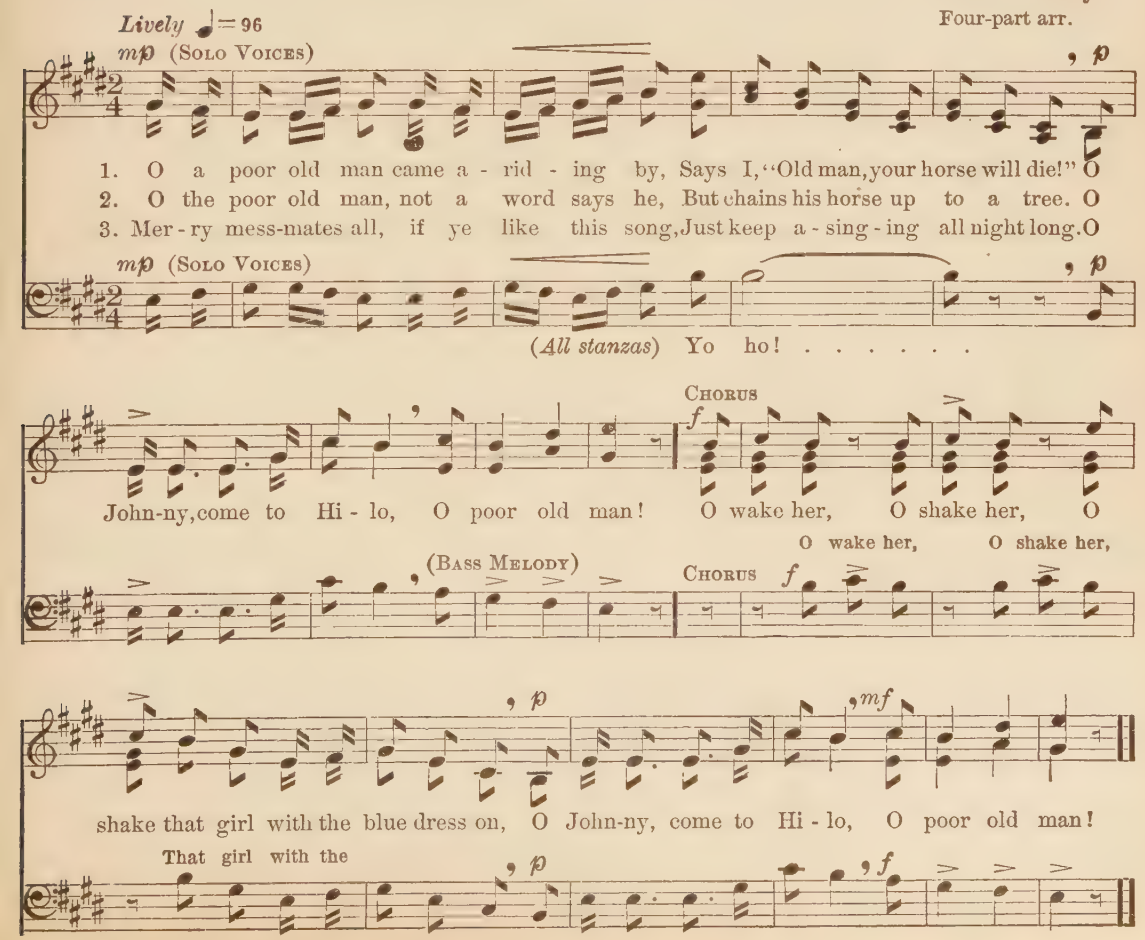

whis - tles and howls . . a bat - tle song . . The while a spell o'er the
teach me to sing . . the bat - tle song . . That chills the heart of the
on - ly the storm . . has pow'r to send . . This wind - born call through the
whis - tles and howls a bat - tle song . . The while a spell o'er the
teach me to sing the bat - tle song . . That chills the heart of the
on - ly the storm has pow'r to send . . This wind - born call through the
mp
world he binds: . "Too - whoo! Too - whoo!
world to - night. . "Too - whoo! Too - whoo!
mist and night. . "Too - whoo! Too - whoo!
mp
world he binds; . "Too - whoo! Too - whoo!
world to - night. . "Too - whoo! Too - whoo!
mist and night. . "Too - whoo! Too - whoo!
mf
"Too - whoo! . . . . . Too - whoo! . . . . . Too -
mp
mf
Ped.
mf


mp sempre
Too-whoo, . too-whoo! Too-whoo,too-whoo! Too- whoo, too-whoo!
mp sempre
Too-whoo, . too-whoo! Too-whoo,too-whoo! Too-whoo, too-whoo!
whoo, . . too-whoo! . At the crack of my whip . The for - est oaks bend left and
mp
cantabile
With Ped.
poco cresc.
Too-whoo, too-whoo! Too-whoo! Too-whoo! Too-whoo! Too-whoo!
poco cresc.
Too-whoo,too-whoo! Too-whoo! Too-whoo! Too-whoo! Too-whoo!
poco cresc.
f marcato
right; . . . . Let no man dare . . to cross my path, For
poco cresc.

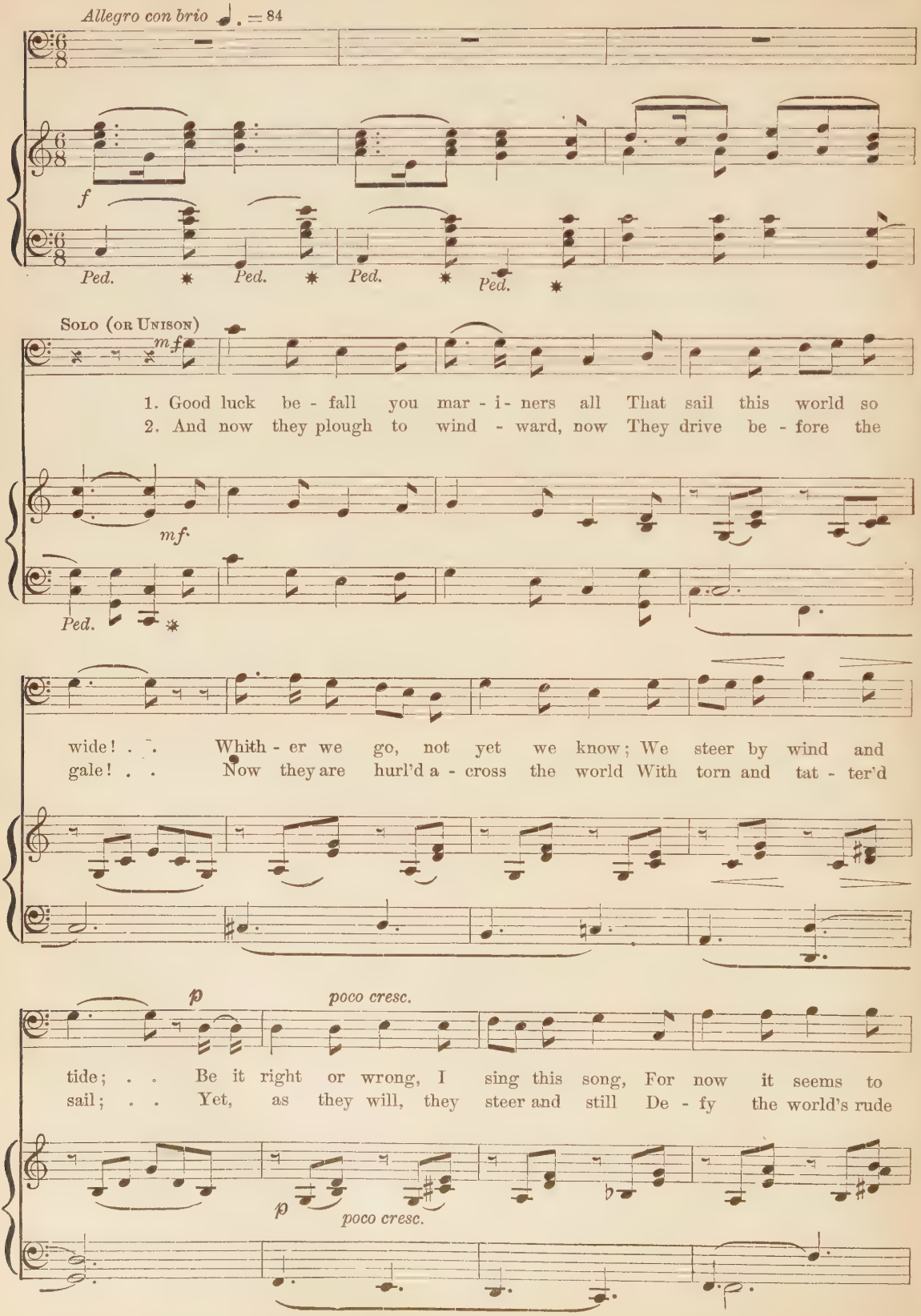

marcato
f
riten.
For I, the Storm, am King to - night." . . . .
marcato
f
riten.
For I, the Storm, am King to - night." . . . .
riten.
I, . . . the Storm, . . am King . . . to - night." . . . .
f marcato
riten.
Ped.
*

THE POOR OLD MAN

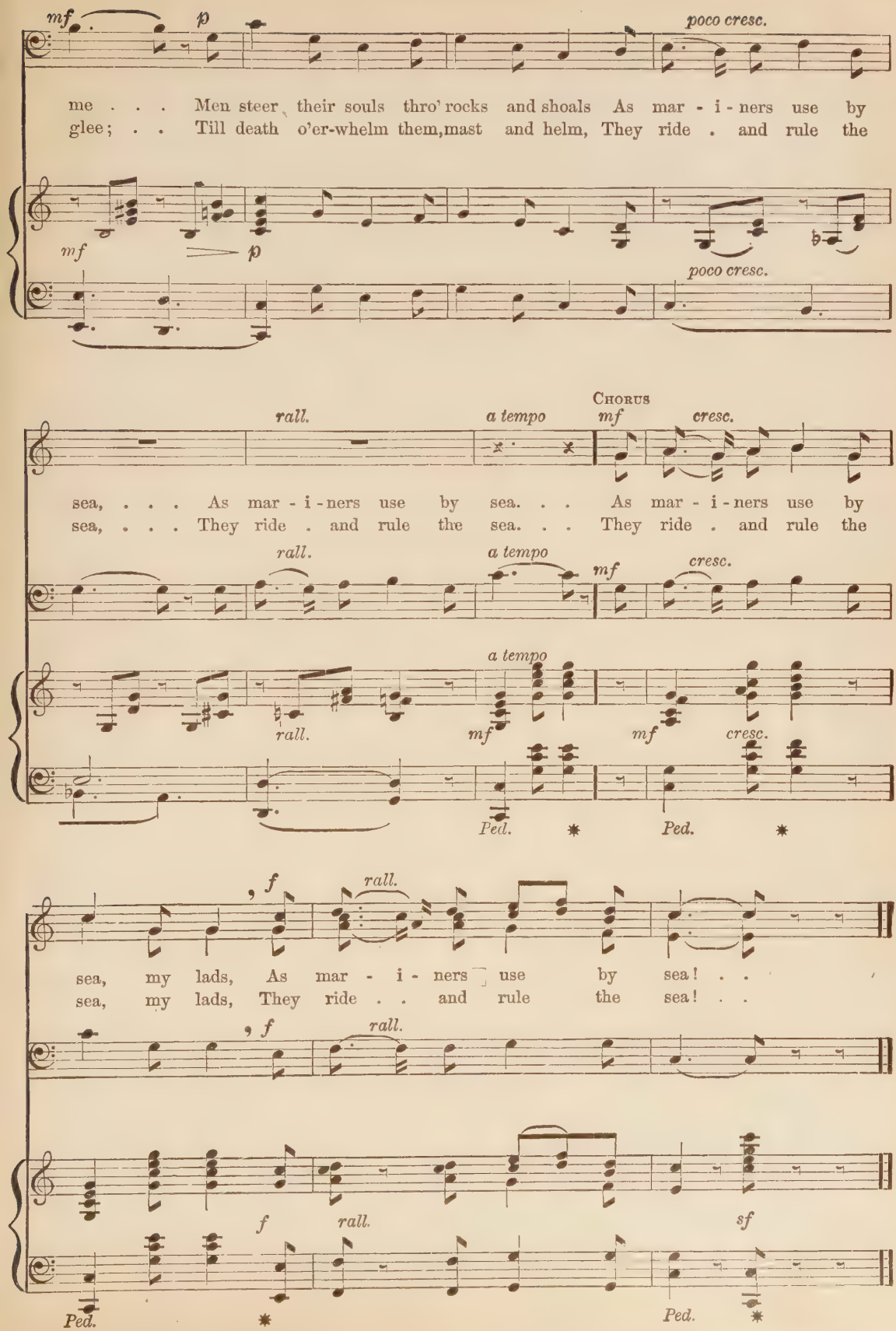
Old Sailor Chantey
Four-part arr.


Lively ♩= 96
mp (Solo Voices)
p
1. O a poor old man came a - rid - ing by, Says I, "Old man, your horse will die!" O
2. O the poor old man, not a word says he, But chains his horse up to a tree. O
3. Mer - ry mess-mates all, if ye like this song, Just keep a - sing - ing all night long. O
mp (Solo Voices)
p
(All stanzas) Yo ho! . . . . . .
Chorus
f
John-ny, come to Hi - lo, O poor old man! O wake her, O shake her, O
O wake her, O shake her,
(Bass Melody)
Chorus f
p
mf
shake that girl with the blue dress on, O John-ny, come to Hi - lo, O poor old man!
That girl with the
p
f

ALFRED NOYES* E. W. JOHNS


Allegro con brio ♩. = 84
f
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
SOLO (OR UNISON)
mf
1. Good luck be - fall you mar - i - ners all That sail this world so
2. And now they plough to wind - ward, now They drive be - fore the
mf
Ped. *
wide! . . Whith - er we go, not yet we know; We steer by wind and
gale! . . Now they are hurl'd a - cross the world With torn and tat - ter'd
p poco cresc.
tide; . . Be it right or wrong, I sing this song, For now it seems to
sail; . . Yet, as they will, they steer and still De - fy the world's rude
p poco cresc.

* Words copyright, 1913, by FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY.


mf
p
poco cresc.
me . . . Men steer their souls thro' rocks and shoals As mar - i - ners use by
glee; . . Till death o'er-whelm them, mast and helm, They ride . and rule the
mf
p
poco cresc.
rall.
a tempo
Chorus
mf
cresc.
sea, . . . As mar - i - ners use by sea. . . As mar - i - ners use by
sea, . . . They ride . and rule the sea. . . They ride . and rule the
rall.
a tempo
mf
cresc.
a tempo
rall.
mf
mf
cresc.
Ped.
Ped.
f
rall.
sea, my lads, As mar - i - ners use by sea! . .
sea, my lads, They ride . . and rule the sea! . .
f
rall.
f
rall.
sf
Ped.
Ped.

KATHARINE WHITMORE

ANTONIN DVOŘÁK
Arr. for this work

Adagio ♩ = 46

SOLO OR UNISON (UNCHANGED VOICES)

p espress.

1. Soft and low, soft and low,
2. Mag - ic sight, mag - ic sight;

pp *p* *pp*

trem.

Ped.
ppp *8va*.....

Wind of south - ern clime, Sweet and slow, sweet and slow Bears the ves - per chime.
Thro' the musk - y glooms, Cups of light, cups of light, White mag - no - lia blooms!

p *pp* *p*

SOPRANOS
1 AND 2

mp

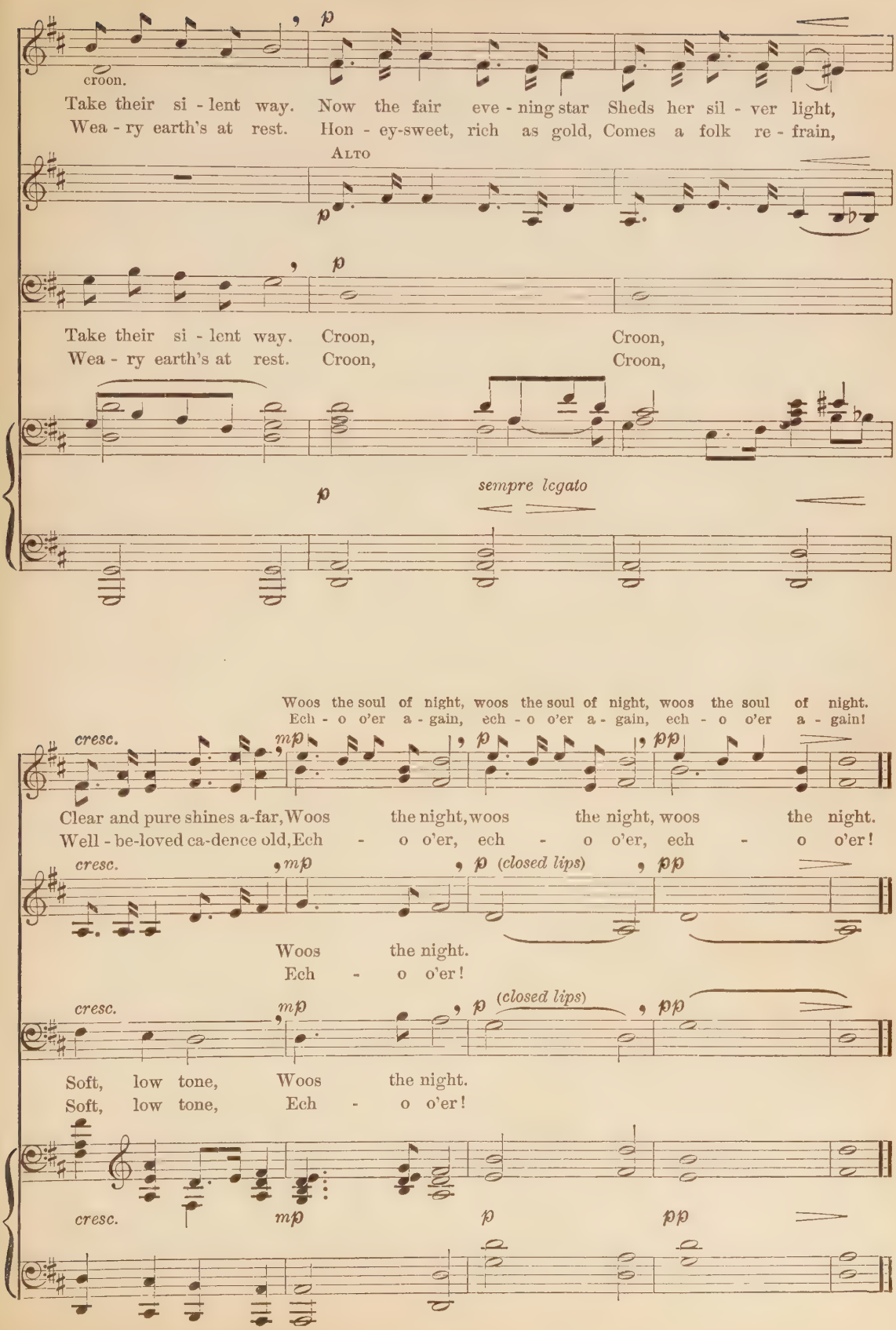
Croon, croon, croon,
Pur - ple clouds high a - bove, Dream-ing of the day, On the warm breeze they love
Lull - a - by, sweet - ly sleep, Birds have sought the nest; Lull - a - by, slum - ber deep.

BASS *mp*

mp

Ped. *Ped.*

*The accompaniment is essential throughout.


croon.
Take their si - lent way. Now the fair eve - ning star Sheds her sil - ver light,
Wea - ry earth's at rest. Hon - ey-sweet, rich as gold, Comes a folk re - frain,
Alto
Take their si - lent way. Croon, Croon,
Wea - ry earth's at rest. Croon, Croon,
sempre legato
Woos the soul of night, woos the soul of night, woos the soul of night.
Ech - o o'er a - gain, ech - o o'er a - gain, ech - o o'er a - gain!
cresc.
Clear and pure shines a-far, Woos the night, woos the night, woos the night.
Well - be-loved ca-dence old, Ech - o o'er, ech - o o'er, ech - o o'er!
(closed lips)
Woos the night.
Ech - o o'er!
Soft, low tone, Woos the night.
Soft, low tone, Ech - o o'er!

BEDOUIN LOVE SONG

BAYARD TAYLOR

CIRO PINSUTI
Four-part arr.

Risoluto

f *sf* *sf* *sf*

Allegretto moderato assai ♩ = 96

SOLO (OR UNISON)

mp

1. From the des - ert I come to thee On my
2. From thy win-dow . . look and see . . . . . My

sf *mp* *sempre staccato*

mp

A - rab shod with fire,
pas - sion and my pain!

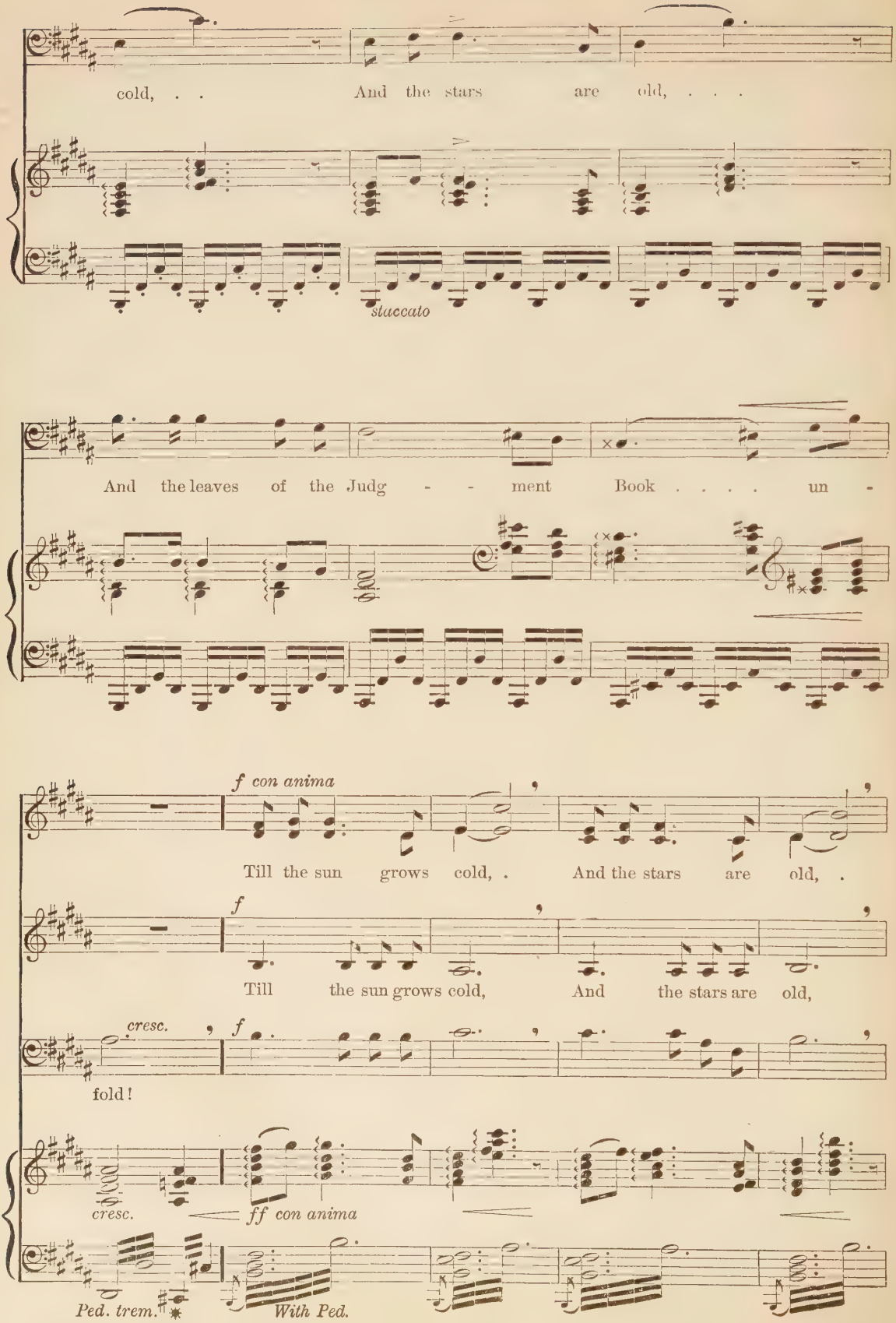
And the
I . .

f risoluto

mp sempre staccato

winds are left be - hind . . In the speed of my de - sire.
lie on the sand be - low, . . And I faint in thy dis - dain.

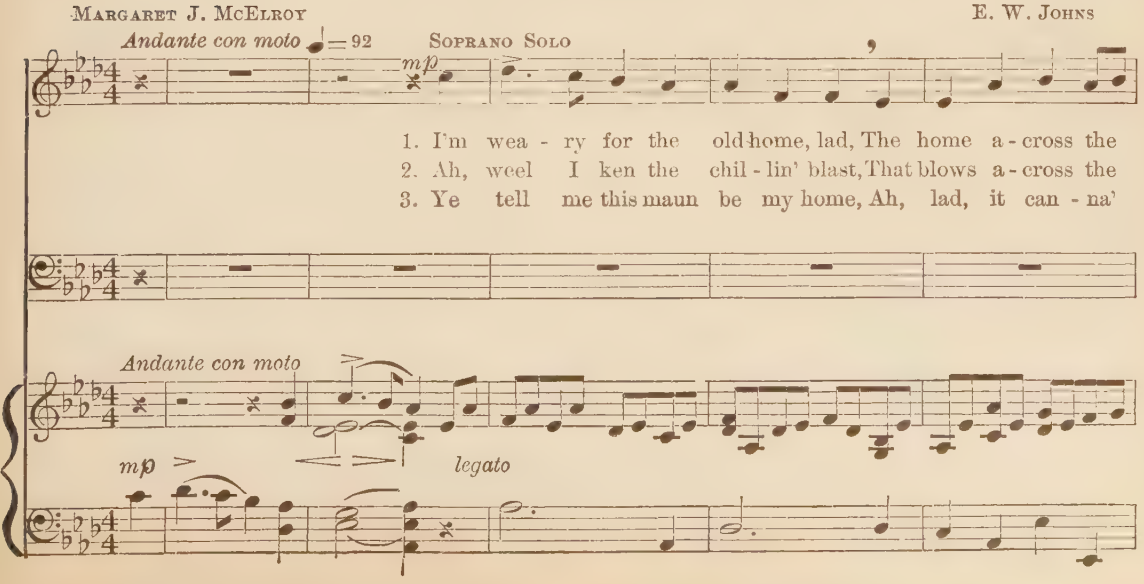
p
Un - der thy win - dow . I stand, . . And the mid - night hears my
Let . the night winds touch thy brow . . With the breath of my burn - ing
p
animando e cresc.
f
cry, . . . I love thee, I love but thee With a love that shall not
sigh . . . And melt thee to hear the vow Of a love that shall not
animando e cresc.
f
molto rall.
a tempo
die, With a love that shall not die, ...
die, Of a love that shall not die, ...
a tempo
molto rall
rall.
meno mosso espress.
. . . . . Till the sun grows
meno mosso
f
rall.
Without Pedal

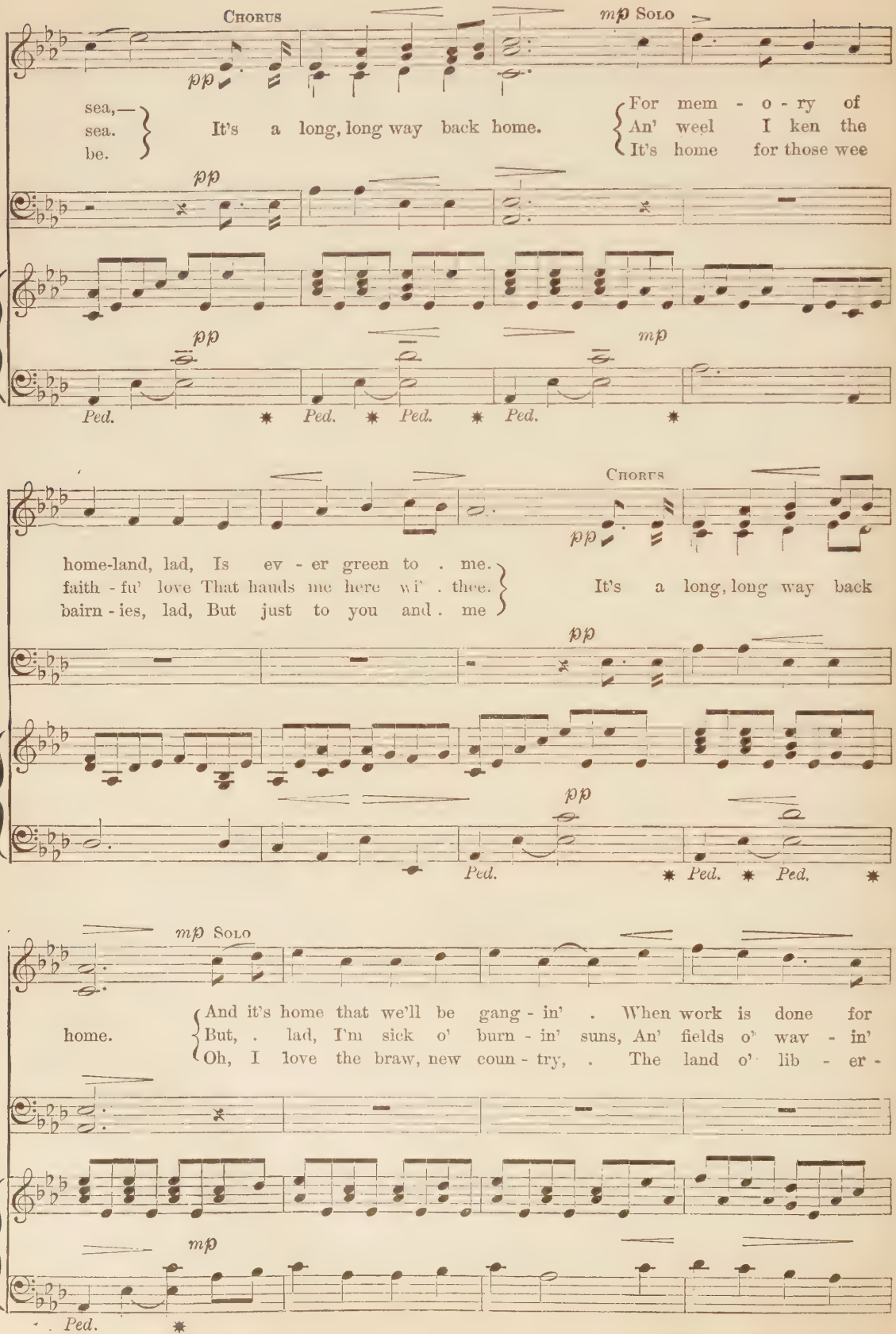

cold, . . And the stars are old, . . .
staccato
And the leaves of the Judg - - ment Book . . . . un -
f con anima
Till the sun grows cold, . And the stars are old, .
f
Till the sun grows cold, And the stars are old,
cresc.
f
fold!
cresc.
ff con anima
Ped. trem.
With Ped.

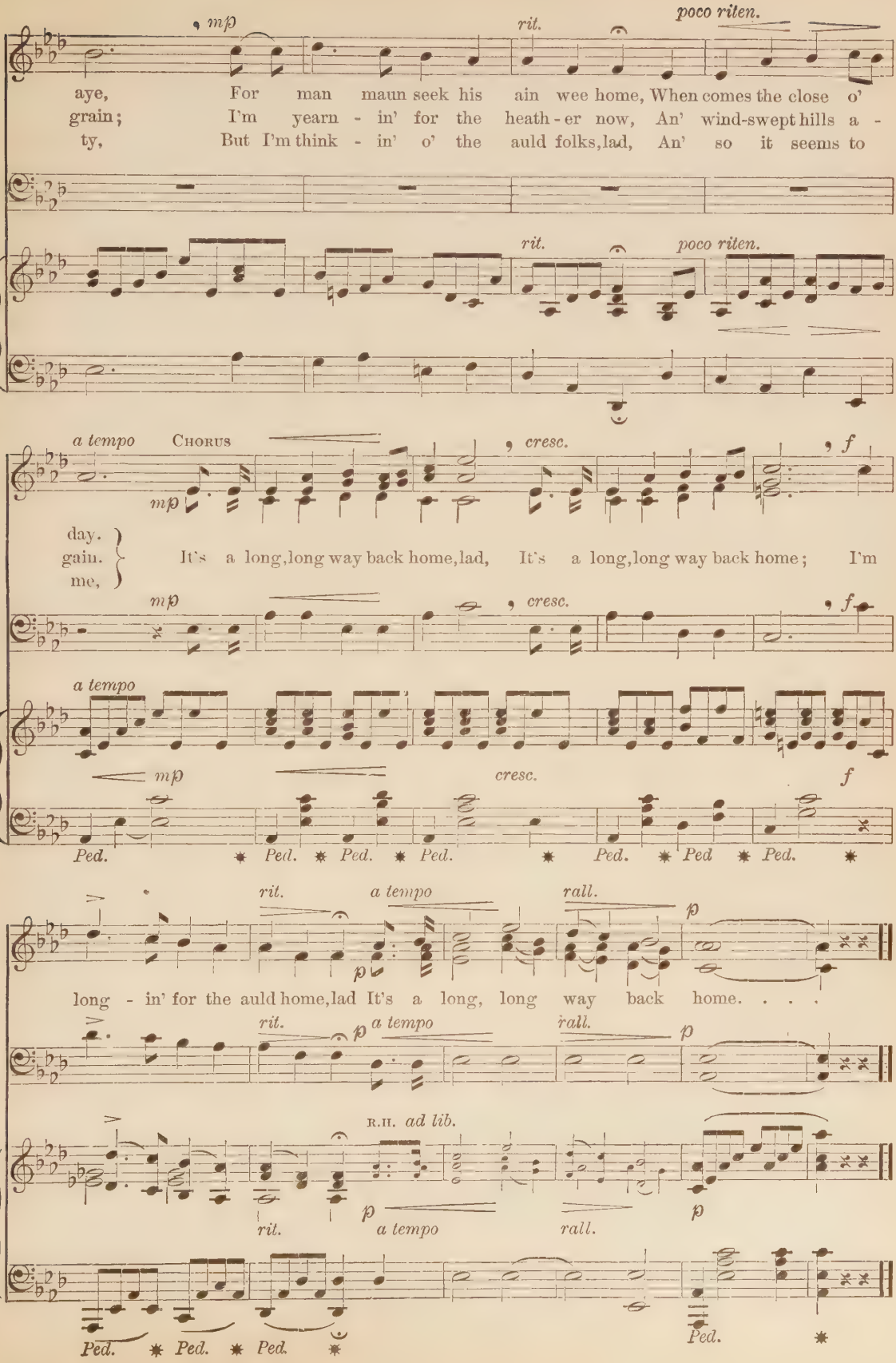
THE SONG OF THE IMMIGRANT

(Complete without Bass)

Margaret J. McElroy E. W. Johns


Andante con moto ♩ = 92
Soprano Solo
mp
1. I'm wea - ry for the old home, lad, The home a - cross the
2. Ah, weel I ken the chil - lin' blast, That blows a - cross the
3. Ye tell me this maun be my home, Ah, lad, it can - na'
Andante con moto
mp
legato


Chorus
mp Solo
pp
sea,—
sea.
be.
It's a long, long way back home.
For mem - o - ry of
An' weel I ken the
It's home for those wee
pp
pp
mp
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
Chorus
pp
home-land, lad, Is ev - er green to . me.
faith - fu' love That hauds me here wi' . thee.
bairn - ies, lad, But just to you and . me
It's a long, long way back
pp
pp
Ped. Ped. Ped.
mp Solo
home.
And it's home that we'll be gang - in' . When work is done for
But, . lad, I'm sick o' burn - in' suns, An' fields o' wav - in'
Oh, I love the braw, new coun - try, . The land o' lib - er -
mp
Ped.


mp
rit.
poco riten.
aye, For man maun seek his ain wee home, When comes the close o'
grain; I'm yearn - in' for the heath - er now, An' wind-swept hills a -
ty, But I'm think - in' o' the auld folks, lad, An' so it seems to
rit.
poco riten.
a tempo
Chorus
cresc.
f
day.
gain.
me,
It's a long, long way back home, lad, It's a long, long way back home; I'm
mp
cresc.
f
a tempo
mp
cresc.
f
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped * Ped. *
rit.
a tempo
rall.
p
long - in' for the auld home, lad It's a long, long way back home. . . .
rit.
p
a tempo
rall.
p
R.H. ad lib.
p
rit.
a tempo
rall.
p
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
Ped. *

RULE, BRITANNIA!

JAMES THOMSON

DR. THOMAS AUGUSTINE ARNE

Maestoso ♩ = 84

mf UNISON

1. When Bri - tain first, . . at Heav'n's com-mand, A - rose . . . . . from out the
2. The mus - es, still . . with free - dom found, Shall to . . . . . thy hap - py

mf

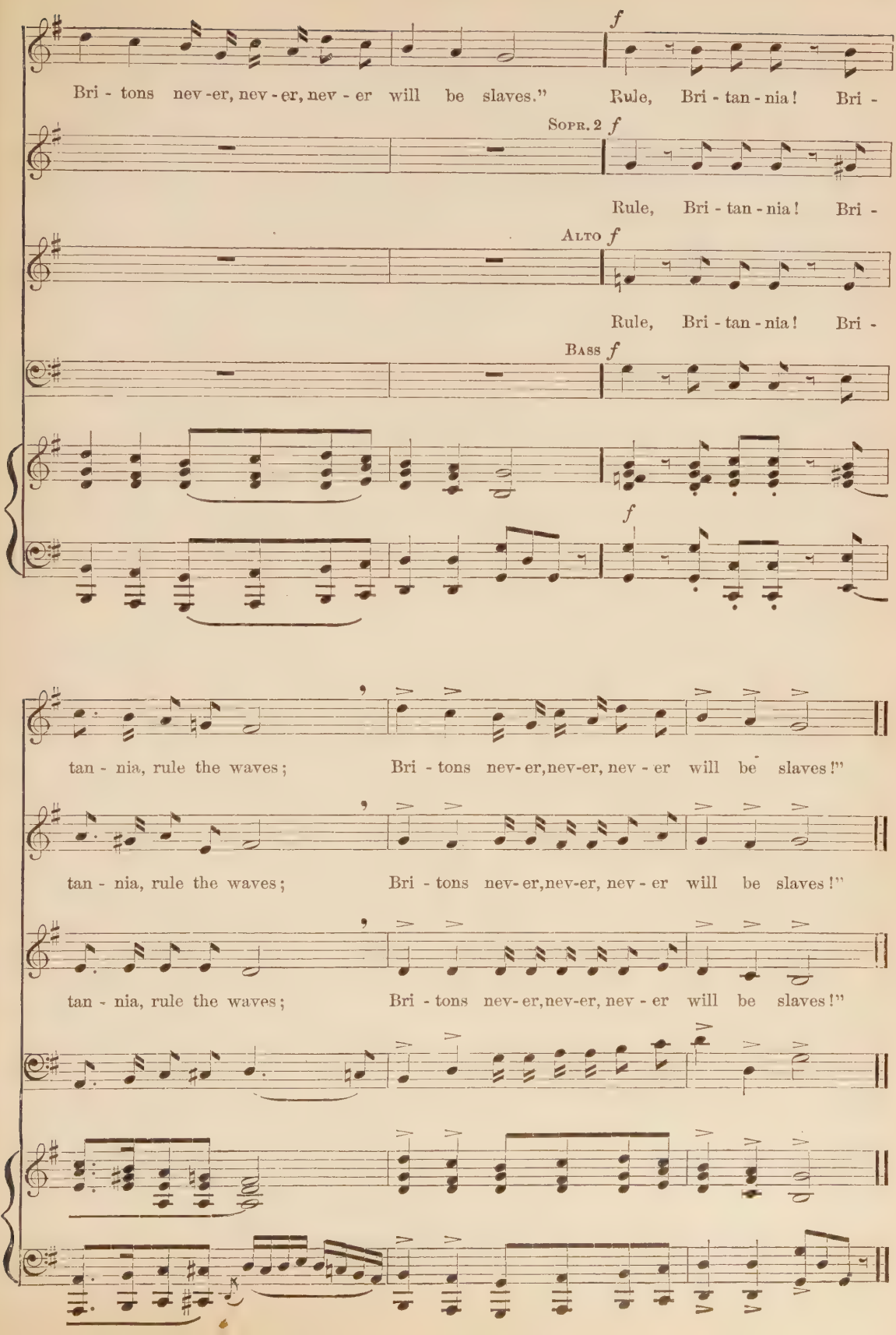
az - ure main, A - rose from out, a - rose from out the az - ure main,
coast . re - pair: Shall to thy hap - py coast, thy hap - py coast re - pair.

This was the char-ter, the char - ter of the land, And guard-ian, guard-ian an - gels
Blest, blest Isle with match - less beau-ty crown'd And man - ly, man-ly hearts to

f

sang this strain: "Rule, Bri - tan - nia! Bri - tan - nia, rule the waves;
guard the fair. "Rule, Bri - tan - nia! Bri - tan - nia, rule the waves;

f


f
Bri - tons nev - er, nev - er, nev - er will be slaves." Rule, Bri - tan - nia! Bri -
Sopr. 2 f
Rule, Bri - tan - nia! Bri -
Alto f
Rule, Bri - tan - nia! Bri -
Bass f
f
tan - nia, rule the waves; Bri - tons nev - er, nev - er, nev - er will be slaves!"
tan - nia, rule the waves; Bri - tons nev - er, nev - er, nev - er will be slaves!"
tan - nia, rule the waves; Bri - tons nev - er, nev - er, nev - er will be slaves!"

ALFRED NOYES*

E. W. JOHNS

Allegro moderato ♩ = 108

f

dimin.

mp SOLO (OR UNISON)

1. The moon is up: . . . the stars are bright: . The
2. We're sick of all . . . the cring - ing knees, . . The
3. Be - yond the light . . of far Cath - ay, . . . Be -

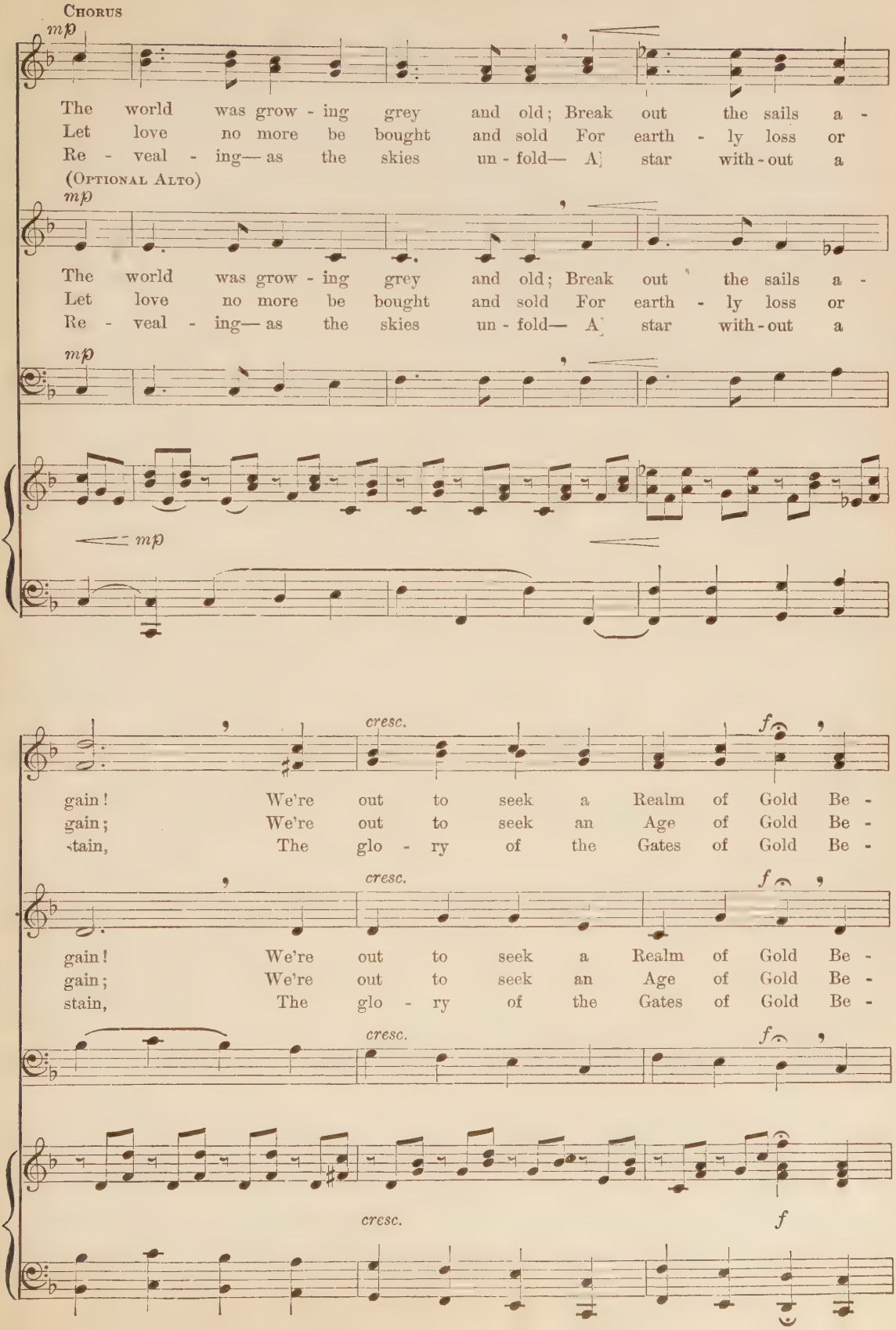
mp

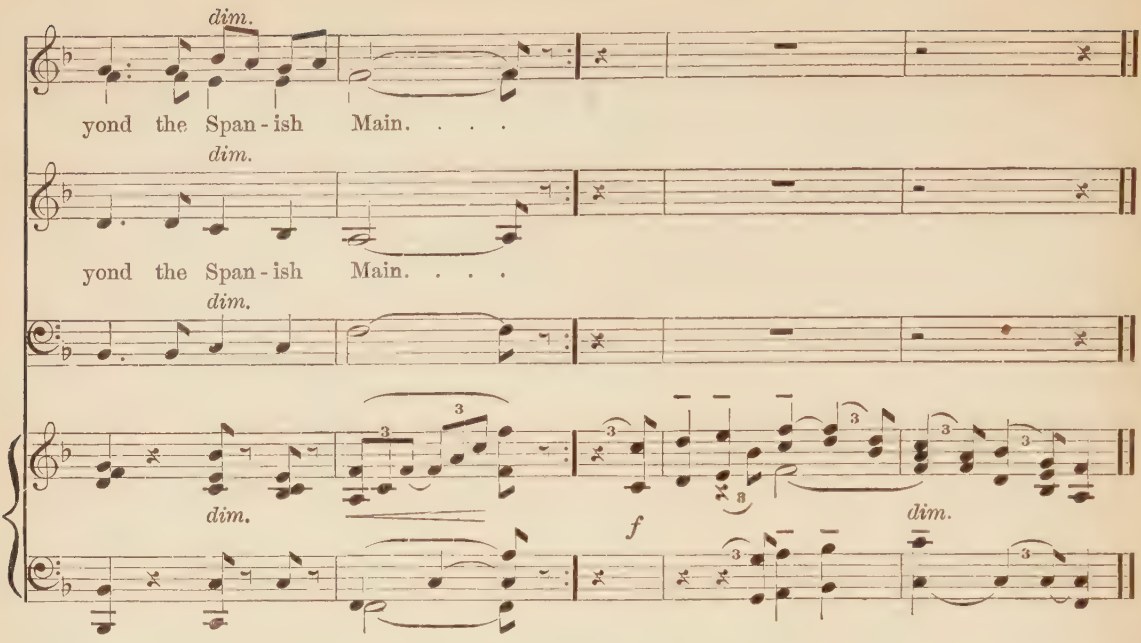
wind is fresh . . and free! . . . . We're out to seek for
court - ly smiles . and lies! . . . . God, let thy sing - ing
yond all mor - tal dreams, . . . Be - yond the reach of

p

gold to - night A - cross the . sil - ver sea! . . . .
Chan - nel breeze . Light - en our hearts and eyes! . . . .
night and day Our El Do - ra - do gleams, . . .

*Words copyright, 1913, by FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY.


Chorus
mp
The world was grow - ing grey and old; Break out the sails a -
Let love no more be bought and sold For earth - ly loss or
Re - veal - ing— as the skies un - fold— A star with - out a
(Optional Alto)
mp
The world was grow - ing grey and old; Break out the sails a -
Let love no more be bought and sold For earth - ly loss or
Re - veal - ing— as the skies un - fold— A star with - out a
mp
mp
cresc.
f
gain! We're out to seek a Realm of Gold Be -
gain; We're out to seek an Age of Gold Be -
stain, The glo - ry of the Gates of Gold Be -
cresc.
f
gain! We're out to seek a Realm of Gold Be -
gain; We're out to seek an Age of Gold Be -
stain, The glo - ry of the Gates of Gold Be -
cresc.
f
cresc.
f



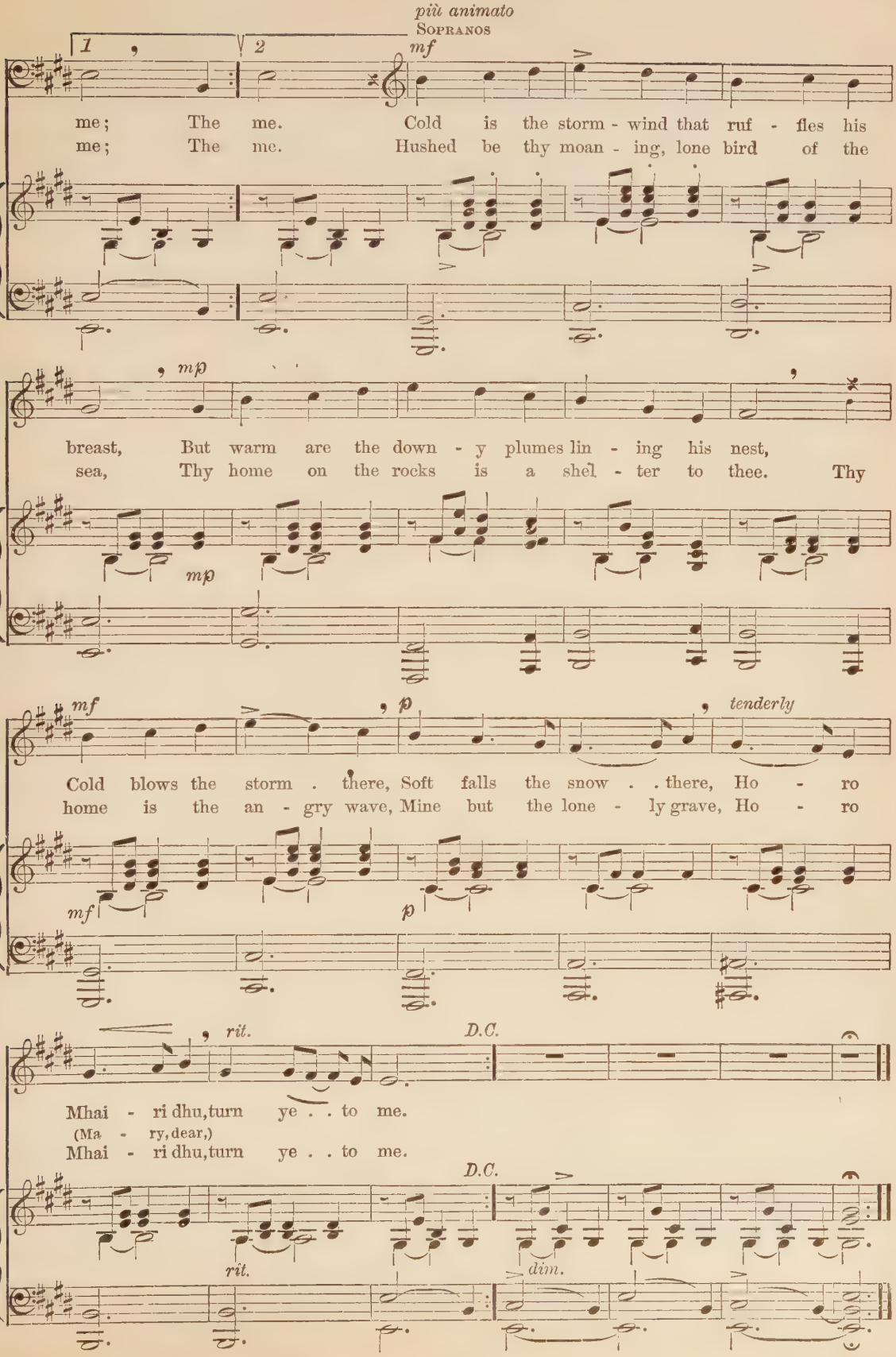
TURN YE TO ME

John Wilson (Christopher North)

Old Highland Melody
Arr. by Malcolm Lawson

Andante espressivo ♩ = 96
Basses*
mf
1. The stars . are shin - ing
sea mew is moan - ing
2. The waves are danc - ing
sea - birds are wail - ing
p
cantabile
mf
p
cheer - i - ly, cheer - i - ly,
drear - i - ly, drear - i - ly,
mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly,
wea - ri - ly, wea - ri - ly,
Ho - ro Mhai - ri dhu, turn ye . . to
(Ma - ry dear,)
Ho - ro Mhai - ri dhu, turn ye . . to
p

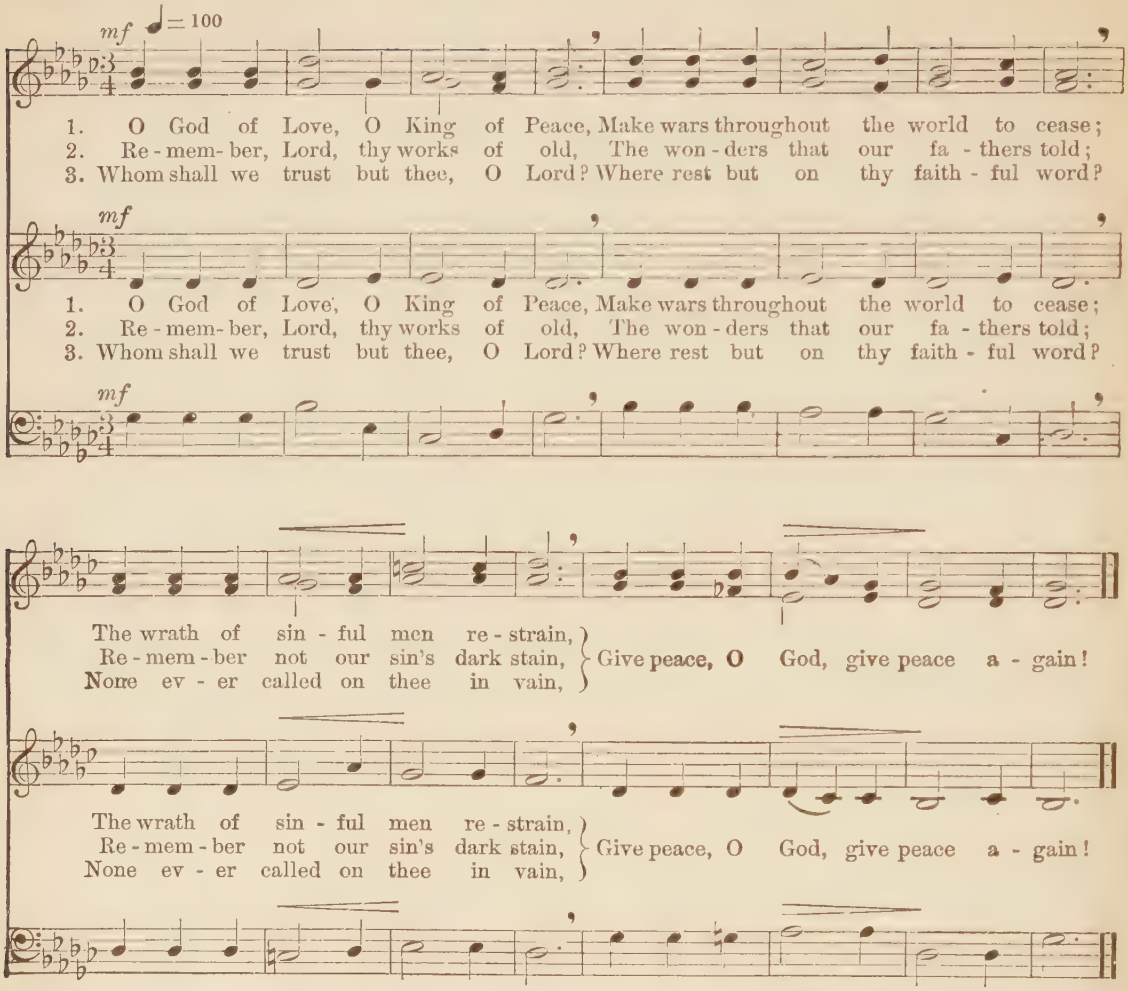
* In the absence of basses, this melody may be sung by altos.


più animato
Sopranos
mf
1
2
me; The me. Cold is the storm - wind that ruf - fles his
me; The me. Hushed be thy moan - ing, lone bird of the
mp
breast, But warm are the down - y plumes lin - ing his nest,
sea, Thy home on the rocks is a shel - ter to thee. Thy
mp
mf
p
tenderly
Cold blows the storm . there, Soft falls the snow . . there, Ho - ro
home is the an - gry wave, Mine but the lone - ly grave, Ho - ro
mf
p
rit.
D.C.
Mhai - ri dhu, turn ye . . to me.
(Ma - ry, dear,)
Mhai - ri dhu, turn ye . . to me.
D.C.
rit.
dim.

O GOD OF LOVE!

HENRY W. BAKER

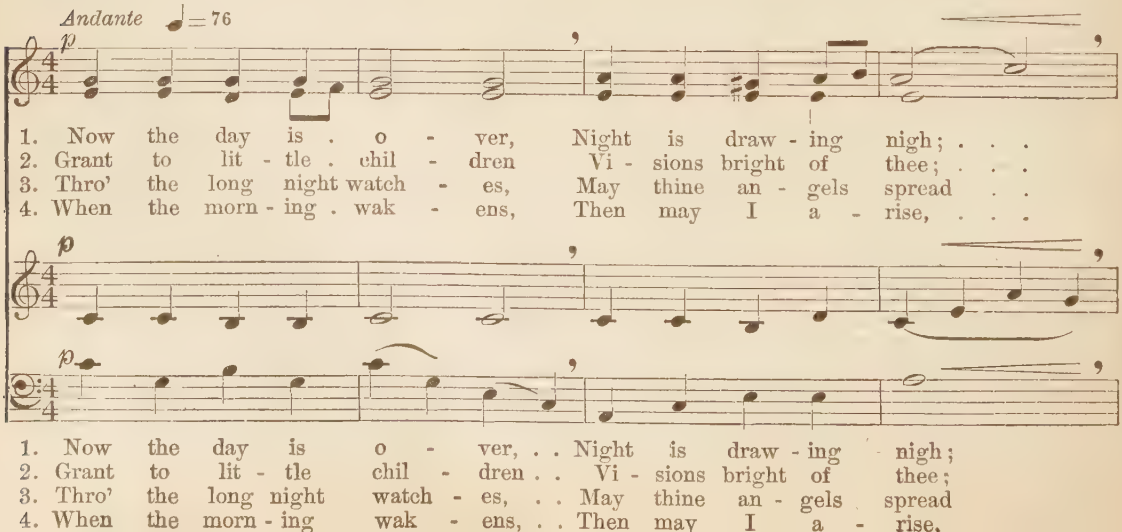
HENRY W. BAKER


mf
♩= 100
1. O God of Love, O King of Peace, Make wars throughout the world to cease;
2. Re-mem-ber, Lord, thy works of old, The won-ders that our fa-thers told;
3. Whom shall we trust but thee, O Lord? Where rest but on thy faith-ful word?
mf
1. O God of Love, O King of Peace, Make wars throughout the world to cease;
2. Re-mem-ber, Lord, thy works of old, The won-ders that our fa-thers told;
3. Whom shall we trust but thee, O Lord? Where rest but on thy faith-ful word?
mf
The wrath of sin-ful men re-strain,
Re-mem-ber not our sin's dark stain,
None ev-er called on thee in vain,
Give peace, O God, give peace a-gain!
The wrath of sin-ful men re-strain,
Re-mem-ber not our sin's dark stain,
None ev-er called on thee in vain,
Give peace, O God, give peace a-gain!

NOW THE DAY IS OVER

REV. S. BARING GOULD

JOSEPH BARNBY


Andante ♩= 76
p
1. Now the day is o-ver, Night is draw-ing nigh; . . .
2. Grant to lit-tle chil-dren Vi-sions bright of thee; . . .
3. Thro' the long night watch-es, May thine an-gels spread . .
4. When the morn-ing wak-ens, Then may I a-rise, . . .
p
p
1. Now the day is o-ver, . . Night is draw-ing nigh;
2. Grant to lit-tle chil-dren . . Vi-sions bright of thee;
3. Thro' the long night watch-es, . . May thine an-gels spread
4. When the morn-ing wak-ens, . . Then may I a-rise.

mf
dim.
p poco rit.
pp
Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
Guard the sail - ors toss - ing On the deep blue sea.
Their white wings a - bove me, Watch - ing round my bed.
Pure and fresh and sin - less In thy ho - ly eyes.
mf
dim.
p poco rit.
pp
mf
dim.
p poco rit.
pp
Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
Guard the sail - ors toss - ing On the deep blue sea.
Their white wings a - bove me, Watch - ing round my bed.
Pure and fresh and sin - less In thy ho - - - - ly eyes.

OUR NATIVE LAND

From the Norwegian of
NORDAHL ROLFSEN

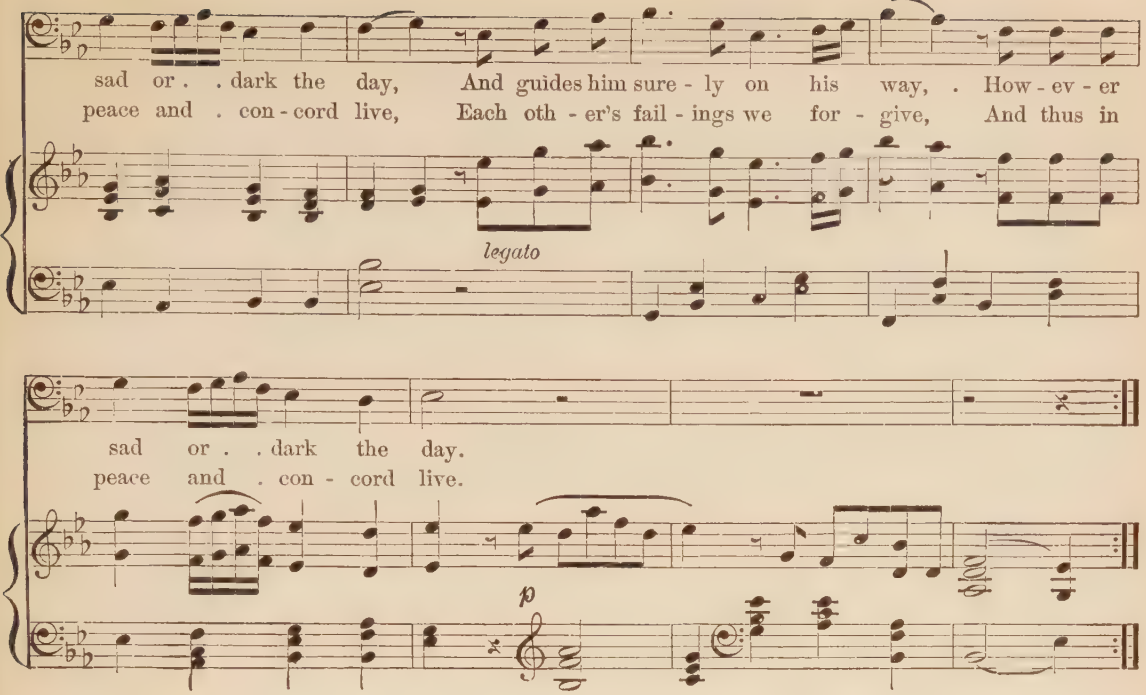
EDVARD GRIEG

Grandioso ♩ = 76
mf
ff
1. O God of Hosts, with thy strong hand Pro - tect the sons of our fair land; Be
2. Thou Lord, de - fend this land of ours, Its smil - ing shores, its moun-tain tow'rs; Thy
3. In truth and light we fain would grow, Thy laws would love, thy word would know; In
f
ff
dim.
thou our shield in war or peace, And guide our steps till life shall cease.
bless - ing on its fu - ture shed Like morn - ing dew when night is fled.
thee we will for aye a - bide, O Lord of all, be thou our guide!
dim.
Ped.

FRIENDSHIP

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART
From "The Magic Flute"

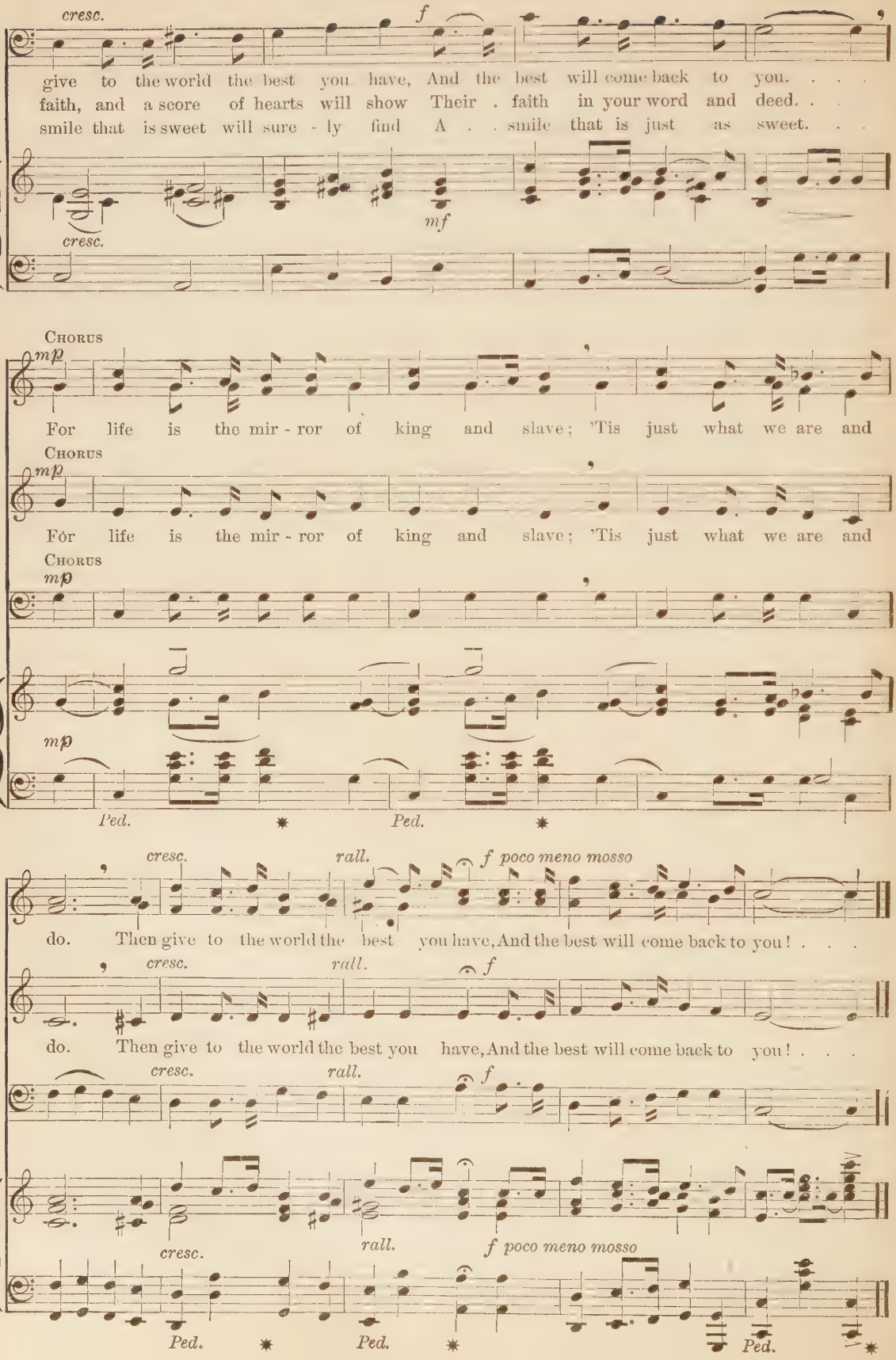
Larghetto ♩ = 76
p
1. Who treads the path of du - ty, Nor shrinks when hon-or
2. Who deep at heart would cher - ish Rude scorn or bit - ter
p
f
p legato
calls, Fills life with no - ble beau - ty, And ne'er re - treats nor falls;
hate, Who'd see an - oth-er per - ish, And joy to view his fate;
His steps the voice with - in . . . him leads . . By gen - tle
Not such with-in our ranks . . is found; . Here, friend-ly
simile
paths to gen - tle deeds, . And guides him sure-ly on his way, How-ev- er
cheer and help . . a - bound, . Each oth-er's fail-ings we for - give, And thus in


sad or . . dark the day, And guides him sure - ly on his way, . How - ev - er
peace and . con - cord live, Each oth - er's fail - ings we for - give, And thus in
legato
sad or . . dark the day.
peace and . con - cord live.
p

LIFE'S MIRROR

MARY ALINGE DE VERE JOHN E. WEST

Andante marziale ♩ = 100
Solo (or Semi-Chorus)
mf
1. There are loy - al . . hearts, there are
2. Give . love, and . love to your
3. Give . truth. and your gift will be
mf
dim.
p
Ped.
Ped.
spir - its brave, There are souls that are pure . . and true. . . . . Then .
life will flow, A . . strength in its ut - most need. . . . . Have .
paid in kind, And . hon - or will hon - or meet; . . . . And a


cresc.
f
give to the world the best you have, And the best will come back to you. . . .
faith, and a score of hearts will show Their . faith in your word and deed. . .
smile that is sweet will sure - ly find A . . smile that is just as sweet. . .
mf
cresc.
Chorus
mp
For life is the mir - ror of king and slave; 'Tis just what we are and
Chorus
mp
For life is the mir - ror of king and slave; 'Tis just what we are and
Chorus
mp
mp
Ped.
Ped.
cresc.
rall.
f poco meno mosso
do. Then give to the world the best you have, And the best will come back to you! . . .
cresc.
rall.
f
do. Then give to the world the best you have, And the best will come back to you! . . .
cresc.
rall.
f
cresc.
rall.
f poco meno mosso
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

PART FOUR

SOPRANO, ALTO, AND BASS

CHIEF OF THE ARAB BAND

PAUL BLISS

PAUL BLISS

Allegro con moto ♩. = 96
f dimin.
1 Ah! . . . . Foot loose!
2. Ah! . . . . He knows!
3. Ah! . . . . Twi - light!
f dimin.
mf (MELODY*)
1. Foot loose in the
2. I know the o -
3. Oft - times in the
ff con fuoco
dimin.
mf marcato
mp
Car - bine on his back, the A - rab chief, o - ver the des - ert!
Wav - ing palm trees grow, the A - rab chief knows hid-den val - leys!
By the tent, at rest, the A - rab chief there in the star - light!
mp
stir-rup, With car - bine on my back; Out o - ver the des - ert To
a - ses Where wav - ing palm-trees grow. I know hid-den val - leys Where
twi-light Be - side my tent, at rest; Dream - ing in the star-light, Fierce

*Unchanged voices may sing this melody.

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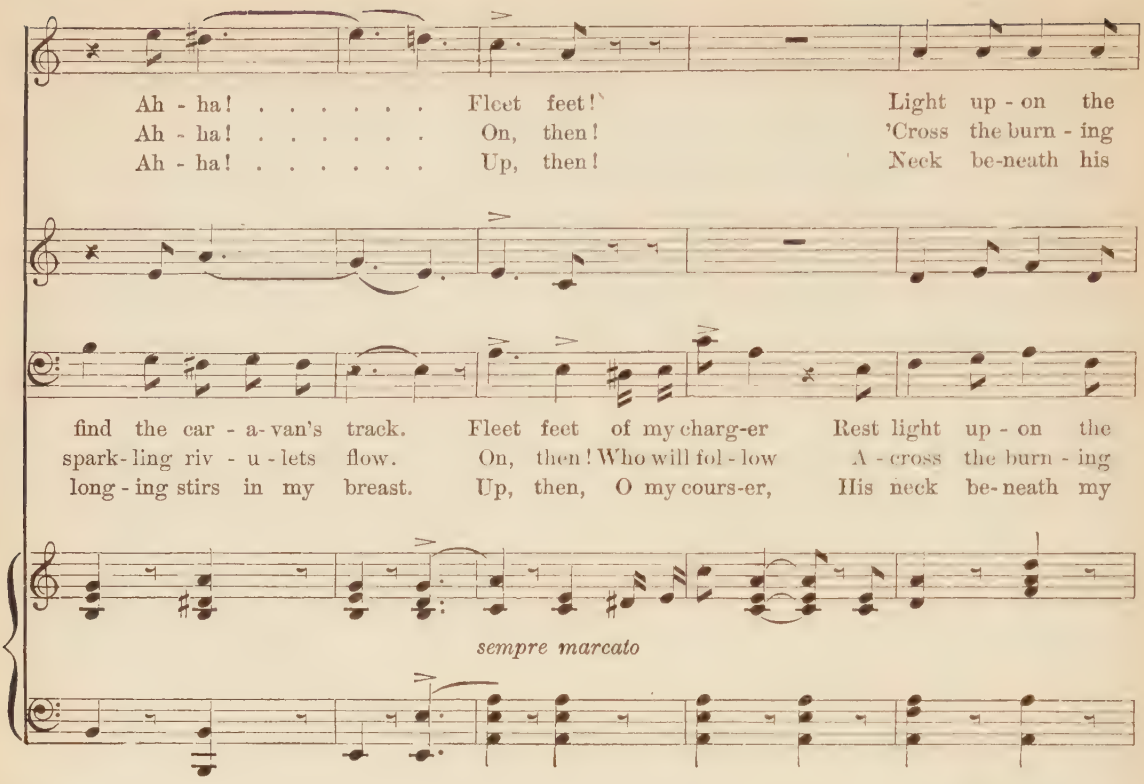
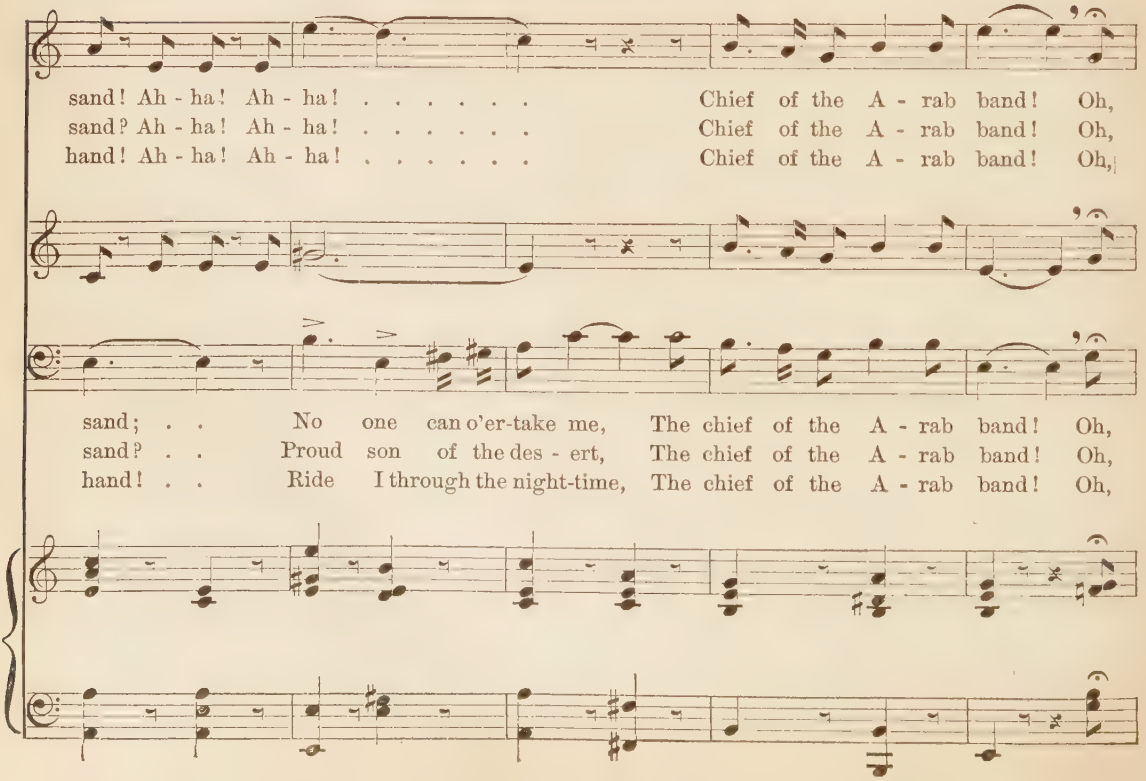

Ah - ha! . . . . . Fleet feet!
Ah - ha! . . . . . On, then!
Ah - ha! . . . . . Up, then!
Light up - on the
'Cross the burn - ing
Neck be-neath his
find the car - a-van's track.
spark-ling riv - u - lets flow.
long - ing stirs in my breast.
Fleet feet of my charg-er
On, then! Who will fol - low
Up, then, O my cours-er,
Rest light up - on the
A - cross the burn - ing
His neck be-neath my
sempre marcato


sand! Ah - ha! Ah - ha! . . . . . Chief of the A - rab band! Oh,
sand? Ah - ha! Ah - ha! . . . . . Chief of the A - rab band! Oh,
hand! Ah - ha! Ah - ha! . . . . . Chief of the A - rab band! Oh,
sand; . . No one can o'er-take me, The chief of the A - rab band! Oh,
sand? . . Proud son of the des - ert, The chief of the A - rab band! Oh,
hand! . . Ride I through the night-time, The chief of the A - rab band! Oh,

fly - - ing, Who will ride with lance in hand? Oh,
fly - ing on thro' the burn - ing yel - low sea, . . With lance in hand, Oh,
who will ride, fly - - ing? Hail the chief, the
who will ride with me? Fly - ing on thro' the burn - ing yel - low sea. . .
chief of the A - rab, chief of the A - rab, chief of the A - rab band! . . .
Chief of the A - rab band, ... Chief of the A - rab band! . . .

Mother Goose
Solo (or Unison)
Moderato ♩ = 92

J. W. Elliott
Three-part arr.

mf

1. One mist - y, moist - y morn - ing When cloud - y was the weath - er, O
2. I shook his hand at part - ing, Tho' cloud - y was the weath - er, This

mf

p Chorus *f* *mp*

there I met an old man,
im - be-cile old par - ty
} Cloth-ed all in leath - er, Cloth-ed all in leath - er, With

Chorus *f* *mp*

p *f* *mp*

mf *f*

cap un - der his chin. { O how d'ye do, and how d'ye do, And how d'ye do a - gain?
{ O fare thee well, and fare thee well, And fare thee well a - gain!

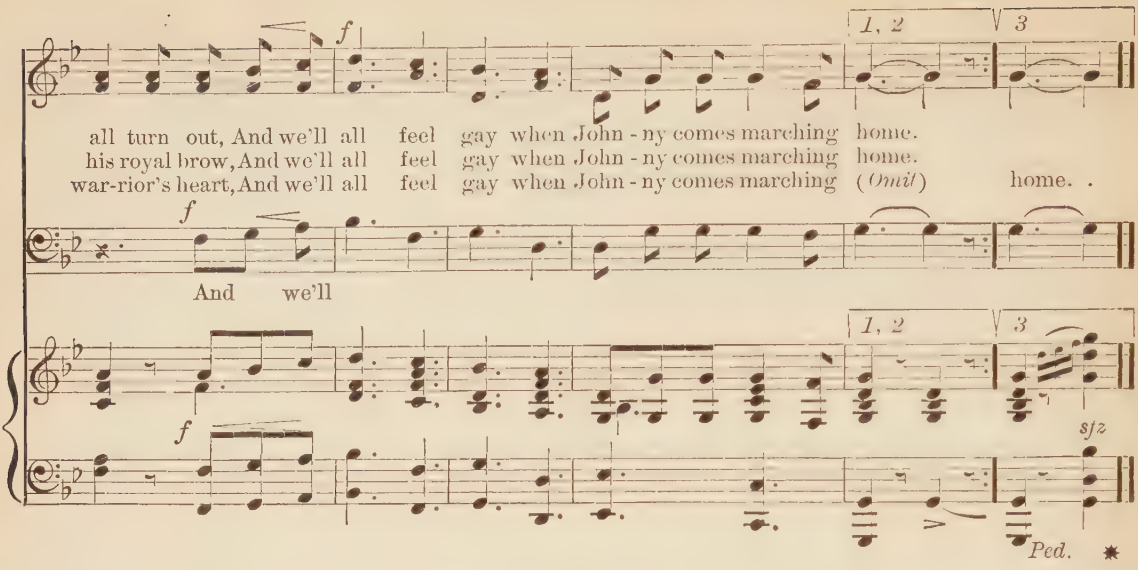
mf *f*

O how d'ye do, And how d'ye do a - gain?
O fare thee well, And fare thee well a - gain!

mf *f*

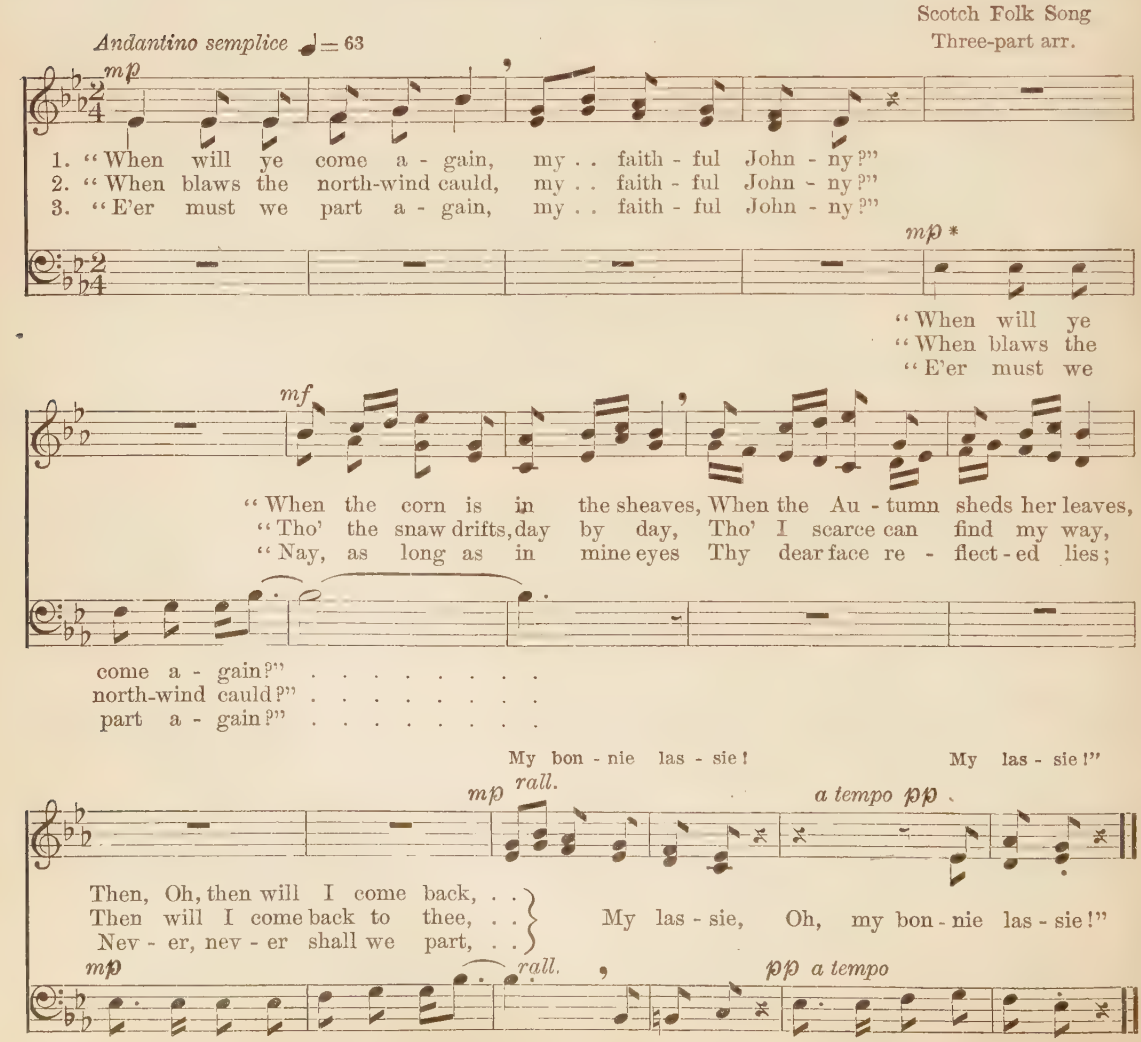
Old Tune
Three-part arr.

Allegro risoluto ♩. = 92
f Solo (or Unison)
1. When John-ny comes marching
2. Get read - y for the
3. Let love . and friend-ship
mf
cresc.
f
mf
Ped.
f Chorus
f Chorus
Hur - rah! . Hur - rah!
Hur-
Chorus
f Chorus
Solo (or Unison)
home a - gain,
Ju - bi - lee,
on that day,
Hur - rah! . Hur - rah!
We'll give him a heart - y wel - come then,
We'll give . the he - ro three times three,
Their best . of treas - ure then dis - play,
Hur-
f
mf
f
mf
rah! . Hur - rah! .
The men will cheer, the boys will shout, The la - dies they will
The lau - rel wreath is read - y now To place . up - on
And let each one per - form his part To fill with joy the
rah! . Hur - rah! .
mf


1, 2
3
f
all turn out, And we'll all feel gay when John - ny comes marching home.
his royal brow, And we'll all feel gay when John - ny comes marching home.
war-rior's heart, And we'll all feel gay when John - ny comes marching (Omit) home.
And we'll
sfz
Ped.

FAITHFUL JOHNNY

Scotch Folk Song
Three-part arr.


Andantino semplice ♩= 63
mp
1. "When will ye come a - gain, my . . faith - ful John - ny?"
2. "When blaws the north-wind cauld, my . . faith - ful John - ny?"
3. "E'er must we part a - gain, my . . faith - ful John - ny?"
mp *
"When will ye
"When blaws the
"E'er must we
mf
"When the corn is in the sheaves, When the Au - tumn sheds her leaves,
"Tho' the snaw drifts, day by day, Tho' I scarce can find my way,
"Nay, as long as in mine eyes Thy dear face re - flect - ed lies;
come a - gain?" . . . . . .
north-wind cauld?" . . . . . .
part a - gain?" . . . . . .
My bon - nie las - sie! My las - sie!"
mp rall.
a tempo pp
Then, Oh, then will I come back, . .
Then will I come back to thee, . .
Nev - er, nev - er shall we part, . .
My las - sie, Oh, my bon - nie las - sie!"
mp
rall.
pp a tempo

* This part may be sung by unchanged voices.

A MERRY LIFE

(FUNICULI FUNICULA)

From the Italian

LUIGI DENZA
Three-part arr.

Allegretto giocoso ♩. = 126

SOPRANOS AND ALTOS

mf

1. Some think . . . .
2. Ah, me! . . . .

mf grazioso

. . the world is made for fun and frol - ic, . . . And so do I! . . . . .
. . 'tis strange that some should take to sigh - ing, . . . And like it well! . . . .

CHORUS

f

. . And so do I! . . . . .
. . And like it well! . . . . .

SOPRANOS AND ALTOS

f

Some think . . . . it well to
For me, ... I have not

f

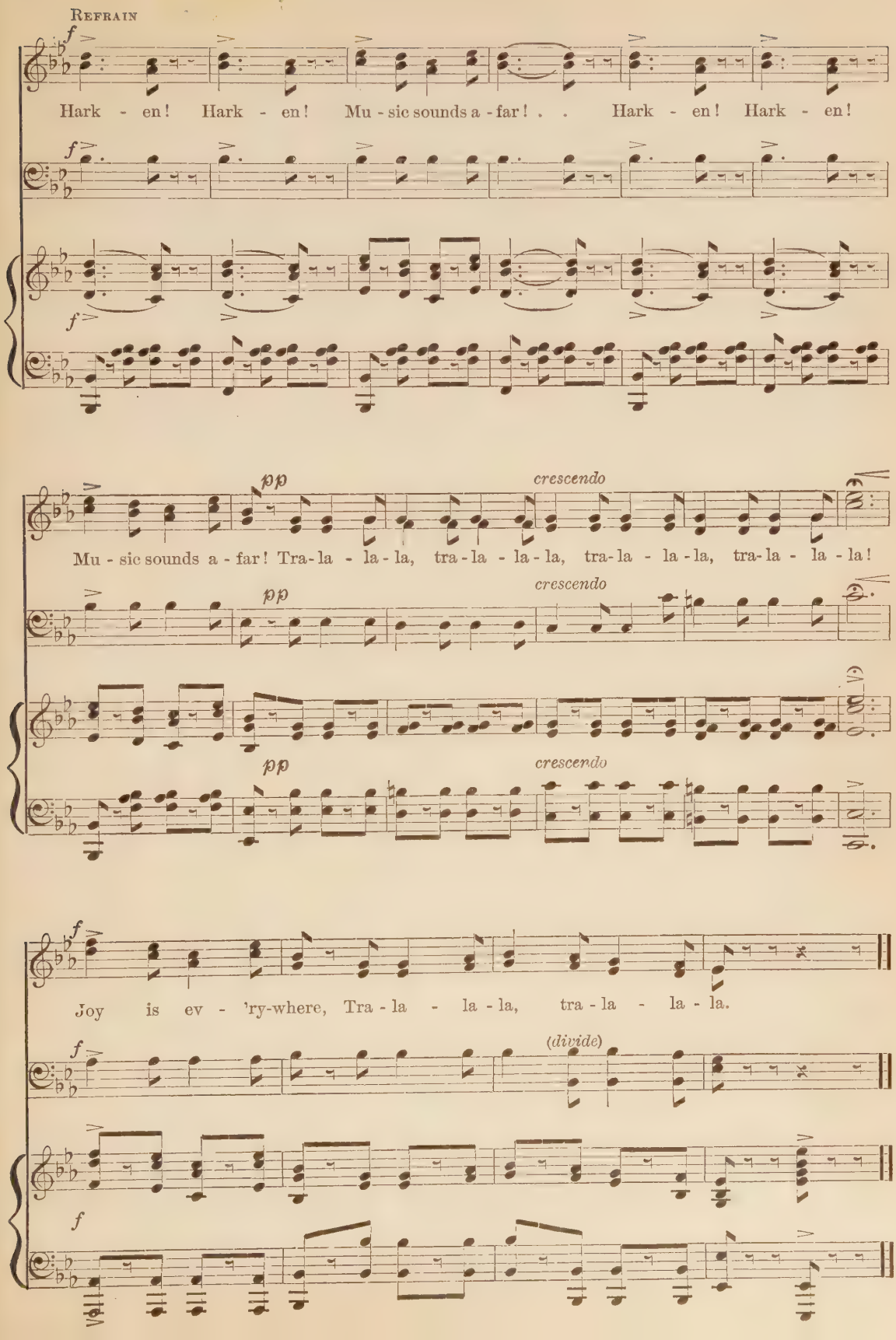
CHORUS

f

be all mel - an - chol - ic, . . . To pine and sigh, ... To pine and
thought it worth the try - ing, . . So can - not tell! . . . . . So can - not

f

mp Basses
sigh; . . . . . But I, ... I love to spend my time in
tell! . . . . . With laugh, ... and dance, and song, the day soon
mp
Chorus
sing - ing . . . Some joy - ous song, ... Some joy - ous song; . . . .
pass - es, . . . Full soon is gone, ... Full soon is gone; . . . .
Basses
mf
. . To set . . . . . the air with mu - sic brave - ly ring - ing . .
. . For mirth . . . . . was made for joy - ous lads and lass - es . .
mf
Chorus
. . Is far from wrong! . . . . Is far from wrong! . . . .
. . To call their own! . . . . . To call their own! . . . . .


Refrain
f
Hark - en! Hark - en! Mu - sic sounds a - far! . . Hark - en! Hark - en!
pp
crescendo
Mu - sic sounds a - far! Tra - la - la - la, tra - la - la - la, tra - la - la - la, tra - la - la - la!
Joy is ev - 'ry-where, Tra - la - la - la, tra - la - la - la.
(divide)

CASTLES IN THE AIR

(Complete without Bass)

Harvey Worthington Loomis

Arthur Edward Johnstone

Allegretto grazioso ♩ = 108

mp

1. 'Twas on an eve of white De - cem-ber When all the world with frost was fair, I knelt be -
2. 'Tis ev - er spring in those do - min-ions My fan - cy paints with col - ors rare, And hov - ers

mp

mp

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

con anima

side the glow - ing em - ber And build - ed cas - tles in the air; A win - ter
peace with snow - y pin - ions A - bove my cas - tles in the air; A mag - ic

con anima

con anima

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

cresc.

lull - a - by thro' the pine - tree Was soft - ly woo - ing me with its croon; *p* O gen-tle
pic - ture-book is the fire-place, Of what it con-jures up who could tire? *f* As bright as

cresc.

cresc.

(1) *p*
(2) *f*

Ped. * *Ped.* *

poco a poco ritard.
lull - a - by, fair - y lull - a - by, Be - lat - ed ech - o of a day in
fair - y - land, hap - py fair - y - land, A vi - sion o - pens there of heart's de -
poco a poco ritard.
p O fair - y lull - a - by from a day in
f O hap - py fair - y - land of the heart's de -
poco a poco rit.
tempo primo
June! . And half in slum - ber, by the in - gle I bid good - by to ev - 'ry
sire! . Of oth - er joys tho' fate be - reft me, And turned to clay what once was
tempo primo
tempo primo
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
care, And let my dreams with mu-sic min - gle A-round my cas - tles in the air.
fair, My sweet-est hopes would still be left me A-mong my cas - tles in the air.
And let my dreams all bide there.
My sweet-est hopes would bide there.
brillante
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE

EPES–SARGENT

HENRY RUSSELL
Three-part arr.

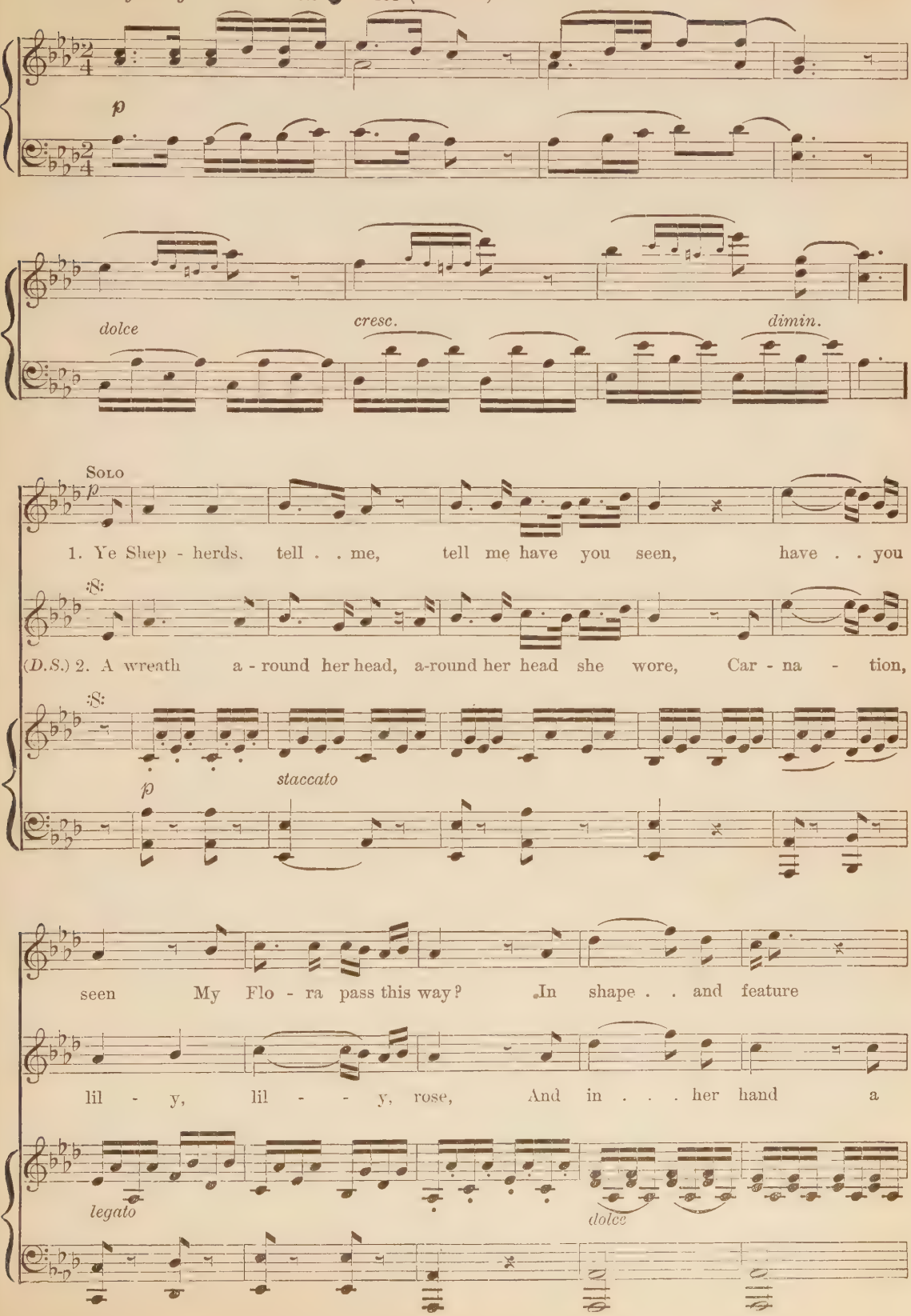
Allegro vigoroso ♩. = 92
Yo ho!
mf
1. A life on the o - cean wave, . . A . home on the roll - ing
2. Once more on the deck I stand, . . On my own . . swift glid - ing
f
MELODY *
Yo ho! The roll - ing
deep . . . Where the scat - tered wa - ters rave . . And the winds their rev - els
craft; . . Set the sail; fare-well to land! . . The gale fol - lows far . a -
deep! . . .
keep! . . Like an ea - gle caged, I pine . . On this dull, un - chang - ing
baft. . . Shoot - ing thro' the spark - ling foam . . Like an o - cean bird set
Yo, heave ho, yo ho! Yo, heave
shore, . . Oh, . give me the flash - ing brine, . . The spray and the tem - pest
free, . . Like the o - cean bird our home . . We'll find . far out on the
ho, yo ho! O - - - - - cean home, . . . the roll - - - - - ing
Yo ho!
mf
roar! . . . A life on the o - cean wave, . . A home on the roll - ing
sea. . . .
f
deep, Yo ho!
Yo ho! The roll - ing deep! .
deep, . . Where the scat-tered wa - ters rave . . And the winds their rev - els keep.

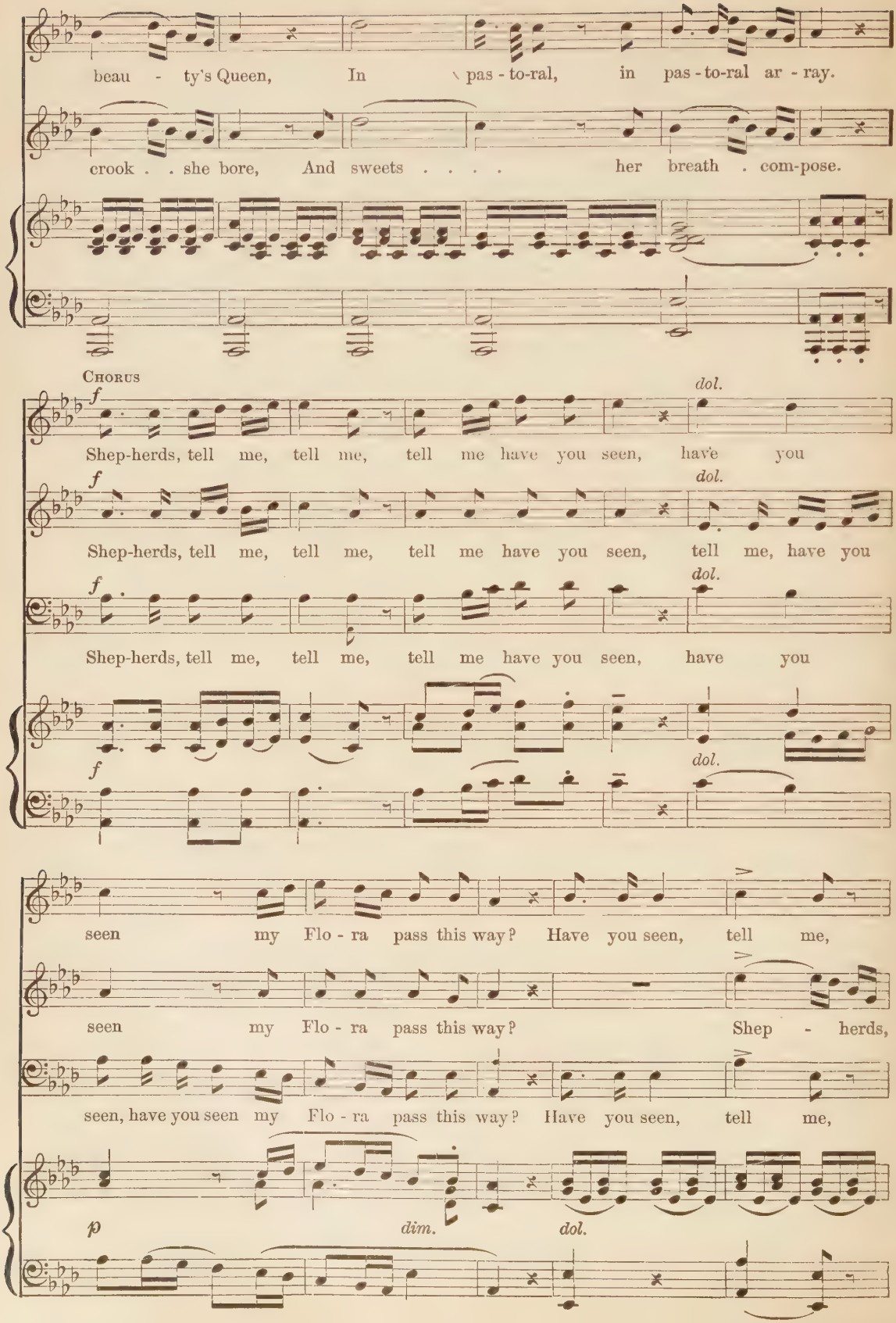
* Bass or Alto

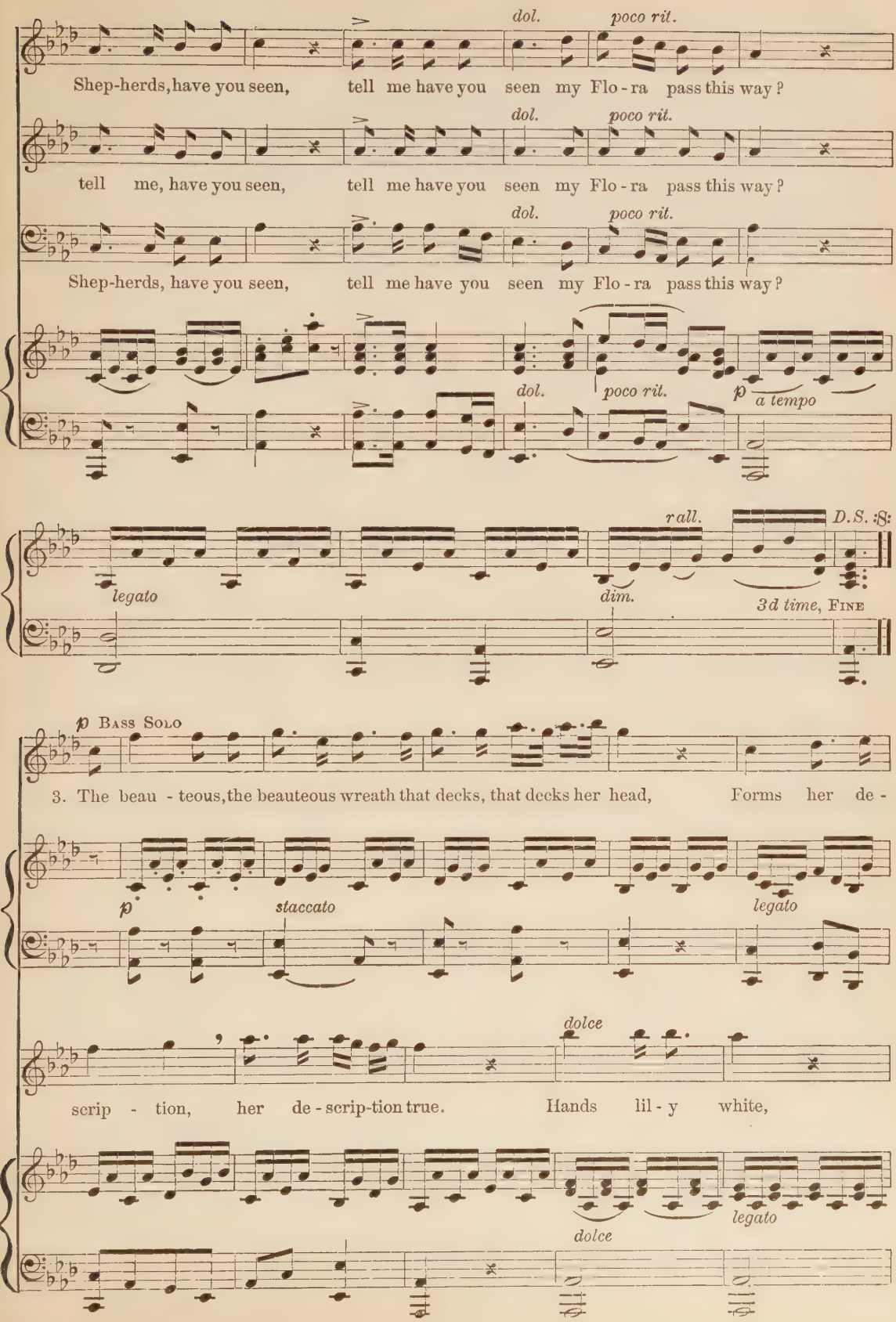
Old English

JOSEPH MAZZINGHI

Larghetto grazioso con moto ♪ = 104 (Beat four)


p
dolce
cresc.
dimin.
Solo
p
1. Ye Shep - herds, tell . . me, tell me have you seen, have . . you
𝄋
(D.S.) 2. A wreath a - round her head, a-round her head she wore, Car - na - tion,
𝄋
p
staccato
seen My Flo - ra pass this way? In shape . . and feature
lil - y, lil - - y, rose, And in . . . her hand a
legato
dolce


beau - ty's Queen, In pas - to-ral, in pas - to-ral ar - ray.
crook . . she bore, And sweets . . . . her breath . com-pose.
Chorus
f
dol.
Shep-herds, tell me, tell me, tell me have you seen, have you
Shep-herds, tell me, tell me, tell me have you seen, tell me, have you
Shep-herds, tell me, tell me, tell me have you seen, have you
seen my Flo - ra pass this way? Have you seen, tell me,
seen my Flo - ra pass this way? Shep - herds,
seen, have you seen my Flo - ra pass this way? Have you seen, tell me,
p
dim.
dol.


dol.
poco rit.
Shep-herds, have you seen, tell me have you seen my Flo - ra pass this way?
dol.
poco rit.
tell me, have you seen, tell me have you seen my Flo - ra pass this way?
dol.
poco rit.
Shep-herds, have you seen, tell me have you seen my Flo - ra pass this way?
dol.
poco rit.
p
a tempo
rall.
D.S. 𝄋
legato
dim.
3d time, FINE
p BASS SOLO
3. The beau - teous, the beauteous wreath that decks, that decks her head, Forms her de -
p
staccato
legato
dolce
scrip - tion, her de - scrip-tion true. Hands lil - y white,
legato
dolce

Repeat Chorus

CORNISH MAY SONG

Sir Alexander Boswell

Old English Morris Dance
Three-part arr.

Tempo giusto * ♩ = 76
mf
f
1. Ye coun - try maid - ens, gath - er dew While yet the morn-ing breez - es blow;
2. With song and dance, in fes - tive band, Each hap - py lad may lead his lass;
3. Or from the thick - et in the glade Go pluck with speed the haw-thorn bough,
Then cau - tious mark them as ye go,
O'er ev - 'ry thresh-old free - ly pass.
Who has thy troth and plight-ed vow,
The fair - y rings are fresh and new, ... O ho!
With mirth-ful smiles, and hand in hand, ... O ho!
And twine a wreath to deck the maid, ... O ho!
(divide)
Then cau - tious as ye go!
For - got - ten Flo - ra Day.
Who has thy plight-ed vow.
Refrain
A - rise, a - rise, the night is past, The sky - lark hails the dawn of day;
For mirth rules here, this morn of May.
Care, get thee hence, from this place, fly! . . . . . O ho!
For mirth rules here, this morn.

* Without variation of tempo.

Traditional
Ben marcato ♩. = 76
mf
Old English 17th Cent.
Three-part arr.
1. Come lass - ie and lad, Be blithe and glad, A - way to the may - pole hie, . . . For
2. "You're out," says Dick; "Not I," . . says Nick, "The fid - dler he played it wrong," . . "'Tis
3. "Good - night," says Hal, "Good-night," says Sal, "Good - night," says Joan to John; . "Good -
(All stanzas) Come,
ev - 'ry fair Has a part - ner there, And the fid - dler's stand - ing by. . .
true," says Hugh, And so says Sue, And so . says ev - 'ry one. . .
night," says Sue . To stal - wart Hugh, "Good - night," says ev - 'ry one. . .
dance, dance, All come dance! . .
For Wil - ly shall dance with Jane, . . . And John-ny shall dance with Joan. . . .
The fid - dler then be - gan . . . . To play the tune a - gain. . . .
Some walked and some did run, . . . Some loi - tered on the way. . . .
cresc.
Sing hey! . . . O mer - ri - ly sing and dance, Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly sing And
Sing hey! Mer - ri - ly sing; dance and sing, Mer - ri - ly sing. . . . . .
f
trip it, trip it, mer - ri - ly trip, So mer - ri - ly up and
ev - 'ry girl did trip . . it then, So mer - ri - ly up and
bound them-selves by prom - is - es twelve, To meet the next hol - i -
f
down, . And trip it, trip it, mer - ri - ly trip, So mer - ri - ly up and down!
down, . And ev - 'ry girl did trip . it then, So mer - ri - ly up and down!
day, . . And bound them-selves by prom-is-es twelve To meet the next hol - i - day.

SISTER MONTHS

FREDERICK WINTHROP — ARTHUR EDWARD JOHNSTONE

Grazioso ♩ = 138

mp

1. May-time, O the sweet and ver - nal May-time at the hour of dawn! 'Tis then all things
2. June-tide, O the soft and scent - ed June-tide when the ros - es bloom! There's gold in the

mp *f*

Ped. ✱

mf

May - time, O the mild and fra - grant
June - tide, O the lan - g'rous hours of

blos-som out, and the bob - o - link trills his note. . . . . .
lil - y - bed tho' the daf - fo - dil days are o'er. . . . . .

mf

Ped. ✱

f

May - time when the wood - land wakes, And songs out of fair - y - land by the
June - tide that en - tice the heart And life seems but hol - i - day with a

mf

. . Songs o'er . . . the
. . Life seems . . . to

Ped. ✱ *Ped.* ✱

mead - ow- brook soft - ly float.
myr - i - ad joys in store.
Sing then of the
(E♯ = F)
brook soft - ly float. . . . . .
hold joys in store. . . . . .
mp
Ped.
cresc.
sun and the sky, let us sing then As the birds of the air on the wing, then Pipe
cresc.
Sing then As the birds of the air on wing All
cresc.
. . to the month of May.
. . to the month of June.
mf
pipe to the month of May.
pipe to the month of June.
lento
f
rit. e dim.
p pp
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

A CAPITAL SHIP

English Tune
Three-part arr.

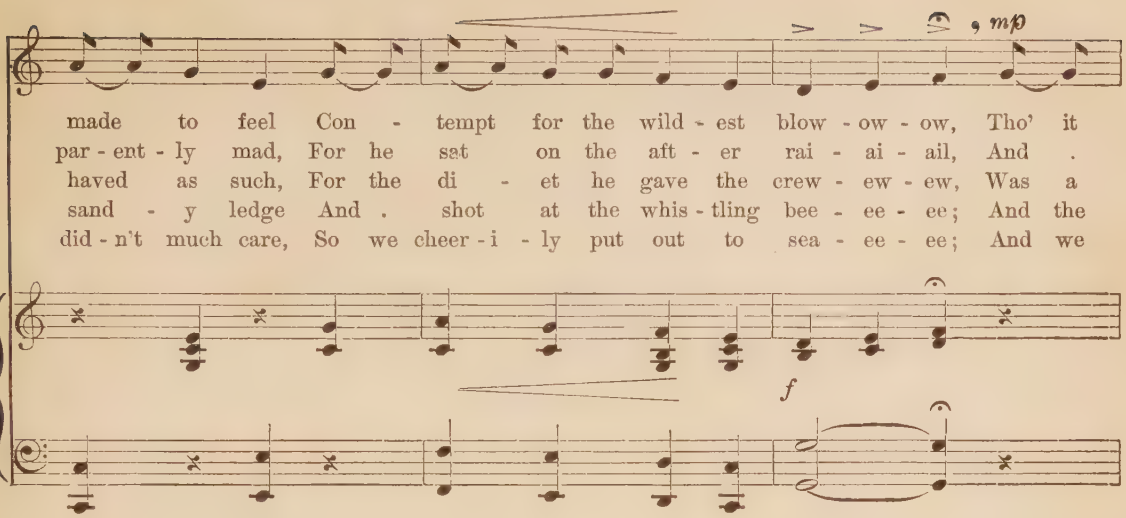
Allegro giocoso ♩= 100 *f* Solo (or Unison)

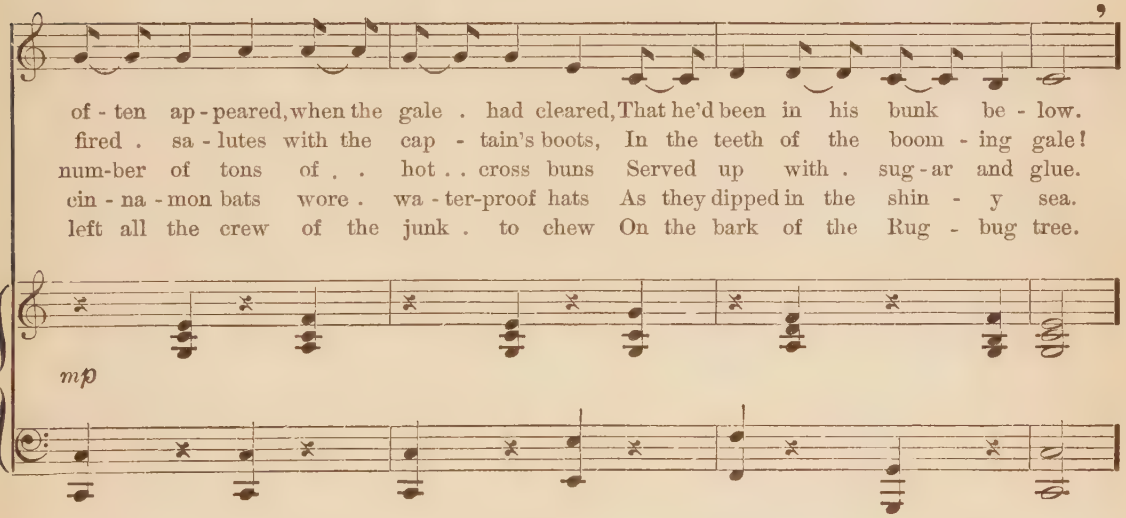
1. A cap - i - tal ship for an o - cean trip Was the
2. The bo' - swain's mate was . ver - y se - date, Yet .
3. The cap - tain sat on the com-mo-dore's hat, And .
4. All nau - ti - cal pride we . laid . a - side, And we
5. On Rug - bug bark, from . morn till dark, We .

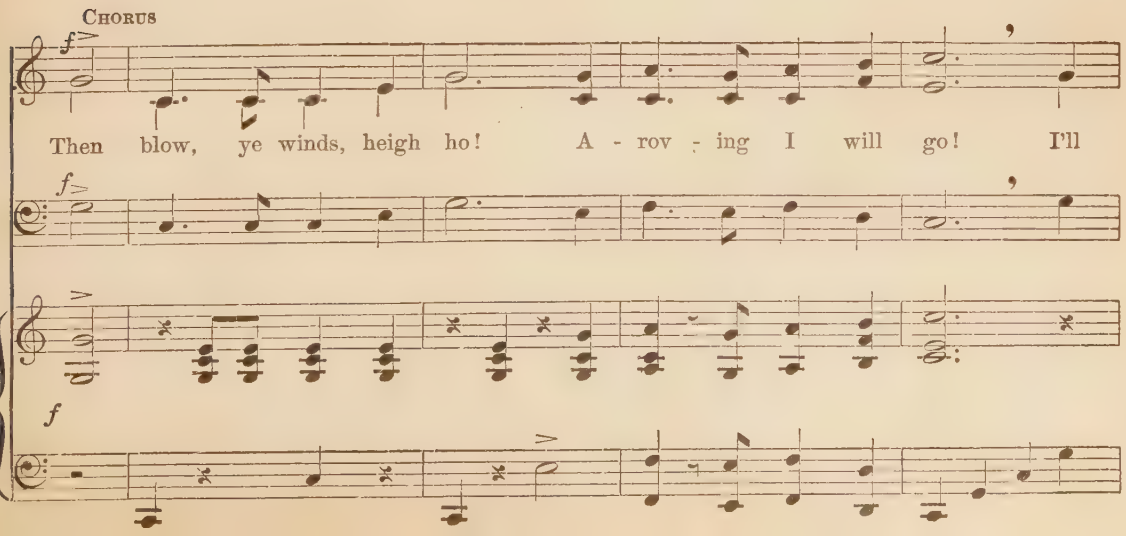
f *p* *mf*

Wal - lop - ing . . Win - dow Blind! No . . wind . that blew dis -
fond . of a - muse - ment too; He . . played hop - scotch with the
dined in a roy - al way, Off . . toast - ed pigs and .
ran . the . ves - sel a - shore On the Gul - li - by Isles where the
dined . till we all . . had grown Un - com-mon - ly shrunk, when a

mayed her crew, Or . trout-bled the cap - tain's mind. The man at the wheel was
star-board watch, While the cap - tain tickled the crew. And the gun-ner we . had was ap -
pick-les and figs, And gun - ner - y . bread each day. And the cook was Dutch and be -
Poo - poo smiles, And the rub - bly . Ub - dugs roar. And we sat . on the edge of a
Chi - nese junk Came up . from the Tor-ri - bly zone. She was chub-by and square, but we


mp
made to feel Con - tempt for the wild - est blow - ow - ow, Tho' it
par - ent - ly mad, For he sat on the aft - er rai - ai - ail, And .
haved as such, For the di - et he gave the crew - ew - ew, Was a
sand - y ledge And . shot at the whis - tling bee - ee - ee; And the
did - n't much care, So we cheer - i - ly put out to sea - ee - ee; And we
f


of - ten ap - peared, when the gale . had cleared, That he'd been in his bunk be - low.
fired . sa - lutes with the cap - tain's boots, In the teeth of the boom - ing gale!
num-ber of tons of . . hot . . cross buns Served up with . sug - ar and glue.
cin - na - mon bats wore . wa - ter-proof hats As they dipped in the shin - y sea.
left all the crew of the junk . to chew On the bark of the Rug - bug tree.
mp


Chorus
f
Then blow, ye winds, heigh ho! A - rov - ing I will go! I'll
f
f

poco rit.
a tempo
stay no more on Eng - land's shore, So let the mu - sic play - ay - ay! I'm
a tempo
poco rit.
a tempo
off for the morn - ing train! I'll cross the rag - ing main! I'm
off to my love with a box - ing - glove, Ten thou - sand miles a - way!
sfz

KATHARINE WHITMORE (COMPLETE WITHOUT ALTO) Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN

Allegro moderato ♩ = 84 From "Iolanthe"

BASS SOLO (OR UNISON)

mf

1. When bu - gles play, when drums are beat, When sounds the call . to arms, From
2. 'Mid shriek of shell and blast of gun Each heart must brave his fate, 'Twere

mf

moun - tain-side, from crowd - ed street Our val - iant sons the sum-mons meet, Nor
not a - lone who've vic - t'ry won, But those who no - blest deeds have done, That

mp legato *cresc.*

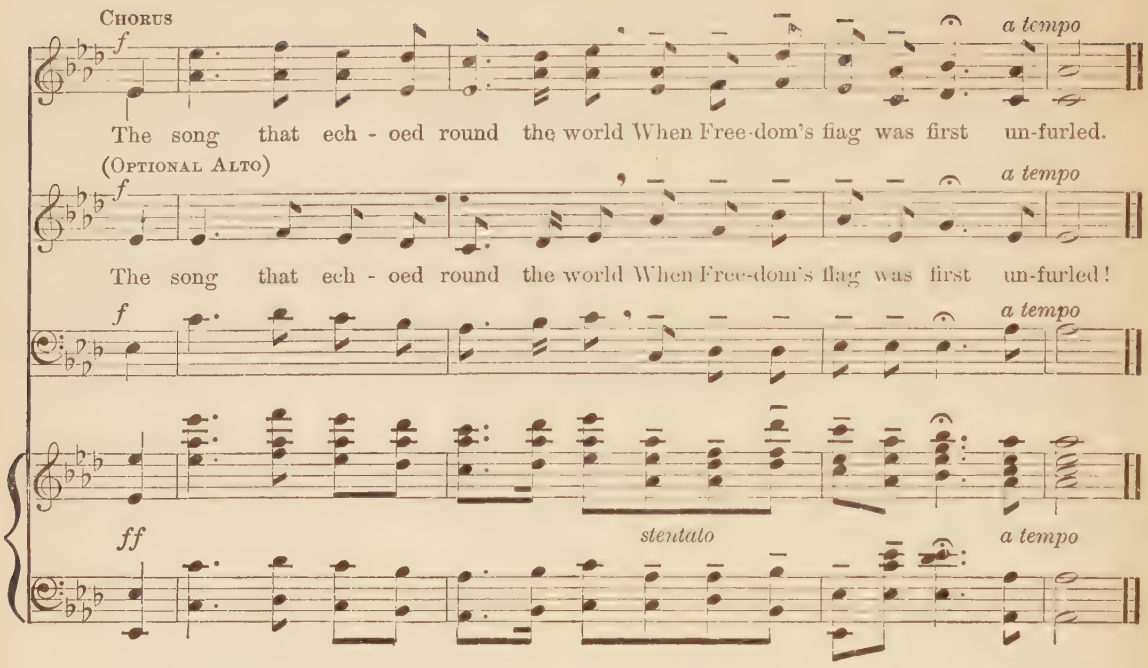
blench at war's a - larms. A pledge of un - ion stirs the breast, Glad mu - sic to the
lau - rel wreaths a - wait. That truth and jus - tice ne'er shall die, We raise a - gain our

mp e legato *cresc.*

mf *f* *a tempo*

earth's oppressed, The song that ech-oed round the world When Freedom's flag was first un-furled.
bat - tle-cry, The song that ech-oed round the world When Freedom's flag was first un-furled.

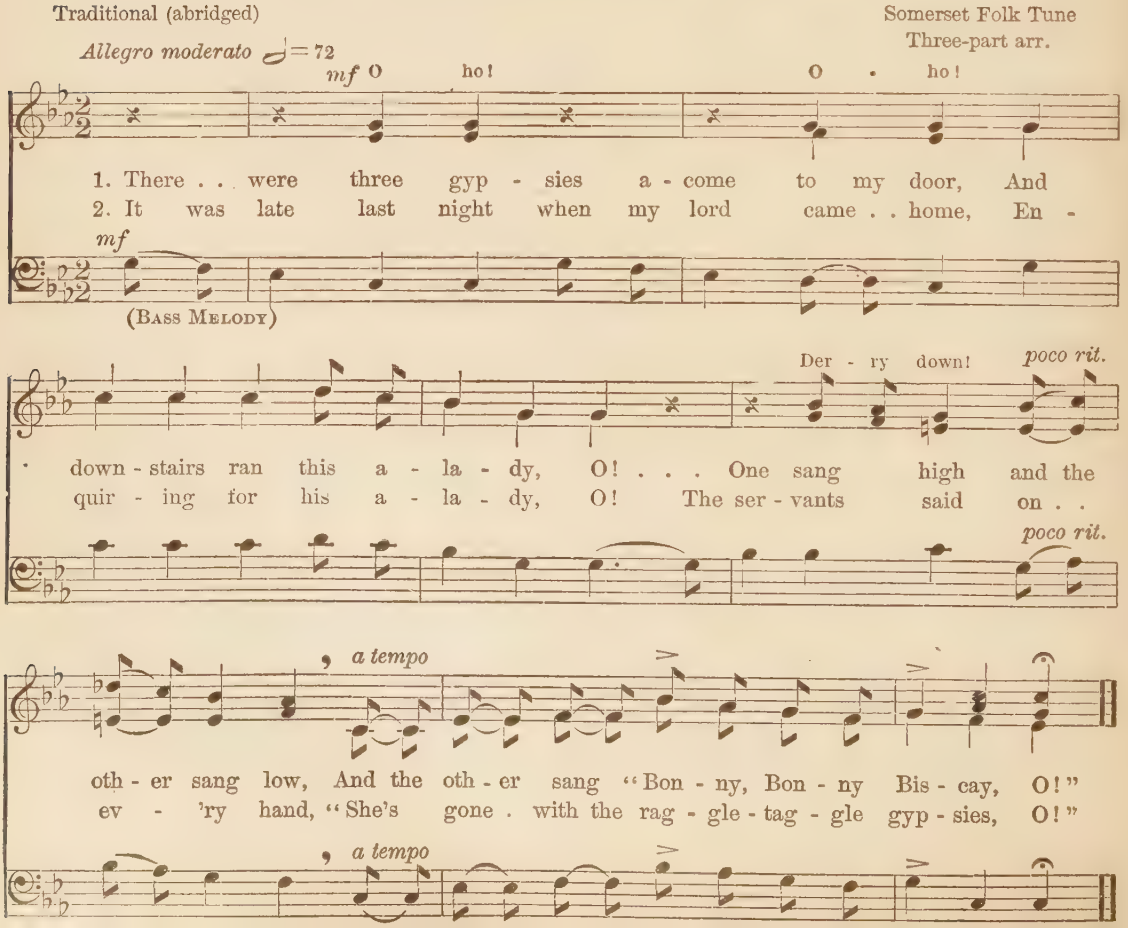
f *stentato* *a tempo*



THE RAGGLE-TAGGLE GYPSIES

Traditional (abridged)

Somerset Folk Tune
Three-part arr.


Allegro moderato ♩= 72
mf O ho! O . ho!
1. There . . were three gyp - sies a - come to my door, And
2. It was late last night when my lord came . . home, En -
mf
(Bass Melody)
Der - ry down!
poco rit.
down - stairs ran this a - la - dy, O! . . . One sang high and the
quir - ing for his a - la - dy, O! The ser - vants said on . .
poco rit.
a tempo
oth - er sang low, And the oth - er sang "Bon - ny, Bon - ny Bis - cay, O!"
ev - 'ry hand, "She's gone . with the rag - gle - tag - gle gyp - sies, O!"
a tempo

W. E. Hickson

Dr. Callcott

Allegretto ♩ = 72

Three-part arr.

mf

1. May ev - 'ry year But draw more near The time when strife shall cease, And
2. Let good men ne'er Of truth des - pair Tho' hum - ble ef - forts fail, Not

mf

truth and love All hearts shall move To live in joy and peace. Now sor - row reigns, And
e'er give o'er Un - til once more The righteous cause pre - vail. In vain, and long, En -

earth com-plains, For fol - ly still her pow'r main-tains. But the day shall yet ap - pear
dur - ing wrong, The weak may strive a - gainst the strong, But the day shall sure-ly come

The right . . . . . .

When the might with the right and the truth shall be, the right . . . . with the

(*divide*)

When the might and the right

f

truth shall be, And come what may To stand in the way, That day the world shall see.

f

A SONG OF LIGHT AND PRAISE

JAMES F. CALDWELL

ARTHUR EDWARD JOHNSTONE

Moderato ♩ = 88
mp
1. Stars bring the night a mem-'ry of the day;
2. God lights the stars, the plan-ets, and the sun;
1. Seek ye the light, that wan-der in the dark-ness, and find the heav'n - born ray;
2. Praise be to God who giv-eth us the light of the stars, the moon, the sun;
mf
f
Larks in their flight have shown the az - ure
God wakes the birds ere morn-ing is be -
Seek ye the light, nor tar - ry in the shades of the twi - light gray; Seek . .
Praise be to God who giv-eth us the joy . . of the wood - bird's song; Praise . .
sempre f
way;
gun;
God in his might be-stows the sun-ny ray.
Praise be to God for all his love has done.
. . ye the light, all ye that walk in dark-ness, and bask in the heav'n - born ray.
. . be to God who show-eth forth his light and his love un - to ev - 'ry one.

M. F. Butts
From "The Youth's Companion"

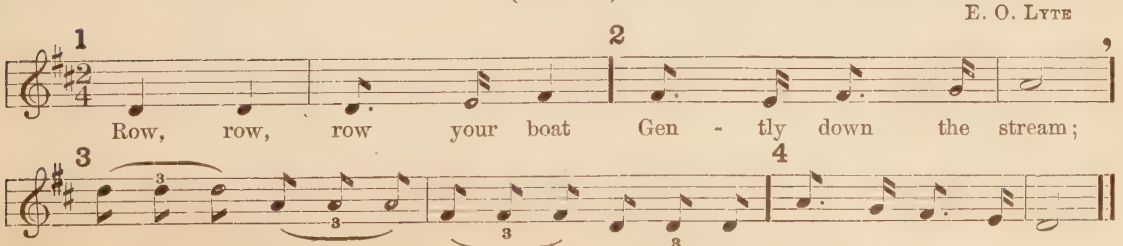
E. W. Johns

Allegro con brio ♩ = 138
mf
1. A . . jol - ly fel - low is young March Wind With all his blus - ter and
2. Oh, a nois - y fel - low is young March Wind, And al - most an - y . .
blus - ter and noise; Tho' he has no thought for the old and poor, He's a thor - ough friend . .
an - y day You may see him up in the high-est trees . . Blow-ing his trump - et for
noise; day
friend of the trump - et for
boys. play.
of the boys. A - ha, . . . a - ha, . . . a - ha, . . . a - ha, . . .
et for play. O - ho! . . . o - ho! . . . o - ho, . . . o - ho! . . .
boys. play.
He joins their play with right good will, A - ha, d'you see him go, ...
O - ho! o - ho! now high, now low, He blows with all his might; . . .
f poco rit.
a tempo
With a hi, hi, . hi, Far - . up in the sky, While the boys stand tug-ging be - low.
Oh, . dear Mis - ter Wind, Would you be so . kind As to go to sleep at night?

ROW, ROW, ROW YOUR BOAT

(ROUND)

E. O. Lyte



THE HAMMER SONG

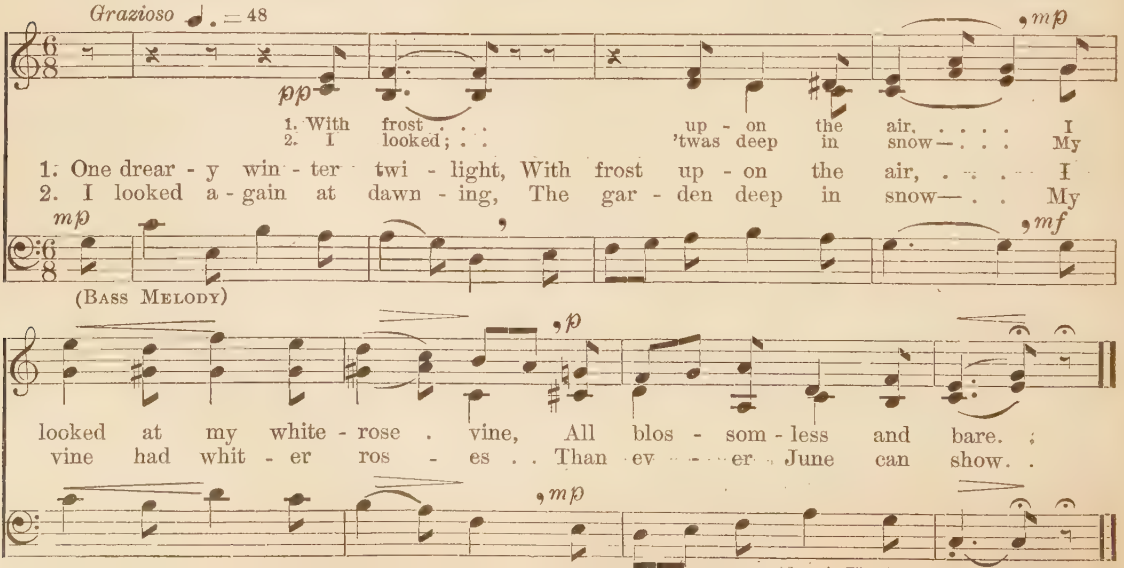
George F. Root
Three-part arr.

Vigoroso ♩ = 120
mf
1. To the noise of the an - vil's ring - ing, And the
2. To the fire of the for - ge's glanc - ing, And the
(Divide) Clang, clang, clang, clang, clang, clang, clang, clang,
Cling, cling, cling, cling, cling, cling, cling, cling,
voice of the sharp steel sing - ing,
stars of the i - ron danc - ing,
Join the song, (cling, clang) mer - ry
clang, clang, clang, Mer - ry song!
cling, cling, cling, cling,
song, (cling, clang,) Of the ham - mer blow so clear and strong. Join the
Mer - ry song! The blow so strong, cling, clang,
song, (cling, clang,) mer-ry song, (cling, clang,) Of the ham-mer blow so clear and strong.
Mer-ry song! Mer-ry song! The blow so strong, cling, clang.

WINTER ROSES

Harvey Worthington Loomis

Herbert Fullerton


Grazioso ♩. = 48
pp
mp
1. With frost . . . up - on the air. I
2. I looked; . . 'twas deep in snow— . . . My
1. One drear - y win - ter twi - light, With frost up - on the air, ... I
2. I looked a - gain at dawn - ing, The gar - den deep in snow— . . My
mp
mf
(Bass Melody)
p
looked at my white - rose . vine, All blos - som - less and bare.
vine had whit - er ros - es . . Than ev - - er June can show. .
mp

LONG, LONG AGO

T. H. Bayly (Complete without Bass) T. H. Bayly
Three-part arr.

Andante ♩= 80
mp
1. Tell me the tales that to me were so dear,
2. Do you re-mem-ber the path where we met
3. Though by your kind-ness my fond hopes were raised
Long, long a - go, Long, long a - go,
mp
Sing me the songs I de - light - ed to hear,
Ah, yes, you told me you ne'er would for - get,
You, by more el - o - quent lips have been praised,
Long, long a - go, long a - go.
Now you have come, all my grief is re-moved, Let me for-get that so long you have roved,
Then to all oth - ers my smile you pre-ferred, Love when you spoke gave a charm to each word,
But by long ab-sence your truth has been tried, Still to your ac - cents I list - en with pride,
Long, long a - go, Long, long a - go,
Let me be - lieve that you love as you loved,
Still my heart treas-ures the prais - es I heard,
Blest as I was when I sat by your side,
Long, long a - go, long a - go.

COME, SOUND HIS PRAISE

Isaac Watts (Complete without Bass) Isaac Smith

Risoluto ♩= 76
f
1. Come, sound his praise a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry . . sing: Je -
2. He formed the deeps, un - known; He gave the seas . their . bound; The
f
ho - vah is the sov - 'reign . God, The u - - ni - ver - sal King.
wa - t'ry worlds are all . his . . own, And all . . . the sol - id ground.

JUANITA*

(Complete without Bass)

Caroline Norton

Spanish Melody

p Moderato ♩= 80
1. Soft o'er the foun - tain Ling - 'ring falls the south - ern moon;
2. When in thy dream - ing, Moons like these shall shine a - gain,
p
Far o'er the moun - tain Breaks the day too . . soon!
And, day - light beam - ing, Prove thy dreams are . . vain,
In thy dark eyes' splen - dor, Where the warm light loves to dwell,
Wilt thou not, re - lent - ing, For thine ab - sent lov - er sigh,
Wea - ry looks, yet ten - der, Speak their fond fare - well.
In thy heart con - sent - ing To a prayer gone by?
mp
Refrain
mp
Ni - ta, Juan - i - ta!* Ask thy soul if we should part!
Ni - ta, Juan - i - ta! Let me lin - ger by thy side!
mp
3
Legando
molto ritard.
Ni - ta, Juan - i - ta! Lean thou on my heart!
Ni - ta, Juan - i - ta! Be my own fair bride!
molto ritard.

* Pronounce hwah-neé-tah.

PART FIVE

COMMUNITY SONGS AND HYMNS

AMERICA

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH — HENRY CAREY

Maestoso ♩ = 88
mf
1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee — Land of the no - ble free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - thers' God! to thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,
mf
Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died; Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free - dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that
To thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With free - dom's
cres - - cen - - do
f
Pil - grims' pride! From ev - 'ry . moun - tain-side Let free - dom ring!
tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe par - take; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us . by thy might, Great God, our King!
cres - - cen - - do
f

KATHARINE LEE BATES*

SAMUEL A. WARD
Arr. for this work

Con moto ♩ = 112

(SOPR. 2 AND ALTO)

mp

Fair land! fair land! Our lov'd A - mer - i - ca, fair

1. O beau - ti - ful for spa - cious skies, For am - ber waves of grain, For
2. O beau - ti - ful for pil - grim feet, Whose stern im-pas-sioned stress, A
3. O beau - ti - ful for pa - triot dream, That sees be - yond the years, Thine

mf

(BASS MELODY)

SOPR. I

mf (MELODY)

f

A - bove the fruit - ed plain! A -
A - cross the wil - der - ness! A -
Im - mac - u - late of tears. A -

land! fair land!

f

pur - ple moun - tain ma - jes - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain! . . A -
thor - ough-fare for free - dom beat, A - cross the wil - der - ness! . . A -
al - a - bas - ter cit - ties gleam, Im - mac - u - late of tears. . . A -

f

mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed his grace on thee,
mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God mend thine ev - 'ry flaw,
mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed his grace on thee,

mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed his grace on thee, . . .
mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God mend thine ev - 'ry flaw, . . .
mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed his grace on thee, . . .

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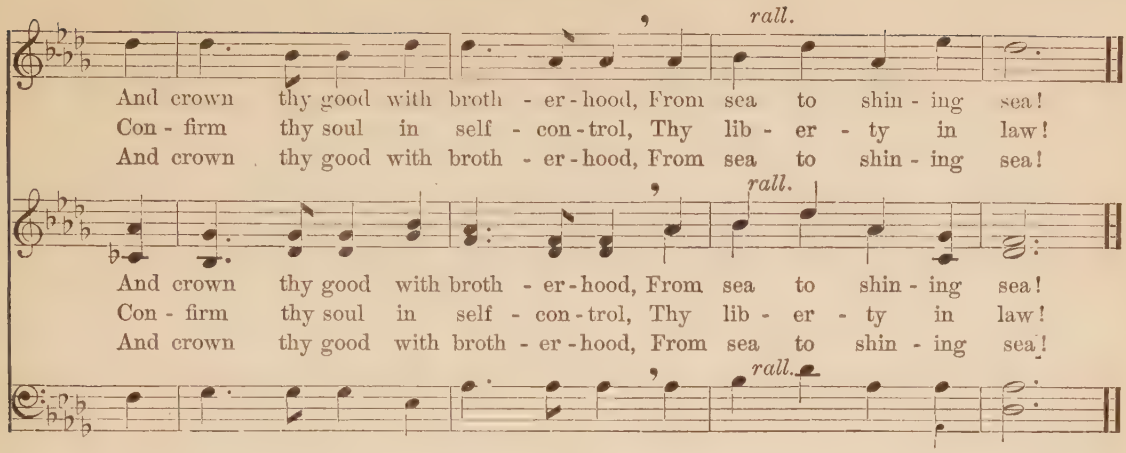

rall.
And crown thy good with broth - er - hood, From sea to shin - ing sea!
Con - firm thy soul in self - con - trol, Thy lib - er - ty in law!
And crown thy good with broth - er - hood, From sea to shin - ing sea!
rall.
And crown thy good with broth - er - hood, From sea to shin - ing sea!
Con - firm thy soul in self - con - trol, Thy lib - er - ty in law!
And crown thy good with broth - er - hood, From sea to shin - ing sea!
rall.

TENTING TO-NIGHT

WALTER KITTREDGE

WALTER KITTREDGE

Moderato ♩ = 92
p
1. We're tent - ing to-night on the old camp-ground, Give us a song to cheer . Our .
2. We've been tent - ing to-night on the old camp-ground, Think-ing of days gone by; . . Of the
mf
p
mf
p
wea - ry . . hearts; a song of . . home And . friends we love so dear.
lov'd ones at home that gave us the hand, And the tear that said "Good - bye."
p
REFRAIN
mp
Man-y are the hearts that are wea-ry to-night, Wish-ing for the war to cease; . .
mp
Man - y are the hearts that are look-ing for the right, To see the dawn of peace.
p
Tent-ing to-night, Tent-ing to-night, Tent-ing on the old camp-ground.
p
Tent-ing to - night, Tent-ing to - night,

G. Clifton Bingham

J. L. Molloy

Andante con moto ♩= 80

p

Ped.

mp

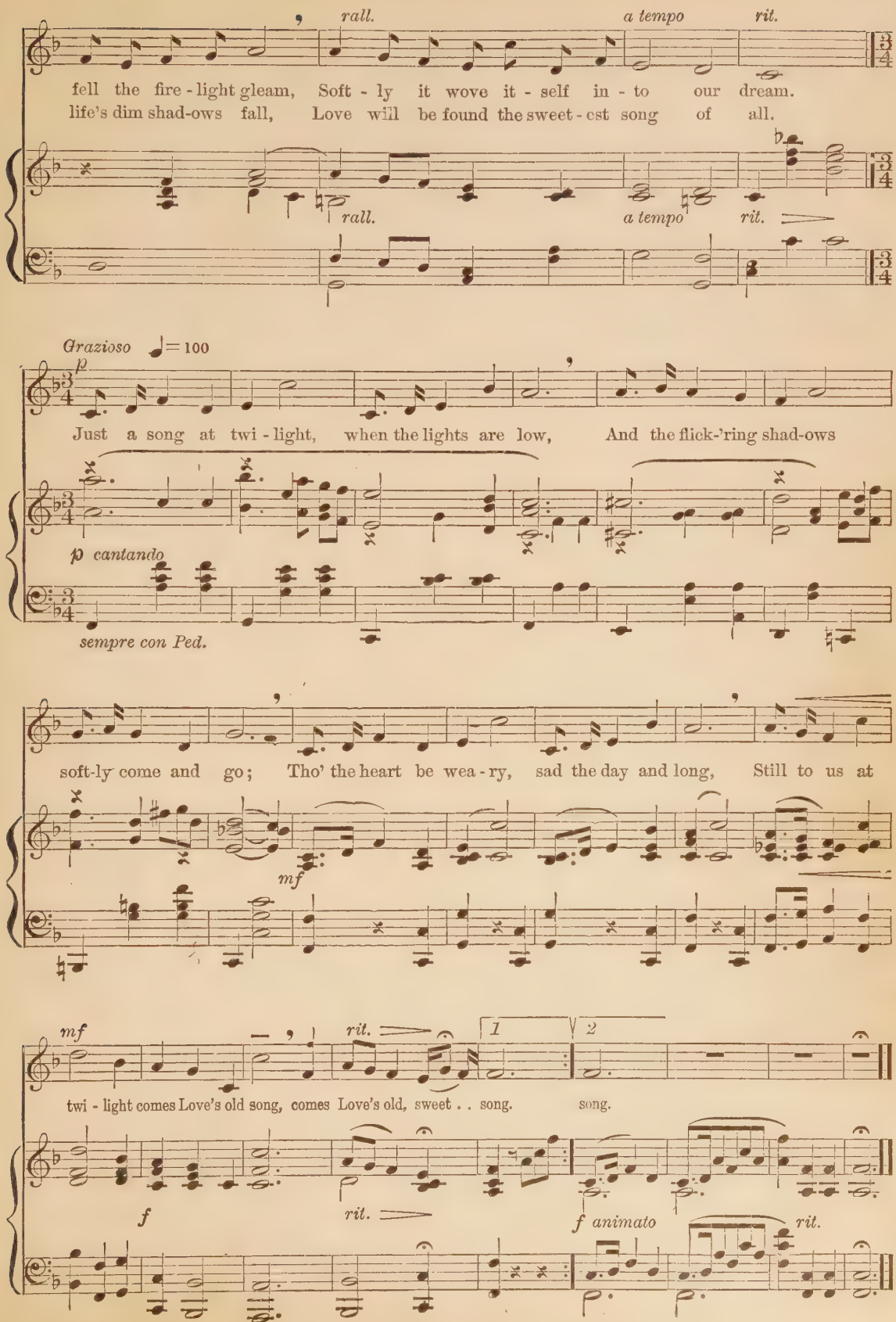
1. Once in the dear, dead days be - yond re - call, When on the world the
2. E - ven to - day we hear Love's song of yore, Deep in our hearts it

mp *legato*

mists be - gan to fall, Out of the dreams that rose in hap - py throng
dwells for - ev - er - more, Foot - steps may fal - ter, wea - ry grow the way,

Low to our hearts Love sang an old sweet song; And in the dusk where
Still we can hear it at the close of day; So till the end, when

sempre legato


rall.
a tempo
rit.
fell the fire - light gleam, Soft - ly it wove it - self in - to our dream.
life's dim shad-ows fall, Love will be found the sweet - est song of all.
rall.
a tempo
rit.
Grazioso ♩= 100
p
Just a song at twi - light, when the lights are low, And the flick-'ring shad-ows
p cantando
sempre con Ped.
soft-ly come and go; Tho' the heart be wea - ry, sad the day and long, Still to us at
mf
mf
rit.
1
2
twi - light comes Love's old song, comes Love's old, sweet . . song. song.
f
rit.
f animato
rit.

DIXIE

DANIEL D. EMMETT

(COMPLETE WITHOUT BASS)

DANIEL D. EMMETT
Arr. for this work

Allegro ♩ = 100

mf

1. I . wish I was in de land ob cot - ton, . Old times dar . . am
2. Old Mis - sus mar - ry . . Will de Wea - ber, . Wil - lum was . . a
3. His face was sharp as a butch - er's clea - ber, . But dat did . . not
4. Now here's a health to the next old mis - sus, And all de gals . . dat
5. Dar's buck-wheat cakes an' . . In - gen bat - ter, . Makes you fat or a

mf

f

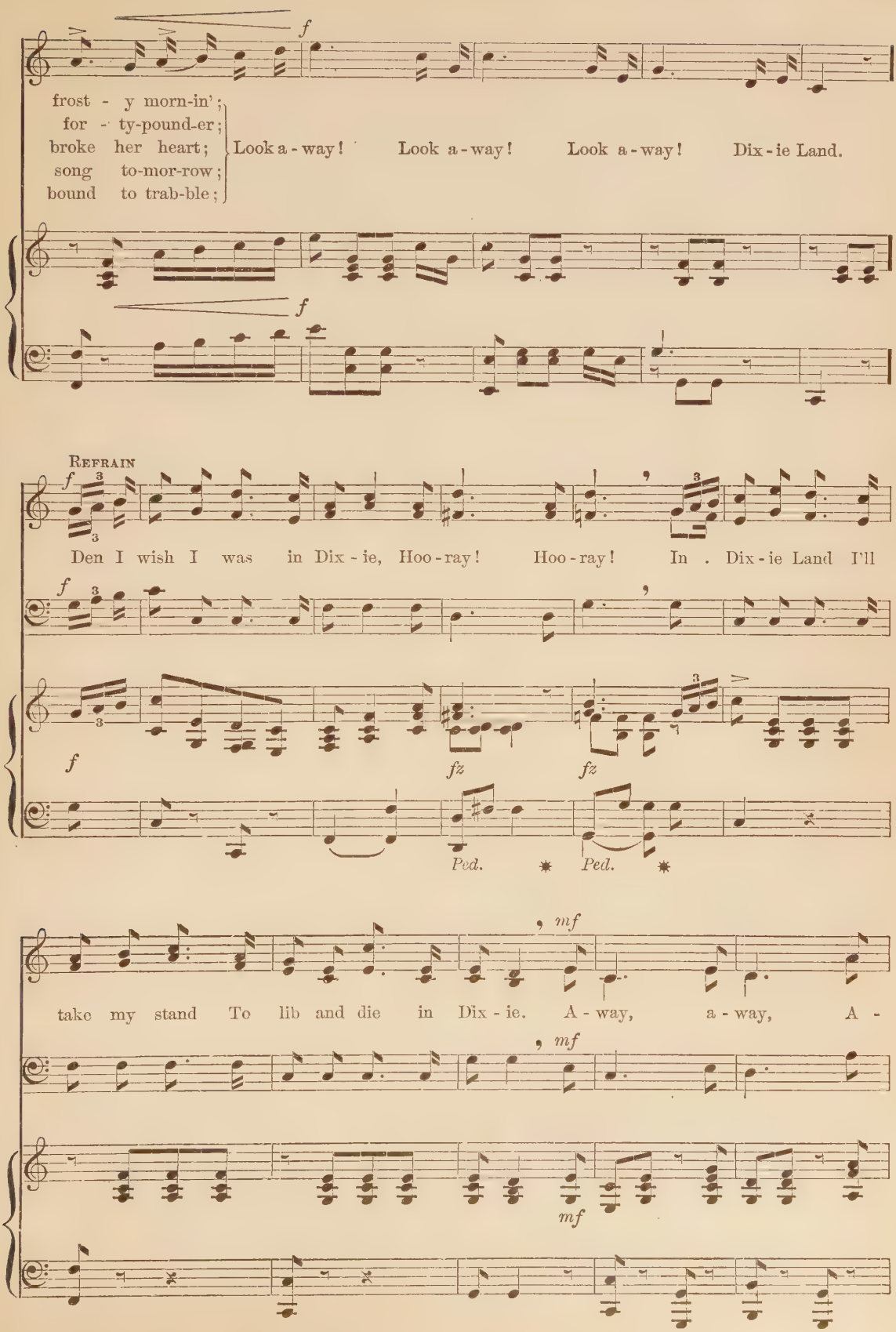
not for- got - ten,
gay de- ceab - er,
seem to greab her,
want to kiss us,
lit - tle fat - ter,
} Look a-way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land.

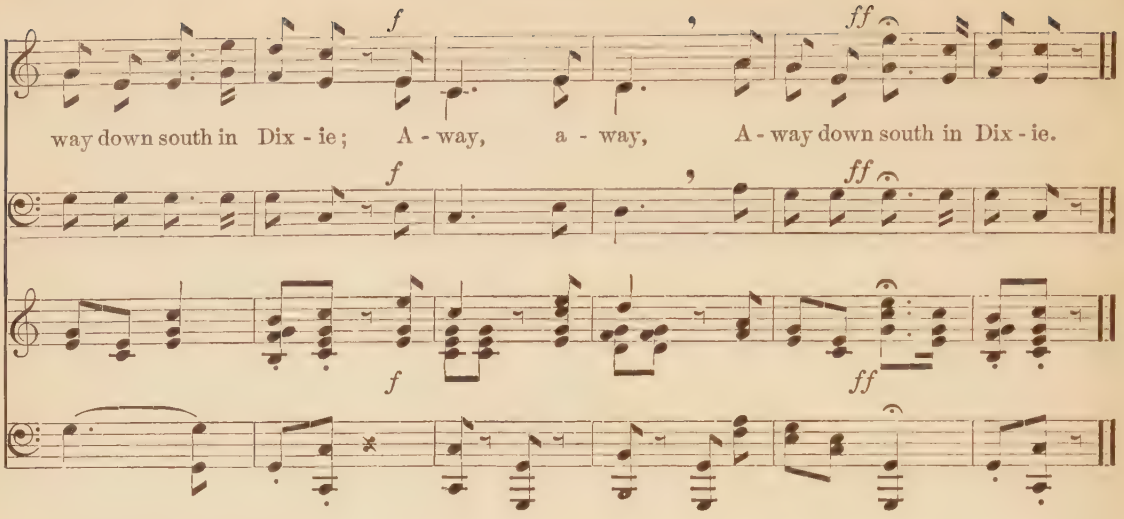
f

mf

In Dix - ie Land whar' I was born in, . Ear - ly . . on . . one
But when he put his . arm a - round 'er, He smiled as . . fierce as a
Old Mis - sus act - ed the fool - ish part, And died for a man . dat
But if you want to . . drive 'way sor - row, Come and . hear . dis
Den hoe it down and . scratch your grab - ble, To Dix - ie's . Land . I'm

mf


f
frost - y morn-in';
for - ty-pound-er;
broke her heart;
song to-mor-row;
bound to trab-ble;
Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land.
f
Refrain
f
Den I wish I was in Dix - ie, Hoo - ray! Hoo - ray! In . Dix - ie Land I'll
f
f
fz
fz
Ped.
Ped.
mf
take my stand To lib and die in Dix - ie. A - way, a - way, A -
mf
mf



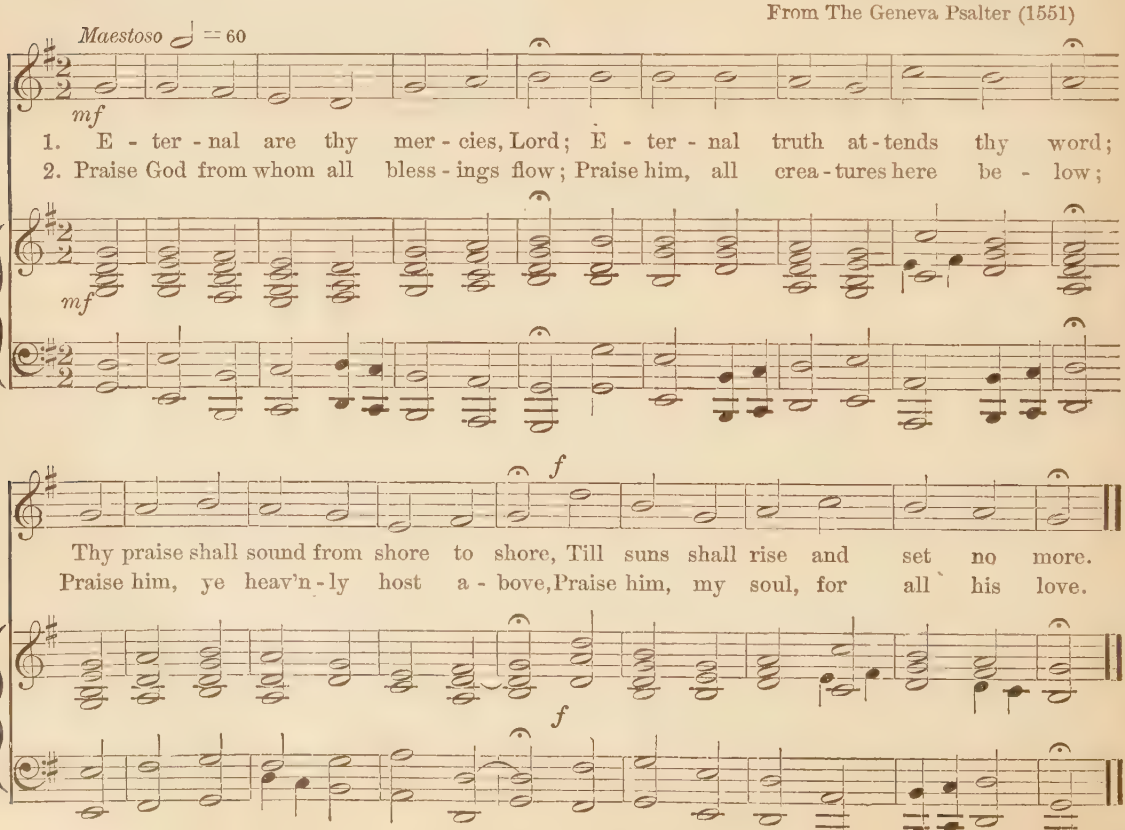
VIRGINIA VERSION

1. I wish I was in de lan' ob cot - ton—Old times dere is not for-got-ten, Look a - way! etc.
   'Tis dere we pass'd such pleas-ant hours 'Mid de for - es' leaves an' flow'rs,
2. O gay de times we had to - ged-der; Cared not we for wind or wed-der, Look a - way! etc.
   'Twas al-ways gay and pleas-ant dere; Ne'er a cloud and ne'er a care,

OLD HUNDREDTH

Rev. Isaac Watts

Louis Bourgeois
From The Geneva Psalter (1551)


Maestoso ♩ = 60
mf
1. E - ter - nal are thy mer - cies, Lord; E - ter - nal truth at - tends thy word;
2. Praise God from whom all bless - ings flow; Praise him, all crea - tures here be - low;
mf
f
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more.
Praise him, ye heav'n - ly host a - bove, Praise him, my soul, for all his love.
f

Mrs. Jordan

Scotch Folk Song

Allegretto ♩ = 60

1. Oh, where and Oh, where is your High-land lad - die gone? Oh, where and Oh,
2. Oh, where and Oh, where did your High-land lad - die dwell? Oh, where and Oh,
3. What clothes, in what clothes is your High-land lad - die clad? What clothes, in what
4. Sup - pose, and sup - pose that your High-land lad should die? Sup - pose, and sup -

mf *p* *mf* (*divide*) *mf* *p*

where is your High-land lad - die gone? He's gone to fight the foe for King
where did your High-land lad - die dwell? He dwelt in mer - ry Scot - land at the
clothes is your High-land lad - die clad? His bon - net's Sax - on green and his .
pose that your High-land lad should die? The bag- pipes shall play o'er him, I'd .

mf *mf*

George up - on the throne, And it's Oh, in my heart, I wish him safe at home!
sign of the Blue Bell; And it's Oh, in my heart, I love my lad - die well.
waist-coat of the plaid; And it's Oh, in my heart, I love my High-land lad.
lay me down and cry; And it's Oh, in my heart, I wish he may not die.

p *p*

And it's Oh, it's Oh, . . . (*divide*)

p

ANNIE LAURIE

DOUGLAS OF FINGLAND

Andante con moto ♩ = 84

Scotch Melody
Arr. for this work

p

1. Max - wel - ton's braes are bon - nie, Where ear - ly fa's the .
2. Her brow . is like the snaw - drift, Her . throat is like the .
3. Like dew on the gow - an ly - ing Is the fa' o' her fair - y . .

p

Ped. ✱ *Ped.* ✱ *Ped.* ✱

dew, And it's there that An - nie Lau - rie Gie'd me her prom - ise true;
swan, Her face it is the fair - est That e'er the sun shone on;
feet; Like winds in sum - mer sigh - ing, Her voice is low and sweet;

Ped. ✱ *Ped.* *Ped.* ✱ *Ped.* ✱ *Ped.* ✱ *Ped.* ✱

f *mp* *ff*

Gie'd me her prom - ise true, Which ne'er for - got will be;
That e'er the . sun shone on, And . dark blue is her ee;
Her voice is low and sweet, And she's a' the world to me;

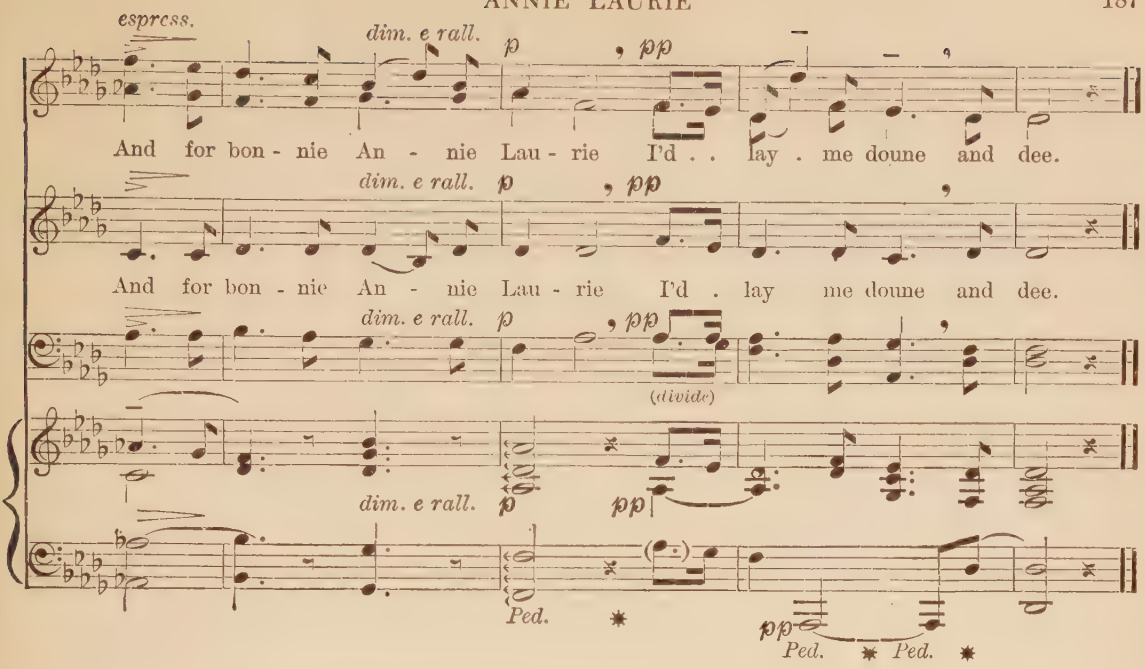
f *mp* *ff*

Gie'd me her prom - ise true, Which ne'er for - got will be;
That e'er the sun shone on, And . dark blue is her ee;
Her voice is low and sweet, And she's a' the world to me;

f *mp* *ff*

f *mp* *ff*

Ped. ✱ *Ped.* ✱ *Ped.* ✱ *Ped.* ✱ *Ped.* ✱ *Ped.* ✱



ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT

From the Welsh (Complete without Bass) Welsh Folk Tune

Andante con moto ♩ = 88 Arr. for this work

mp
1. Sleep, my child, and peace at - tend thee, All . . through the night;
Guard - ian an - gels . God will send thee, All . . through the night;
2. Though I roam, a . . min - strel lone - ly, All . . through the night,
My true harp shall . praise thee on - ly, All . . through the night;
3. Hark! a sol - emn . bell is ring - ing Clear, through the night;
Thou, my love, art . . heav'n - ward wing - ing, Home, through the night;
p
mf
Soft the drow - sy hours are creep - ing, Hill and vale in splen - dor steep - ing,
Love's young dream, a - las! is o - ver, Yet my strains of love shall hov - er
Earth - ly dust, from off thee shak - en, Soul im - mor - tal, thou shalt wak - en,
mf
Hours are creep - - - ing,
Dream is o - - - ver,
Soul im - mor - - - tal,
p
pp
I my lov - ing . vig - il keep - ing, All . . through the night.
Near the pres - ence . of my lov - er, All . . through the night.
With thy last dim . jour - ney tak - en, All . . through the night.
pp

OLD FOLKS AT HOME

(Complete without Bass)

Stephen C. Foster

Andantino ♩ = 84

Stephen C. Foster
Arr. for this work

p

1. Way down up - on de Swa - nee rib - ber, Far, far a - way,
   All up and down de whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam,
2. All round de lit - tle farm I wan-der'd, When I was young,
   When I was play-ing wid my brud-der, Hap - py was I —
3. One lit - tle hut a - mong de bush-es, One dat I love,
   When will I see de bees a - hum-min', All round de comb?

p

With Pedal

Dere's wha' my heart is turn - ing eb-ber, Dere's wha' de old folks stay;
Still long-ing for de old plan - ta-tion, And for de old folks at home.
Den man - y hap - py days I squan-der'd, Man - y de songs I . . sung.
Oh! take me to my kind old mud-der, Dere let me live and . die.
Still sad - ly to my mem-'ry rush-es, No mat-ter where I . . rove.
When will I hear de ban - jo tum-min', Down in my good old . home?

f

All de world am sad and drear - y, Eb - 'ry - wha' I roam;

f

All de world am sad and drear - y, Eb - 'ry - wha' I roam;

f

Oh, dark-ies, how my heart grows wea-ry, Far from de old folks at home!
Oh, dark-ies, how my heart grows wea-ry, Far from de old folks at home!
(divide)

COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING

CHARLES WESLEY (COMPLETE WITHOUT BASS) FELICE DE GIARDINI

Moderato ♩= 100 Arr. for this work

1. Come, thou Al-might-y King, Help us thy name . . to sing,
2. Come, ho-ly Com-fort-er, Thy sa-cred wit-ness bear,
1. Come, thou Al-might-y King, Help us thy name . . to sing,
2. Come, ho-ly Com-fort-er, Thy sa-cred wit-ness bear,
Help us to praise! Fa-ther all-glo-ri-ous, O'er all vic-
In this glad hour! Thou who al-might-y art, Now rule in
Help us to praise!
In this glad hour!
to-ri-ous, Come and reign o-ver us, An-cient of Days!
ev-'ry heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir-it of pow'r!
Come and reign o-ver us, An-cient of Days!
And ne'er from us de-part, Spir-it of pow'r!

MUSIC IN THE AIR

(Complete without Bass)

George F. Root
Four-part arr.

Allegro moderato ♩= 84

p

1. There's mu - sic in the air . . . When the in - fant morn is nigh, And
2. There's mu - sic in the air . . . When the noon-tide's sul - try beam Re -
3. There's mu - sic in the air . . . When the twi-light's gen - tle sigh Is

p

faint its blush is seen . . On the bright and laugh - ing sky.
flects a gold - en light . . On the dis - tant moun - tain stream.
lost on eve - ning's breast, . As its pen - sive beau - ties die.

Refrain

mp *cresc.* *dimin.*

Man - y a harp's ec - stat - ic sound With its thrill of joy pro - found,
When, be - neath some grate - ful shade, Sor - row's ach - ing head is laid,
Then, O then the lov'd ones gone Wake the pure ce - les - tial song;

mp *cresc.* *dimin.*

Man - y a harp's ec - stat - ic sound With its thrill of joy pro - found,
When, be - neath some grate - ful shade, Sor - row's ach - ing head is laid,
Then, O then the lov'd ones gone Wake the pure ce - les - tial song;

mp *cresc.* *dimin.*

mp *cresc.* *dimin.*

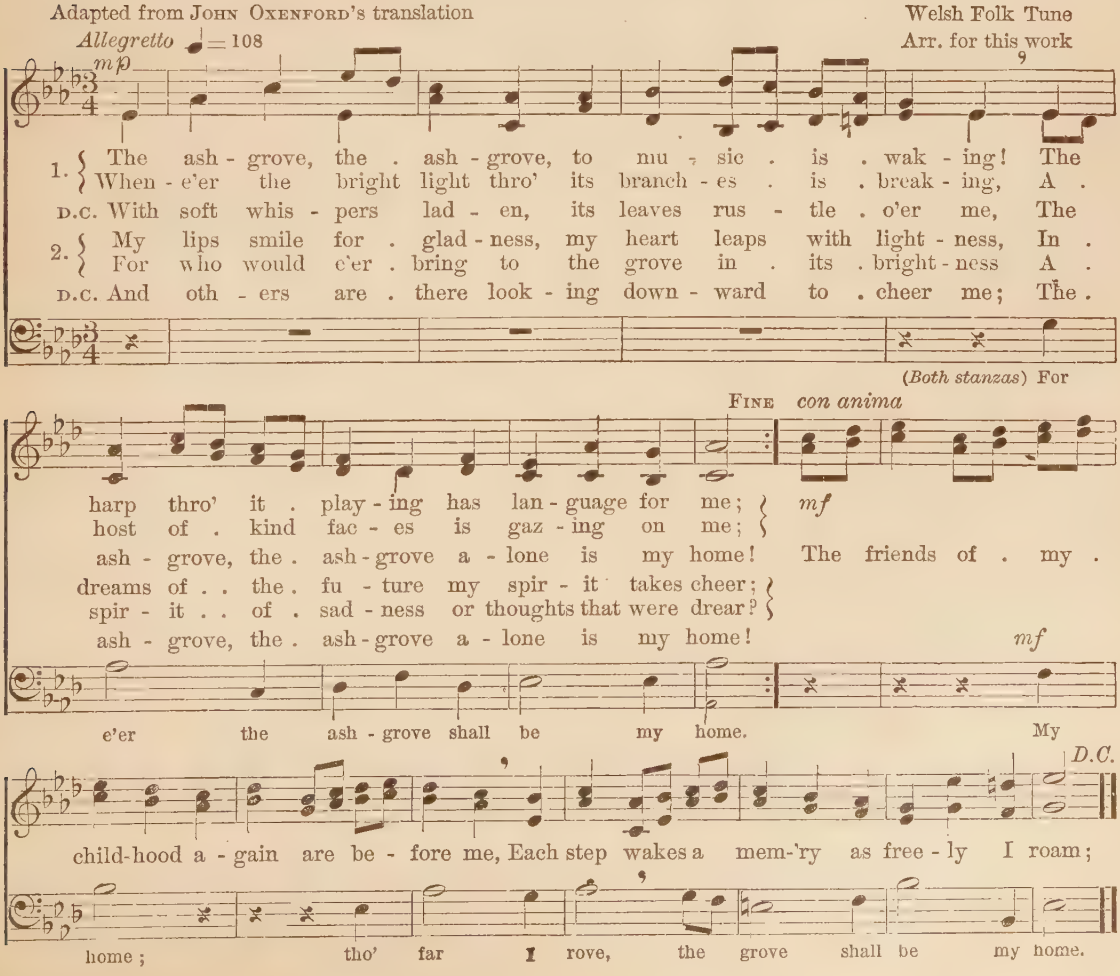
mp cresc.
pp
While we list, en - chant - ed there, To the mu - sic in the air.
Sweet - ly to the spir - it there Comes the mu - sic in the air.
An - gel voic - es greet us there In the mu - sic in the air.
mp cresc.
pp
While we list, en - chant - ed there, To the mu - sic in the air.
Sweet - ly to the spir - it there Comes the mu - sic in the air.
An - gel voic - es greet us there In the mu - sic in the air.
mp cresc.
pp
mp cresc.
pp

THE ASHGROVE

(COMPLETE WITHOUT BASS)

Adapted from JOHN OXENFORD's translation

Welsh Folk Tune
Arr. for this work


Allegretto ♩ = 108
mp
1. The ash - grove, the . ash - grove, to mu - sic . is . wak - ing! The
When - e'er the bright light thro' its branch - es . is . break - ing, A .
D.C. With soft whis - pers lad - en, its leaves rus - tle . o'er me, The
2. My lips smile for . glad - ness, my heart leaps with light - ness, In .
For who would e'er . bring to the grove in . its . bright - ness A .
D.C. And oth - ers are . there look - ing down - ward to . cheer me; The .
(Both stanzas) For
FINE con anima
harp thro' it . play - ing has lan - guage for me;
host of . kind fac - es is gaz - ing on me;
mf
ash - grove, the . ash - grove a - lone is my home! The friends of . my .
dreams of . . the . fu - ture my spir - it takes cheer;
spir - it . . of . sad - ness or thoughts that were drear?
ash - grove, the . ash - grove a - lone is my home!
mf
e'er the ash - grove shall be my home. My
D.C.
child-hood a - gain are be - fore me, Each step wakes a mem-'ry as free - ly I roam;
home; tho' far I rove, the grove shall be my home.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

(Complete without Bass)

Stephen C. Foster

Stephen C. Foster
Arr. for this work

Andante espressivo ♩ = 84

mp

1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck - y home, . . 'Tis
   young folks roll on the lit - tle cab - in floor, . . All
2. They hunt no more for the 'pos - sum and the 'coon, On the
   day goes by like a shad - ow o'er the heart, . . With
3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend . . Wher -
   few more days for to tote the wea - ry load, . . No

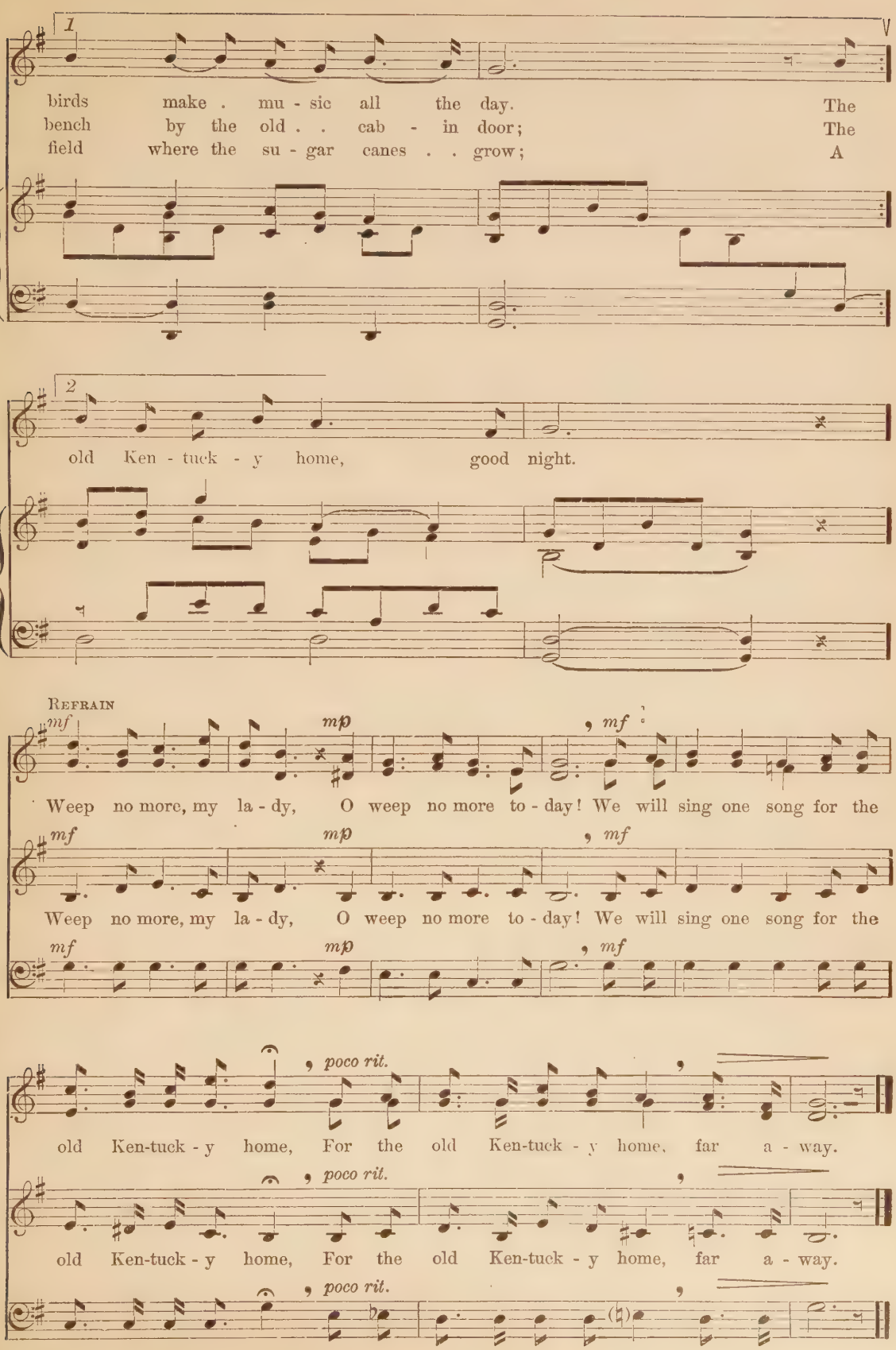
mp e legato

With Pedal

sum - mer, the dark - ies are gay; The
mer - ry, all hap - py and bright; By'n'
mead - ow, the hill and the shore; They
sor - row where all was de - light; The
ev - er the dark - y may go; A
mat - ter, 'twill nev - er be light; A

corn top's ripe and the mead - ow's in the bloom, While the
by Hard Times comes a - knock - ing at the door, Then my
sing no more by the glim - mer of the moon, On the
time has come when the dark - ies have to part, Then my
few more days and the trou - ble all will end, In the
few more days till we tot - ter on the road, Then my

sempre legato

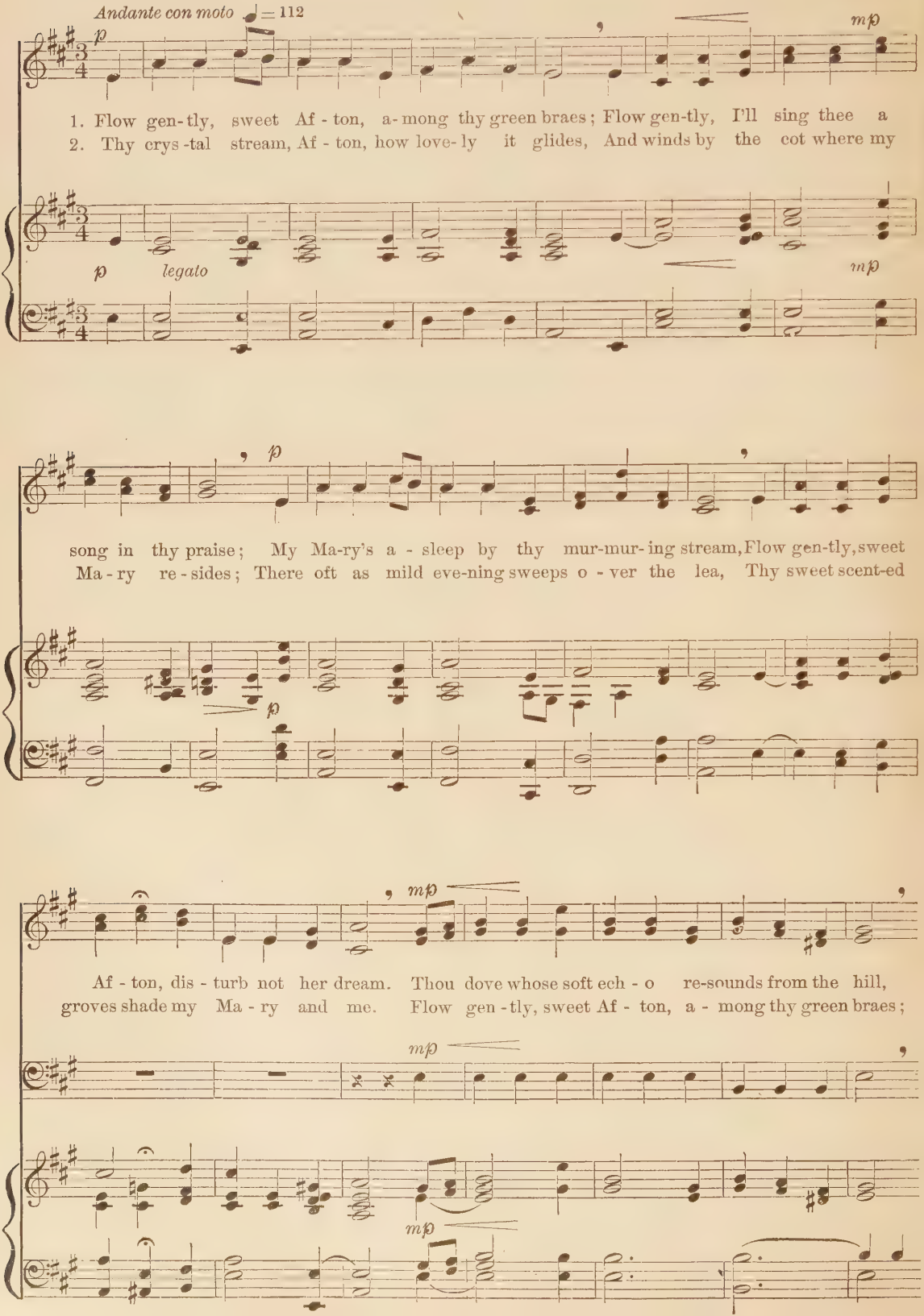

1
birds make . mu - sic all the day. The
bench by the old . . cab - in door; The
field where the su - gar canes . . grow; A
2
old Ken - tuck - y home, good night.
Refrain
mf mp mf
Weep no more, my la - dy, O weep no more to - day! We will sing one song for the
mf mp mf
Weep no more, my la - dy, O weep no more to - day! We will sing one song for the
mf mp mf
poco rit.
old Ken-tuck - y home, For the old Ken-tuck - y home, far a - way.
poco rit.
old Ken-tuck - y home, For the old Ken-tuck - y home, far a - way.
poco rit.

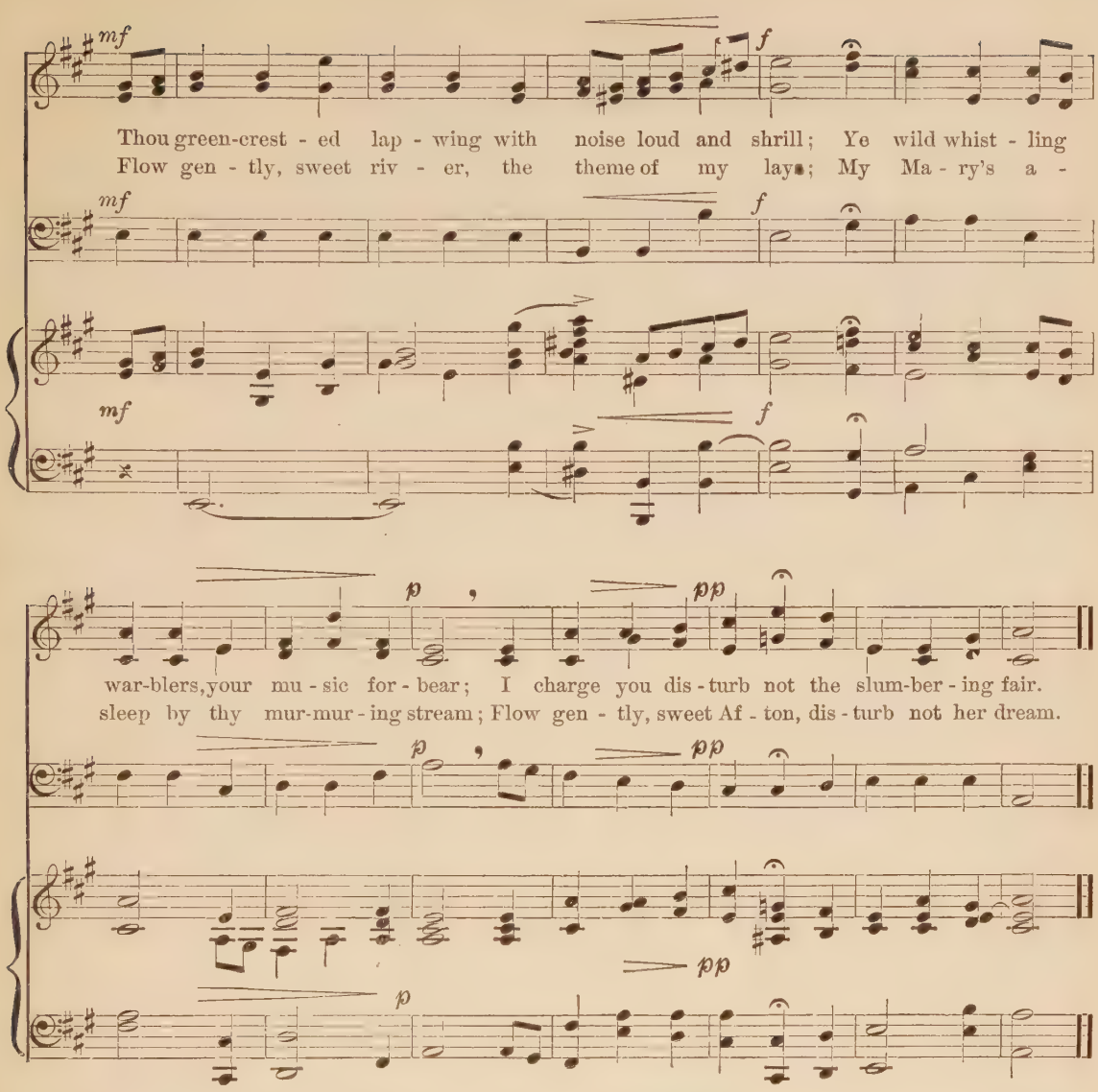
FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON

(Complete without Bass)

Robert Burns

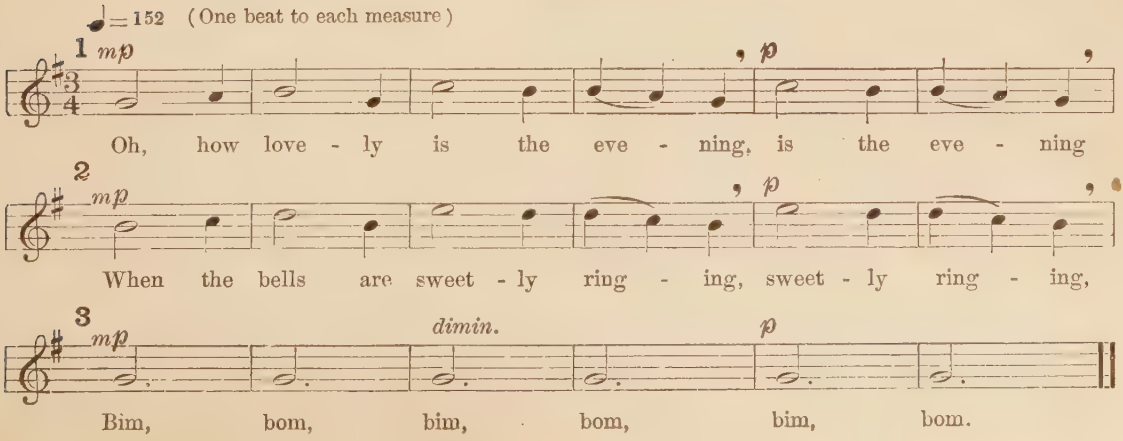
James E. Spilman
Arr. for this work


Andante con moto ♩ = 112
p
mp
1. Flow gen-tly, sweet Af - ton, a-mong thy green braes; Flow gen-tly, I'll sing thee a
2. Thy crys-tal stream, Af - ton, how love-ly it glides, And winds by the cot where my
p legato
mp
song in thy praise; My Ma-ry's a - sleep by thy mur-mur-ing stream, Flow gen-tly, sweet
Ma - ry re - sides; There oft as mild eve-ning sweeps o - ver the lea, Thy sweet scent-ed
p
mp
Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream. Thou dove whose soft ech - o re-sounds from the hill,
groves shade my Ma - ry and me. Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, a - mong thy green braes;
mp
mp


mf
f
Thou green-crest - ed lap - wing with noise loud and shrill; Ye wild whist - ling
Flow gen - tly, sweet riv - er, the theme of my lays; My Ma - ry's a -
mf
f
mf
f
p
pp
war-blers, your mu - sic for - bear; I charge you dis - turb not the slum-ber - ing fair.
sleep by thy mur-mur - ing stream; Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream.
p
pp
pp
p

LOVELY EVENING

ROUND


♩=152 (One beat to each measure)
1 mp
p
Oh, how love - ly is the eve - ning, is the eve - ning
2
mp
p
When the bells are sweet - ly ring - ing, sweet - ly ring - ing,
3
mp
dimin.
p
Bim, bom, bim, bom, bim, bom.

OLD DOG TRAY

(Complete without Bass)

Stephen C. Foster

Stephen C. Foster
Arr. for this work

Moderato ♩ = 80

mp

1. The morn of life is past, And eve - ning comes at last; It
2. The forms I call my own Have van - ished one by one, The
3. When thoughts re - call the past, His eyes are on me cast, I

mp

With Pedal

brings me a dream of a once hap - py day, Of mer - ry forms I've seen Up -
loved ones, the dear ones have all passed a - way; The hap - py smiles have flown, Their
know . he feels what my breaking heart would say; Al - tho' he can - not speak, I'll

on the vil - lage green, Sport - ing with my old dog Tray.
gen - tle voic - es gone, I've noth - ing left but old dog Tray.
vain - ly, vain - ly seek A bet - ter friend than old dog Tray.

Refrain

Con anima

Old dog Tray, ev - er faith - ful; Grief can - not drive him a - way; He's

Old dog Tray, ev - er faith - ful; Grief can - not drive him a - way; He's

Tempo primo
gen - tle, he is kind, I'll nev - er, nev - er find A bet - ter friend than old dog Tray.
gen - tle, he is kind, I'll nev - er, nev - er find A bet - ter friend than old dog Tray.

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE

Scotch Folk Song
Arr. for this work

Tempo rubato ♩= 72
mp
1. If a bod - y meet a bod - y com - in' thro' the rye,
2. If a bod - y meet a bod - y com - in' frae the town,
3. A - mong the train there is a swain I dear - ly love my - sel'; But
mp
If a bod - y kiss a bod - y, need a bod - y cry?
If a bod - y greet a bod - y, need a bod - y frown?
what's his name, or where's his hame, I din - na choose to tell.
mf
Ev - 'ry las - sie has her lad - die, Nane, they say, ha'e I; Yet
mf
When
a' the lads they smile on me, Com - in' thro' the rye.
Thro' the rye.

HOME, SWEET HOME

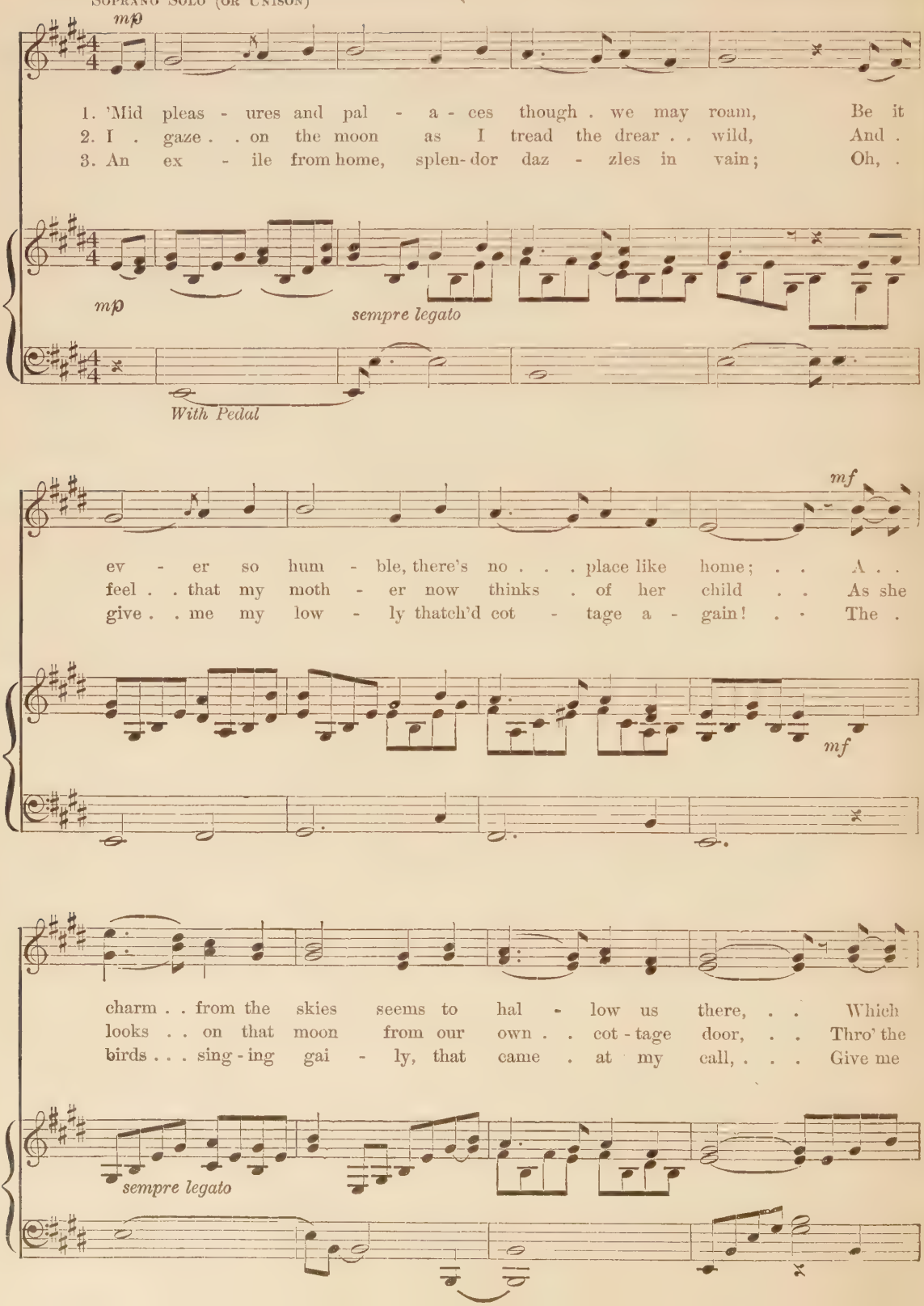
(Complete without Bass)

John Howard Payne

Sir Henry Bishop.
Arr. for this work

Moderato ♩ = 88

Soprano Solo (or Unison)


mp
1. 'Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces though . we may roam, Be it
2. I . gaze . . on the moon as I tread the drear . . wild, And .
3. An ex - ile from home, splen- dor daz - zles in vain; Oh, .
mp
sempre legato
With Pedal
mf
ev - er so hum - ble, there's no . . . place like home; . . A . .
feel . . that my moth - er now thinks . of her child . . As she
give . . me my low - ly thatch'd cot - tage a - gain! . . The .
mf
charm . . from the skies seems to hal - low us there, . . Which
looks . . on that moon from our own . . cot - tage door, . . Thro' the
birds . . . sing - ing gai - ly, that came . at my call, . . . Give me
sempre legato

seek . . thro' the world, is ne'er met . . with else-where.
wood - bine whose fra - grance shall cheer . me no more.
them . . and that peace of mind, dear - er than all.
Refrain
p
Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Be it ev - er so hum-ble, There's no place like home.
p
Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Be it ev - er so hum-ble, There's no place like home.
(divide) p
(divide)

MIZPAH

(Complete without Bass)

English Arr. for this work

Tranquillo ♩ = 72
mp
mf
God be with you till we meet a - gain! What - so - e'er the path be - fore you,
mp
mf
God be with you till we meet a - gain! What - so - e'er the path be - fore you,
mp
mf
mp
Keep his bow of prom-ise o'er you; God be with you till we meet a - gain!
mp
Keep his bow of prom-ise o'er you; God be with you till we meet a - gain!
mp
(divide)

COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN

(Complete without Bass)

David T. Shaw

David T. Shaw
Arr. for this work

Tempo di marcia ♩ = 112

mf

1. O Co - lum - bia! the gem of the o - cean, The home of the brave and the
2. When war wing'd its wide des - o - la - tion, And threat-en'd the land to de -
3. The Star-Span-gled Ban - ner bring hith-er, O'er Co-lum - bia's true sons let it

mf

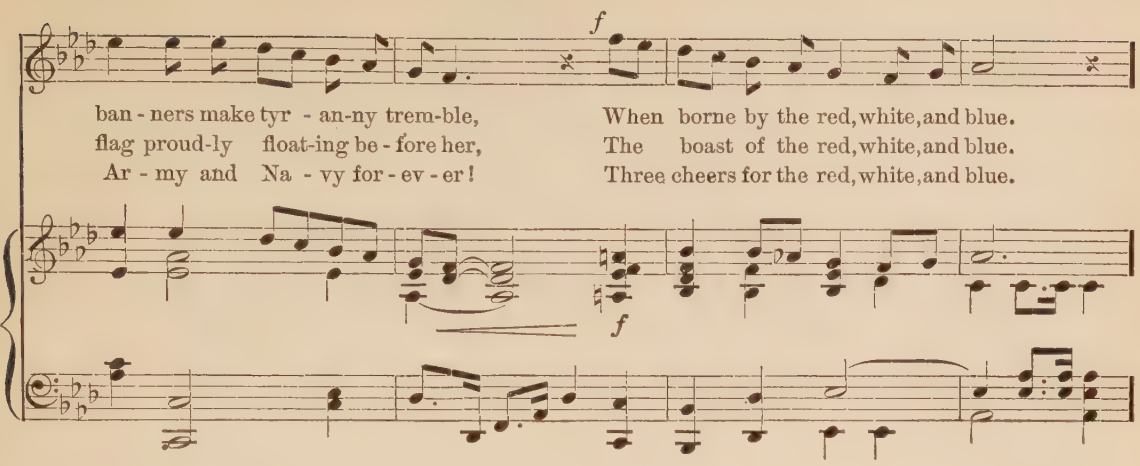
free, . . . The . shrine of each pa - triot's de - vo - tion, A . .
form, . . . The . ark then of free - dom's foun-da - tion, Co -
wave; . . . May the wreaths they have won nev - er with - er, Nor its

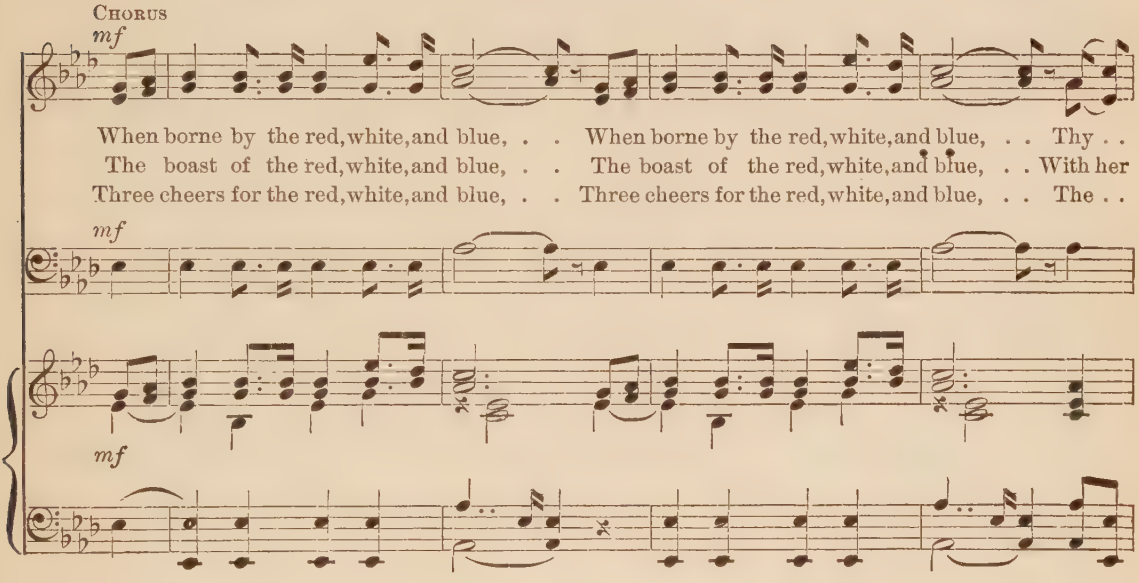
mf

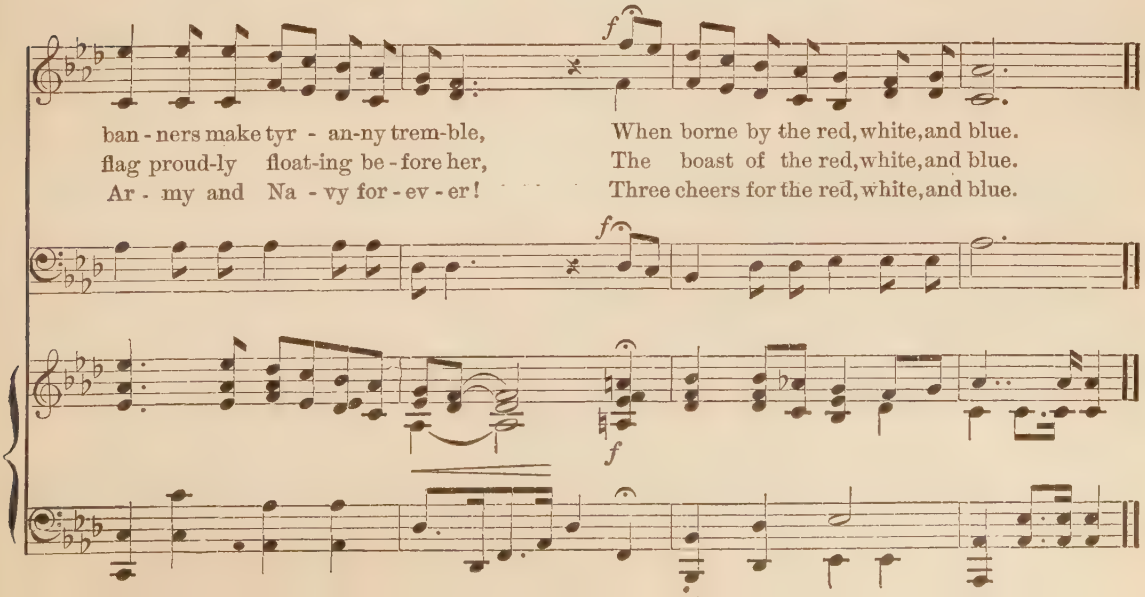
world of - fers hom - age to thee! Thy . man - dates make he - roes as -
lum - bia rode safe thro' the storm; With the gar - land of vic - t'ry a -
stars cease [to shine on the brave. May the ser - vice u - nit - ed ne'er

mf

sem - ble, When Lib - er - ty's form stands in view; . . . Thy . .
round her, When so proud - ly she bore her brave crew, . . . With her
sev - er, But . hold to their col - ors so true; . . . The . .


f
ban - ners make tyr - an-ny trem-ble, When borne by the red, white, and blue.
flag proud-ly float-ing be - fore her, The boast of the red, white, and blue.
Ar - my and Na - vy for - ev - er! Three cheers for the red, white, and blue.
f


Chorus
mf
When borne by the red, white, and blue, . . When borne by the red, white, and blue, . . Thy . .
The boast of the red, white, and blue, . . The boast of the red, white, and blue, . . With her
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue, . . Three cheers for the red, white, and blue, . . The . .
mf
mf


f
ban - ners make tyr - an-ny trem-ble, When borne by the red, white, and blue.
flag proud-ly float-ing be - fore her, The boast of the red, white, and blue.
Ar - my and Na - vy for - ev - er! Three cheers for the red, white, and blue.
f
f

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

JOHN STAFFORD SMITH
Har. by ARTHUR EDWARD JOHNSTONE

Maestoso ♩ = 104

f

1. O . . say can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so
2. On the shore, dim - ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the
3. O . . thus be it ev - er when free - men shall stand Be -

proud - ly we hailed at the twi - light's last gleam - ing, Whose broad stripes and bright
foe's haugh - ty host in dread si - lence re - pos - es, What is that which the
tween their lov'd home and the war's des - o - la - tion! Blest with vic - t'ry and

stars, thro' the per - il - ous fight, O'er the ram - parts we watched, were so
breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con -
peace, may the heav'n - res - cued land Praise the pow'r that hath made and pre -

mf

gal - lant - ly stream - ing? And the rock - et's red glare, the bombs burst - ing in
ceals, half dis - clos - es? Now it catch - es the gleam of the morn - ing's first
served us a na - tion! Then . con - quer we must, when our cause it is

mf

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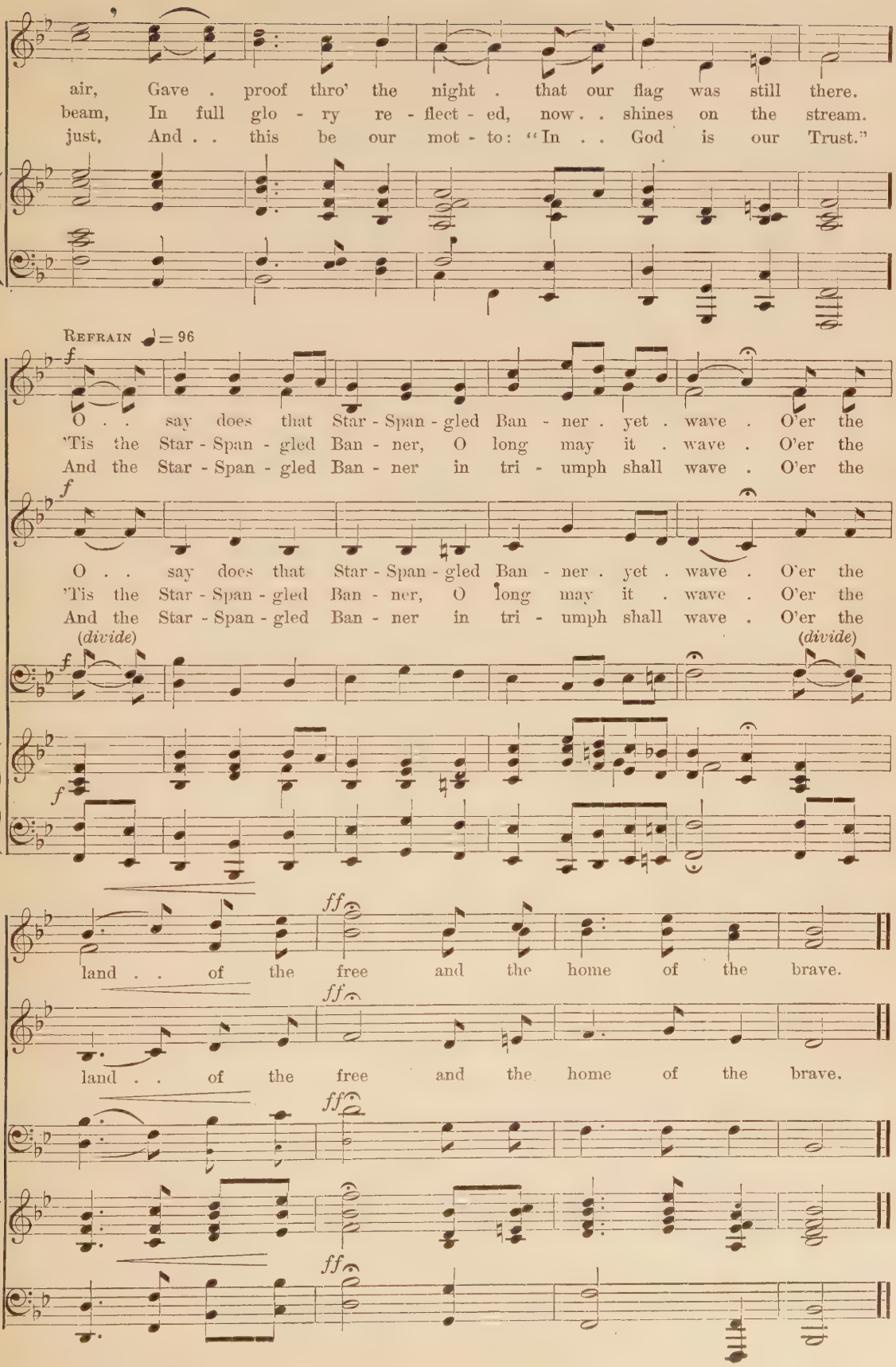
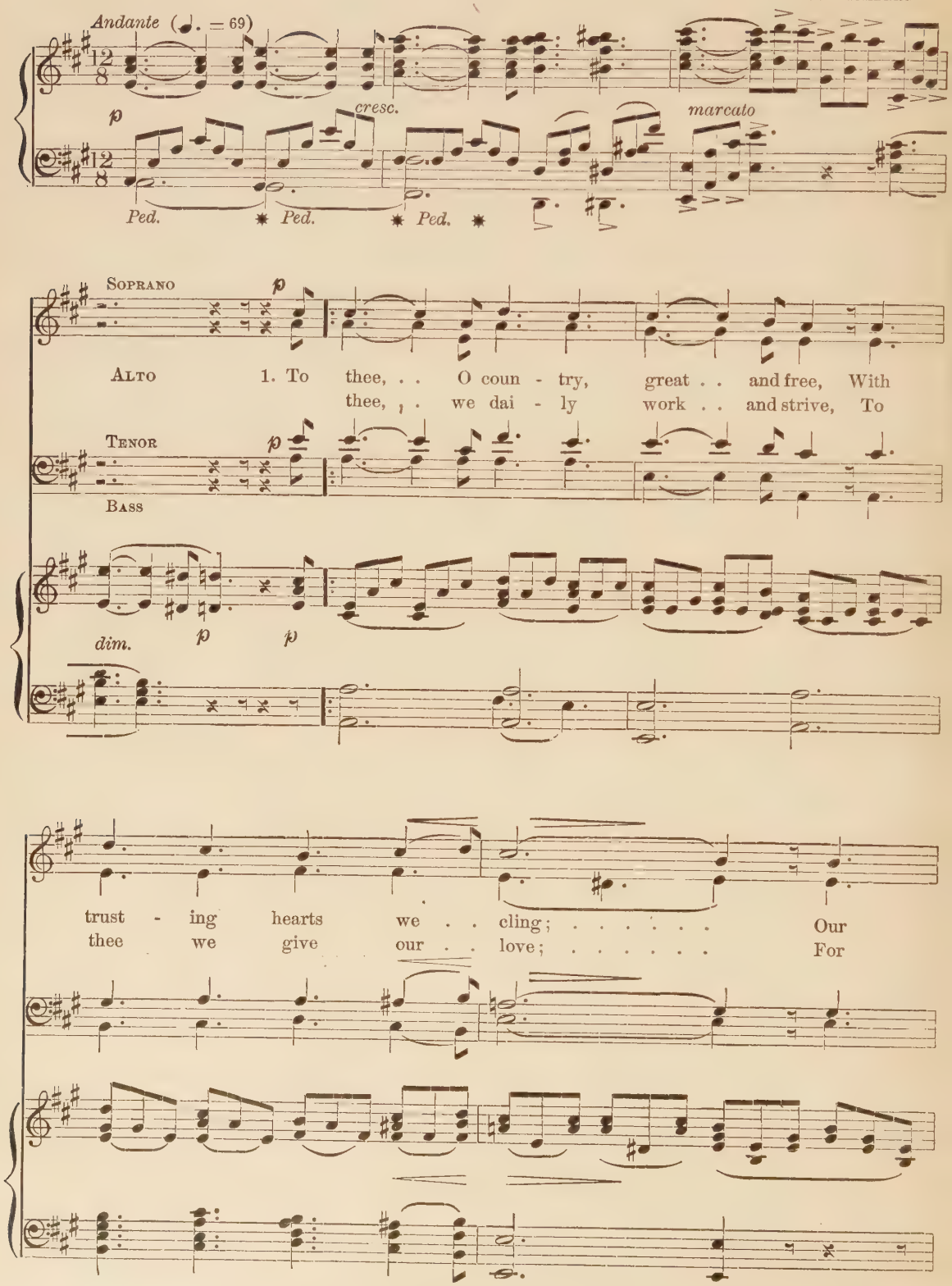

air, Gave . proof thro' the night . that our flag was still there.
beam, In full glo - ry re - flect - ed, now . . shines on the stream.
just, And . . this be our mot - to: "In . . God is our Trust."
Refrain ♩= 96
f
O . . say does that Star - Span - gled Ban - ner . yet . wave . O'er the
'Tis the Star - Span - gled Ban - ner, O long may it . wave . O'er the
And the Star - Span - gled Ban - ner in tri - umph shall wave . O'er the
O . . say does that Star - Span - gled Ban - ner . yet . wave . O'er the
'Tis the Star - Span - gled Ban - ner, O long may it . wave . O'er the
And the Star - Span - gled Ban - ner in tri - umph shall wave . O'er the
(divide)
(divide)
ff
land . . of the free and the home of the brave.
land . . of the free and the home of the brave.

TO THEE, O COUNTRY!*

NATIONAL HYMN

Part Song for Mixed Voices

MRS. JOHN LANE — JULIUS EICHBERG


Andante (♩. = 69)
p
cresc.
marcato
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
Soprano
Alto
Tenor
Bass
1. To thee, . . O coun - try, great . . and free, With
thee, , . we dai - ly work . . and strive, To
dim.
trust - ing hearts we . . cling; . . . . . Our
thee we give our . . love; . . . . . For

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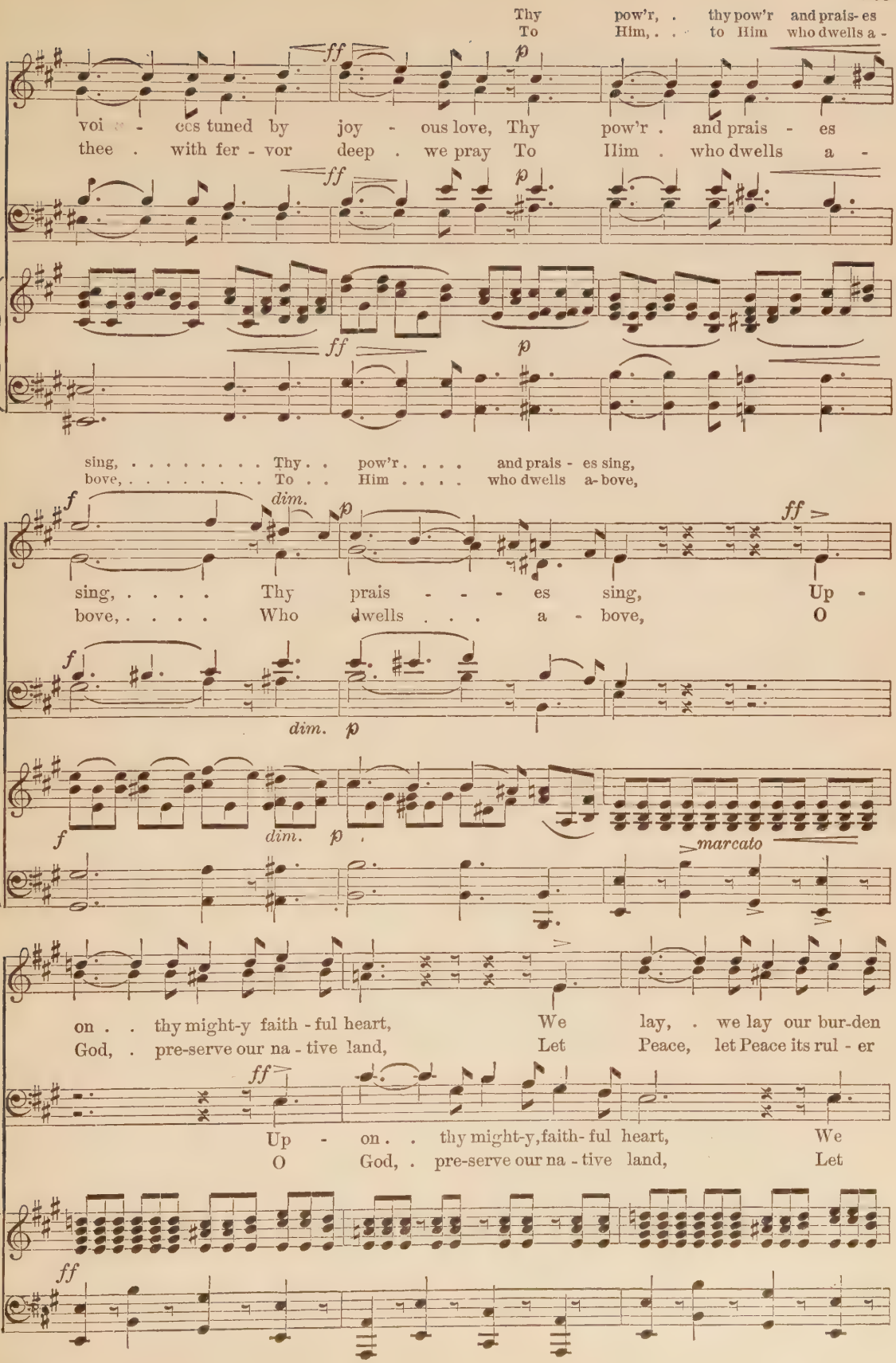
Thy pow'r, . thy pow'r and prais- es
To Him, . . to Him who dwells a -
ff
p
voi - ces tuned by joy - ous love, Thy pow'r . and prais - es
thee . with fer - vor deep . we pray To Him . who dwells a -
ff
p
ff
p
sing, ... Thy . . pow'r . . . . and prais - es sing,
bove, ... To . . Him . . . . who dwells a- bove,
f
dim.
p
ff
sing, ... Thy prais - - - - es sing, Up -
bove, ... Who dwells . . . a - bove, O
f
dim. p
f
dim. p
marcato
on . . thy might-y faith - ful heart, We lay, . we lay our bur-den
God, . pre-serve our na - tive land, Let Peace, let Peace its rul - er
ff
Up - on . . thy might-y, faith- ful heart, We
O God, . pre-serve our na - tive land, Let
ff

p
cresc.
ff
p
down; Thou art . . the on - ly friend . . who feels Their
be, And let . . her hap - py king - dom stretch From
cresc.
ff
p
lay . our burden down, Thou art . the on - ly friend . who feels Their
Peace its rul- er be, And let . . her hap - py king - dom stretch From
p
cresc.
p
ff
weight . with - out . . a frown, Up - on . . thy might-y faith - ful
north . to south - most sea, O God, . pre-serve our na - tive
ff
Up -
O
ff
p
heart, We lay, . we lay our bur - den down; Thou
land, Let Peace, let Peace its rul - er be, And
on . . thy might-y, faith-ful heart, We . lay . our bur-den down, Thou
God, . pre-serve our na - tive land, Let Peace its rul - er be; And
p

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